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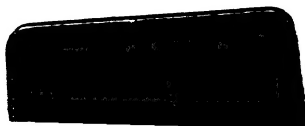


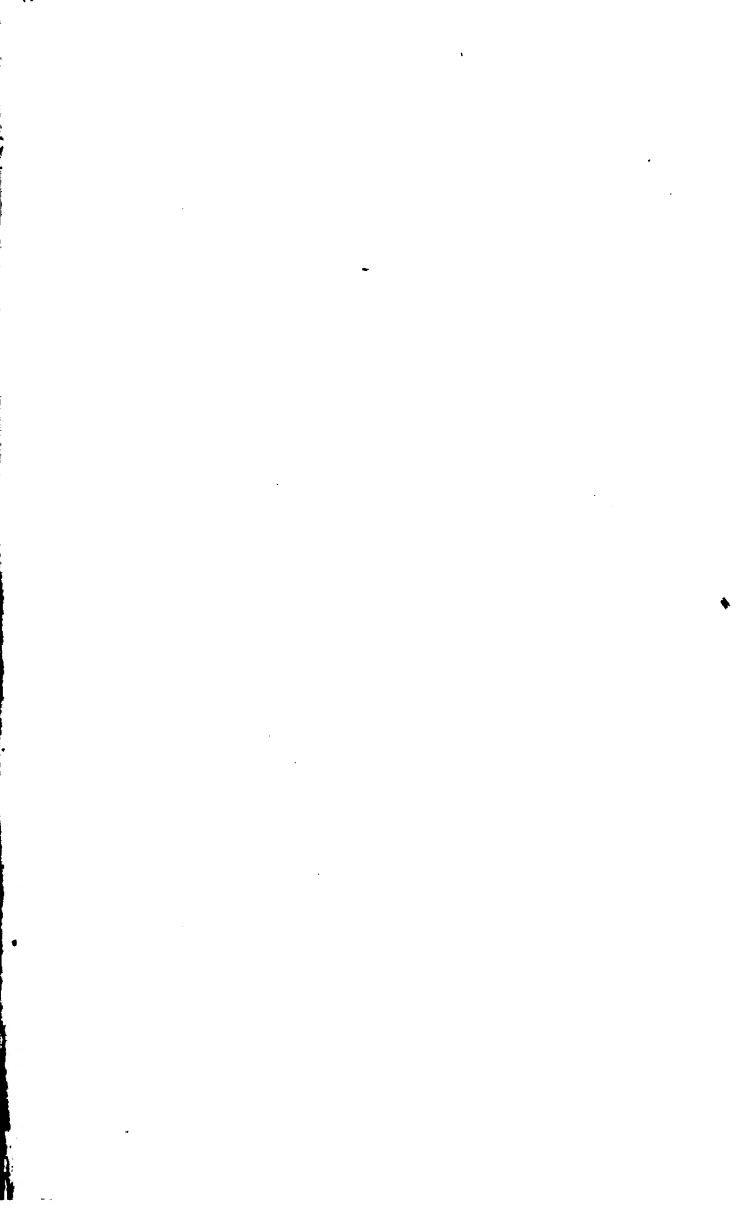
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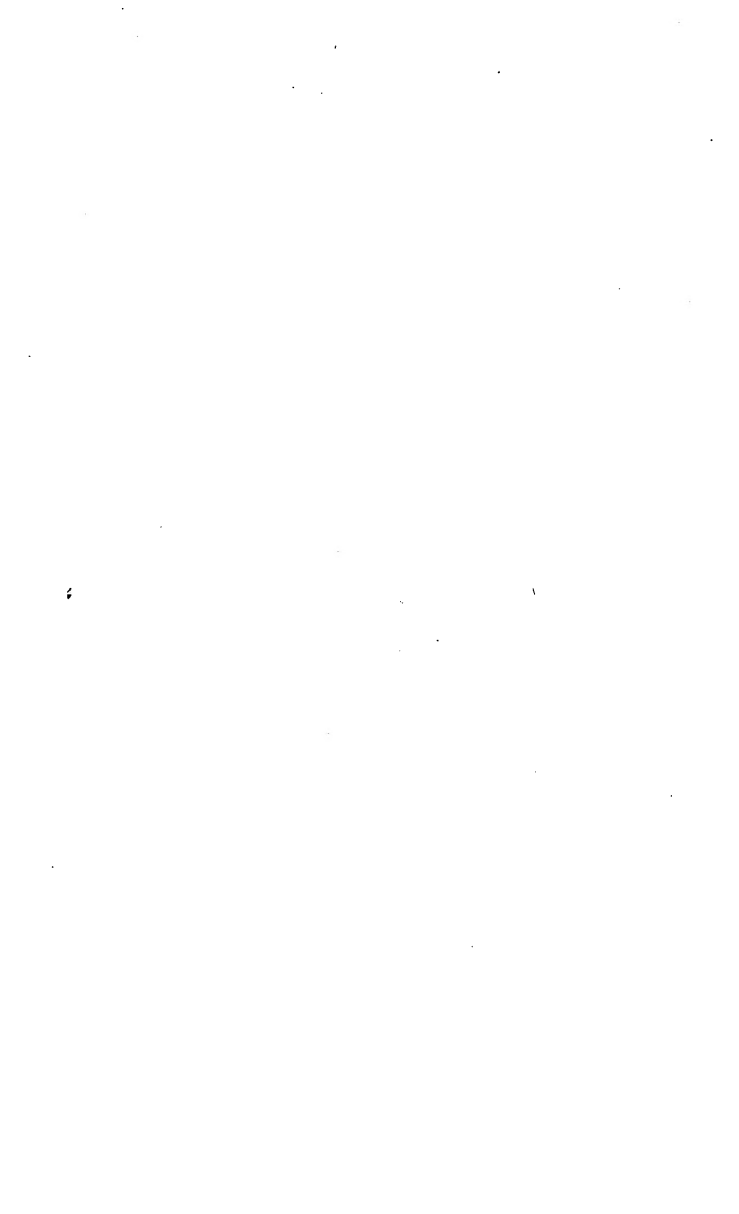
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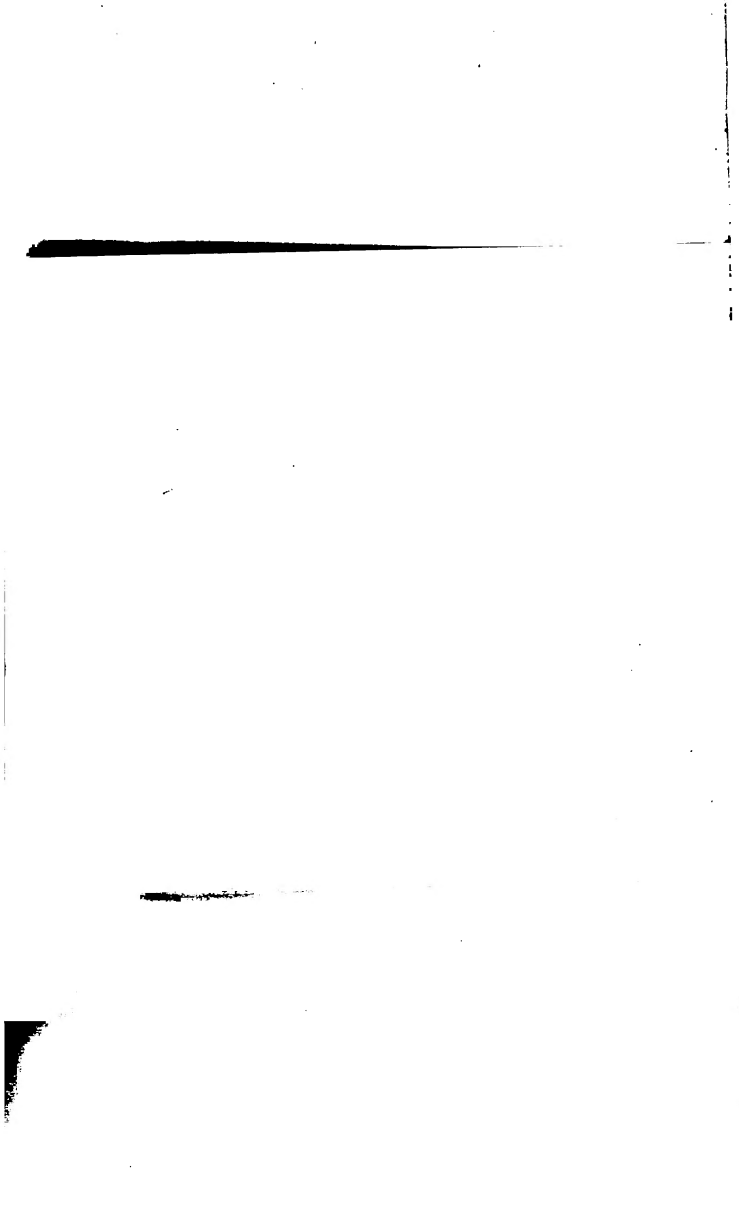






ERRATA.

Hymn 28,	verse 1,	for	near	<i>read</i>	dear.
„ 63,	„ 5,	„	power	„	powers.
„ 82,	„ 5,	„	bitter	„	better.
„ 133,	„ 5,	„	mountains,	„	mountain's.
„ 144,	„ 2,	„	above	„	abode.
„ 251,	„ 5,	„	have	„	has.
„ 314,	„ 5,	„	find	„	finds.
„ 322,	„ 3,	„	kindly	„	kingly.



*This Collection of Hymns, comprising the
Berwick Hymnal together with an
additional selection, has been arranged
solely for the use of the Congregation
of the Octagon Chapel, Norwich.*

INTROITS.

1

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,
Unto us revealed in Christ our dearest Friend ;
Let Thy light attend us,
Let Thy love befriend us,
While in His Spirit prayers and praise we blend.

2

NOT unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy
name be the praise, for Thy loving mercy and
for Thy truth's sake.—Amen.

3

LEAD me, Lord, lead me in Thy righteousness,
Make my way plain before Thy face ; For it is
Thou, Lord, Thou, Lord, only, That makest me dwell
in safety.—Amen.

4

THE Lord is in His Holy temple : let all the earth
keep silence before Him.

5

THE Lord is my light and my salvation ; whom
then shall I fear ? The Lord is the strength of
my life ; of whom shall I be afraid ?

6

BLESSED is He who cometh in the name of the
Lord. Hosannah in the highest.

7

THE Lord hath been mindful of us and He will
 bless us : He will bless them that fear Him,
 both small and great. We are the blessed of the
 Lord, who made heaven and earth. Amen.

8

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts !
 Heaven and earth are full of the majesty
 of Thy glory.
 Glory be to Thee, O Lord, most high !



VESPERS.

1

LORD, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears ;
 May angels guard us while we sleep
 Till morning light appears.—Amen.

2

GRANT us Thy peace, Lord God Almighty, O
 give Thy peace, by which we live : grant us
 Thy peace, O Lord. Amen.



THE
BERWICK HYMNAL:

COMPILED BY
Arnold
THE REV. A. W. OXFORD, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Luke's, Berwick-St., Soho.

THIRD EDITION,

REVISED BY
THE REV. CHARLES HARGROVE, M.A.,

Minister of Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds.

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N.B.—Where a verse has been altered or added, the number is marked with an asterisk, thus, 3*.

PREFACE.

IN this third edition the Berwick Hymnal has been adapted, by the kind permission of the original Editor and Compiler, for the use of those Congregations which commonly pass under the Unitarian name, but are in reality free, alike by their profession and their trust-deeds, from any dogmatic profession either of belief or disbelief. Among persons so united for religious worship and good work there will exist always many diversities of opinion, and if anyone should hope to find in this book just those and only those hymns which express his own feelings and beliefs, he will certainly be disappointed. What some would omit from the collection others will value the most, and what some would wish to add to it others would be pained to discover. It has not been the purpose of the reviser to express the views and minister to the taste of any one section of a congregation; he has tried to make a book in which each and all may find what will be the stimulus and the expression of devout thought.

After the Rev. A. W. Oxford, the best thanks are due to the Rev. Dean Jex-Blake, Dr. Martineau, George Macdonald, the sisters of the Rev. George Rawson, the Rev. Matthew Woodward, and others for kind permission to add their hymns, as well as to the Bishop of Wakefield, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, and the Rev. John Page Hopps, who have made their hymns public property. If by ignorance or inadvertence the copyright has in any case been infringed, it is hoped the kindness of the authors will overlook the fault.

MORNING HYMNS.

1

L.M.

- 1 **L**ORD God of morning and of night,
We thank thee for thy gift of light :
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find thee now more nigh.
- 2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part ;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,
A thousand-fold to serve thee more.
- 3 Yet whilst thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do ;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.
- 4 O Lord of lights, ' tis thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts thine own :
Though this new day with joy we see,
O dawn of God ! we cry for thee !
- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise him through time, till time shall end ;
Till psalm and song his name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore !

Francis T. Palgrave.

8, 6, 8, 4 M.

- 1 **H**AIL, sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free ;
Hail, day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.
- 2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to thee,
Where rest is found.
- 3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease ;
No voice, but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.
- 4 I hear the organ loudly peal,
And soaring voices raise
To thee, their great Creator, hymns
Of deathless praise.
- 5 All earthly things appear to fade,
As, rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.
- 6 For those who sing with saints below
Glad songs of heavenly love,
Shall sing when songs on earth have ceased,
With saints above.

Godfrey Thring.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 3 By influence of the Light divine,
Let thine own light in good works shine ;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him, ye heavenly host above !
Praise Him, my soul ! for all his love.

Bishop Ken.

10, 10, 10, 10, 6 M.

1 **F**OR the dear love that kept us through the night,

And gave our senses to sleep's gentle sway,—

For the new miracle of dawning light

Flushing the east with prophecies of day,

We thank thee, O our God !

2 For the fresh life that through our being flows

With its full tide to strengthen and to bless—

For calm sweet thoughts, upspringing from
repose,

To bear to thee their song of thankfulness,

We praise thee, O our God !

3 Day uttereth speech to day, and night to night

Tells of thy power and glory. So would we,

Thy children, duly, with the morning light,

Or at still eve, upon the bended knee

Adore thee, O our God

4 Thou know'st our needs, thy fulness will
supply,

Our blindness—let thy hand still lead us on,

Till visited by the dayspring from on high,

Our prayer, one only, " Let thy will be done ! "

We breathe to thee, O God !

Wm. Henry Burleigh.

- 1 **N**EW every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove ;
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray ;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
 As more of heaven in each we see ;
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 5 The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we need to ask ;
 Room to deny ourselves, a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.
- 6 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
 Fit us for perfect rest above ;
 And help us, this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble.

- 1 UP to the throne of God is borne
Our voice of praise this sacred morn,
And he accepts our parting hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.
- 2 Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God !
- 3 Each field is then a hallowed spot ;
An altar is in each man's cot ;
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.
- 4 High in the heaven the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run ;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.
- 5 Lord ! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.
- 6 Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

William Wordsworth.

EVENING HYMNS.

7

S.M.

- 1 OUR day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.
- 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire ;
But O, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir !
- 4 Yet, Lord, to thy dear Will
If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to thy name.
- 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

John Ellerton.

8-6 M.

- 1 O SHADOW in a sultry land !
 We gather to thy breast,
Whose love, enfolding us like night,
 Brings quietude and rest ;
Glimpse of a fairer life to be,
 In foretaste here possessed.
- 2 From all our wanderings we come,
 From drifting to and fro,
From tossing on life's restless deep
 Amid its ebb and flow ;
The grander sweep of tides serene
 Our spirits yearn to know.
- 3 That which the garish day has lost
 The twilight vigil brings ;
The breezes from celestial hills,
 The draughts from deeper springs,
The sense of an immortal trust,
 The touch of angel wings.
- 4 Drop down behind the solemn hills,
 O day with cloudless skies !
Serene, above its fading glow,
 Night, starry-crowned, arise !
So beautiful may heaven be
 When life's last sunbeam dies !

Caroline M. Packard.

- 1 **O** LORD, who by thy presence hast made
light
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades away.
- 2 As Thou hast given me strength upon the
way,
So deign at evening to become my Guest ;
As Thou hast shared the labours of the day,
So also deign to share and bless my rest.
- 3 How sad and cold, if Thou be absent, Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart how
dead !
But, if thy presence grace my humble board,
I seem with heavenly manna to be fed.
- 4 Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet
repose,
The calm of evening settles on my breast ;
If Thou be with me when my labours close,
No more is needed to complete my rest.
- 5 Come, then, O Lord, and deign to be my
Guest,
After the day's confusion, toil, and din ;
O come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin !

- 1 ○ FATHER, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Father of spirits ! be our light.
- 2 The day is done : its hours have run ;
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Father of spirits ! be our light.
- 3 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Father of spirits ! be our light.
- 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
O let Thy mercy make us glad !
Thou art our God, Thou art our all !
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Father of spirits ! be our light.

Fredk. W. Faber.

6-5 M.

- 1 **N**OW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh ;
Shadows of the evening,
Steal across the sky.
- 2 Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.
- 4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.
- 5 Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
- 6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

S. Baring Gould.

12

8-7 M.

- 1 **N**OW on land and sea descending,
 Brings the night its peace profound,
 Let our vesper-hymn be blending
 With the holy calm around.
 Soon as dies the sunset glory,
 Stars of heaven shine out above,
 Telling still the ancient story—
 Their Creator's changeless love.

- 2 Now our wants and burdens leaving
 To his care, who cares for all,
 Cease we fearing, cease we grieving,
 At his touch our burdens fall.
 As the darkness deepens o'er us,
 Lo ! eternal stars arise ;
 Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious
 Shining in the spirit's skies.

Samuel Longfellow.

13

7, 7, 7, 7, 3 M.

- 1 **H**OLY Father, who this day
 Hast vouchsafed to guide our way,
 Be Thou near to soothe and bless,
 Cheering night's dark loneliness
 With thy light.

EVENING HYMNS.

2 In our hearts bid tumult cease ;
Fill our minds with heavenly peace ;
Breathe thy calm o'er earthly strife ;
Troubled ones in this stern life
Lead aright.

3 Send thy comfort from on high,
Blessing those in pain who lie ;
Whisper to them words of love—
How for aye in realms above
They shall rest.

4 Those, now far from home in sin,
Bring, O Father, safely in ;
Lead their trembling steps to Thee ;
With thy dear ones may they be
Ever blest.

5 Hush complaints ; bend every will
Ne'er to doubt, but trust Thee still ;
On the path now overcast
With dark clouds and shadows vast
Send thy peace.

[6] We are blind, and see not why
Grief is sent and troubles try ;
From too heavy weight of care,
Gloom and darkness of despair,
Grant release.

7 Steer us onward to that shore
Where all pain and grief are o'er ;
Guard in tempest our frail bark,
Guide it through the gathering dark
To the light.

Edith Miles.

- 1 **N**OW that Day its wings has furled
And the earth has gone to rest ;
Take me, Shepherd of the world,
Home to sleep upon thy breast.
- 2 All the night from dream to dream,
Keep my spirit pure and bright ;
Fill the darkness with the stream
Of thine everlasting light.
- 3 If I waken, calm and fair
Be the thoughts that in me rise ;
And thy presence in the air
Make my heart a Paradise.
- 4 But if trouble in my heart
Or fierce pain me restless keep,
Then to me thy peace impart ;
Give to thy beloved sleep.
- 5 So when Morning with his wing
Wakens me to work and play,
I may rise with joy and sing—
“ God has turned my night to day.”

Stopford A. Brooke.

15

10 M.

1 **G**O down, great sun, into thy golden west,
 The day is done, the hours of labour
 past ;
 The night's dark shadows deepen all around ;
 The day is over ; rest has come at last.

2 And so our life to eventide draws nigh,
 Our days of change their course have
 almost run ;
 And soon the storms of winter will be past,
 And then comes summer, and th' unsetting
 sun.

3 And in that holier world of joy and peace,
 Our sun shall rise upon a land so blest,
 That none in this poor world have words
 to tell
 How great the joy of that pure heavenly
 rest.

4 But there the Light that never dies shines on
 Undimmed, unclouded through th' eternal
 years !
 And souls shall find, in that sweet home of
 love,
 The Hand that wipes away the mourners'
 tears.

Edward Husband.

- 1 **G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light !
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings !
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 The moments that to waste have run,
The ills that I this day have done,
Forgive, that with myself and thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close ;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake !
- 4 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the endless day.
- [5] When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Angels and saints his name adore !
With praise and joy for evermore.

Bishop Ken.

10-4 м.

- 1 **F**ATHER supreme ! Thou high and holy one,
To thee we bow ;
Now, when the service of the day is done,
Devoutly, now.
- 2 When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,
Thy smile was there ;
Now, as the darkness gathers overhead,
We feel thy care.
- 3 Night spreads her shade upon another day
Forever past ;
So o'er our faults, thy love, we humbly pray,
A veil may cast.
- 4 Silence and calm, o'er hearts by earth distress,
Now sweetly steal ;
So every fear that struggles in the heart
Shall faith conceal.
- 5 Thou, through the dark, wilt watch above our
With eye of love ; [sleep
And Thou wilt wake us, when the sunbeams leap
The hills above.
- 6 From age to age unchanging, still the same
All good thou art ;
Hallowed for ever be thy holy name
In every heart.

- 1 **A**S darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.
- 2 Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.
- 3 We pray thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here ;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.
- 4 For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the lost,
We pray thee, God of love.
- 5 We pray thee for the little bark
Just launched upon life's sea ;
Are not the depths of parents' love,
O Father, known to thee ?
- 6 We bring to thee our hopes and fears,
And at thy footstool lay ;
And, Father, Thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

Anon.

- 1 **A**BIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide,
 The darkness deepens ; Lord with me
 abide ;
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see ;
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour ;
 What but thy grace can foil temptation's
 power ?
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
 with me.
- 4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
 Where is death's sting ? Where, grave, thy
 victory ?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5* Shine out, O Light, before my closing eyes,
 Pierce through the gloom, and point me to
 the skies,
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
 shadows flee
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Hy. Francis Lyte.

- 1 **A** GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls ;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.
- 2 O God, our Light ! to Thee we bow ;
Within all shadows standest Thou ;
Give deeper calm than night can bring ;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
- 3 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace ;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.
- 4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain ;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell !

Samuel Longfellow.

- 1 **W**HEN evening shadows gather,
And twilight gently fades ;
When all is still and silent
In midnight's darker shades :
Thou, O our God, art near us ;
Our thoughts are known to Thee.
Thy light is round about us,
Which mortal may not see.

EVENING HYMNS.

2 So, ere our eyelids closing,
We humbly seek thy face,
And pray for thy forgiveness,
And thy sustaining grace :
For we are weak and erring,
And need thy mighty power ;
O Father, ever guard us
In dark temptation's hour.

3 We pray for those who languish
In sickness and distress,
That thou wilt sooth their anguish,
And their afflictions bless :
We pray for those in peril
Upon the mighty sea ;
We pray for friends and loved ones :
Do thou their Guardian be.

4 And now to thee we render
Our thanks for mercies past,
With grateful hearts imploring
Thy favour to the last ;
For Thou art ever watching,
Thou wilt our vigils keep,
And, trusting in thy mercy,
We sink in peaceful sleep.

Jas. Fredk. Swift (alt.)

22

C.M.

- 1 **W**E thank thee, Lord, for all the joys
And blessings of the light ;
For rest and sleep, when softly fall
The shadows of the night ;
- 2 For song and sunshine, health and friends,
And all things sweet and fair,
But more for thine own Presence felt
About us everywhere.
- 3 Not only in life's happier days
Would we thy goodness see,
We want to feel thee just as near
When pain and grief must be.
- 4 Still closer would we cling to thee
Now night is drawing near,
And in our Father's smile forget
The darkness and the fear.
- 5 If thy pure Light within our hearts
And on our pathway shine,
In joy or sorrow we shall know
The hand which leads is thine.

- 1 **T**HE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky ;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie :
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day :
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.
- 2 Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;
So fade within our heart
The hopes of earthly love and joy
That one by one depart ;
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine ;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.
- 3 Let peace, O Lord,—thy peace, O God,—
Upon our souls descend ;
From midnight fears and perils Thou
Our trembling hearts defend :
Give us a respite from our toil ;
Calm and subdue our woes ;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose.

Adelaide A. Procter.

24

8-4 M.

1 GOD that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light ;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night ;
 May thine Angel-guard defend us,
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.

2 When we in the morn awaken,
 Guide us thy way,
 Keep our love and truth unshaken
 In work and play ;
 In our daily task be near us,
 In temptation keep and hear us,
 And with holy counsel cheer us,
 The livelong day.

3*Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
 And, when we die,
 May we in thy mighty keeping
 All peaceful lie :
 Thou wilt not in death forsake us,
 But to fuller life shalt wake us,
 And to nobler service take us
 With Thee on high.

Bishop Heber (alt.)

7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8 M.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and over ;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee :
I pray thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be :
O Father, keep me in thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.
- 2 The joys of day are over ;
I lift my heart to Thee :
And call on thee that sinless
The hours of dark may be :
O Father, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.
- 3 The toils of day are over ;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Father, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.
- 4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God ! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go :
Lover of men ! O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all,

From the Greek, tr. J. M. Neale.

- 1 SLOWLY by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness ; O how still
Is the working of his will !
- 2 Mighty Spirit ! ever nigh ;
Work in me as silently ;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.
- 3 From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars, a wondrous birth :
So may gleams of glory dart
Through this dim abyss, my heart.
- 4 Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought ;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.
- 5 Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight ;
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill.
- 6 Thou art there, O let me know
Thou art here within me too ;
May the perfect peace of God
Here, as there, be shed abroad.

EVENING HYMNS.

- 7 Let my life attuned be
To the heavenly harmony
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

Wm. Hy. Furness.

27

10 M.

- 1 **A** GAIN to thee, our fathers' God, we raise,
With one accord our parting hymn of
praise ;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With thee began, with thee shall end, the day ;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,
That in this house have called upon thy Name.
- 3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming
night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4* Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife :
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace !

John. Ellerton.

- 1 **S**UN of my soul, for ever near,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is night,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 3 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 4 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

1 **T**HE night is come, wherein at last we rest,
 God orders this and all things for the best !
 Beneath his blessing, fearless may we lie,
 Since He is nigh.

2 Drive evil thoughts and passions far away,
 O Father, watch o'er us till dawning day,
 Body and soul alike from harm defend,
 Thine angels send.

3 Let holy prayers and thoughts our latest be,
 Let us awake with joy, still close to Thee ;
 In all serve Thee ; in every deed and thought
 Thy praise be sought.

4 Give to the sick, as thy beloved, sleep ;
 And help the captive, comfort them who weep
 Care for the widows' and the orphans' woe ;
 Keep far our foe.

5 Father, thy name be praised, thy kingdom
 come,
 Thy will be wrought as in our heavenly home ;
 Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
 Us now and ever !

Bohemian Brethren.

- 1 PART in peace ! is day before us ?
Praise his name for life and light :
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us ?
Bless his care who guards the night.
- 2 Part in peace ! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.
- 3 Part in peace ! from sweet reposing,
And with heavenly thoughts refreshed,
In the morn our eyes unclosing,
May we bless the Ever-blessed.
- 4 Part in peace ! such are the praises
God our Maker loveth best ;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Sarah Flower Adams.



THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST

31

C.M.

- 1 **H**ARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long :
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit largely poured
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release
In evil bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

2 The Lord is come ! Dull hearts to wake,
He speaks, as never man yet spake,
The truth which makes his servants free,
The royal law of liberty.
Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
His living words our spirits stay,
And from his treasures, new and old,
The eternal mysteries unfold.

3 The Lord is come ! In Him we trace
The fullness of God's truth and grace ;
Throughout those words and acts Divine
Gleams of the eternal splendour shine ;
And from his inmost spirit flow,
As from a height of sunlit snow,
The rivers of perennial life,
To heal and sweeten Nature's strife.

4 The Lord is come ! In every heart
Where truth and mercy claim a part ;
In every land where right is might,
And deeds of darkness shun the light ;
In every Church where faith and love
Lift earthward thoughts to things above ;
In every holy, happy home,
We bless thee, Lord, that thou hast come !

Dean Stanley.

1 NOW the joyful Christmas morning,
 Breaking o'er the world below,
 Tells again the wondrous story
 Of the Christ-child long ago.
 Hark ! we hear again the chorus
 Echoing through the starry sky,
 And we join the heavenly anthem,
 ' Glory be to God on high ! '

2 Out of every clime and people
 Under every holy name,
 Is the everlasting gospel
 Good and glad for aye the same ;
 So we, in our happy Christmas,
 Breathe the universal creed,
 Clasp hands with distant ages
 In a brotherhood indeed.

3 Sing aloud, then, hearts and voices !
 Shout, O new world, free and strong !
 Hail of Light the deathless triumph,
 Join the old world's birthday song,—
 ' Glory be to God the Highest !
 Peace on earth, goodwill to men ! '
 'Twas the morning stars that pealed it,—
 Let the world respond again.

- 1 **I**T came upon the midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth,
 To touch their harps of gold :—
 ‘ Peace to the earth, goodwill to men
 From Heaven’s all-gracious King ! ’
 The world in solemn stillness lay
 To hear the angels sing.

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
 With peaceful wings unfurled ;
 And still their heavenly music floats
 O’er all the weary world.
 Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend, on hovering wing,
 And ever o’er its jarring sounds
 The blessed angels sing.

- 3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
 The world has suffered long :
 Beneath the angels strain have rolled
 Two thousand years of wrong ;
 And man, at war with man, hears not
 The love-song which they bring :
 O hush the noise of war and strife,
 And hear the angels sing !

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow ;
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

5 For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears.

37

C.M.

1 CALM, on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judæa stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply ;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high ;
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee,
There comes a holier calm :
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 ' Glory to God,' the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring ;
' Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's Eternal King ! '

Edmund H. Sears.

38

7 M.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth and mercy mild
Cometh with the holy child.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic host proclaim,
' Christ is born in Bethlehem.'
- 2 Hail, the holy Prince of Peace !
Hail, the Son of Righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Comes with healing in his wings.

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic host proclaim,
' Christ is born in Bethlehem.'

Charles Wesley (alt.)

39

C. M.

- 1 **T**O-DAY be joy in every heart,
For lo, the angel throng
Once more above the listening earth
Repeats the advent song :
- 2 ' Peace on the earth, goodwill to men ! '
Before us goes the star
That leads us on to holier births
And life diviner far !
- 3 Ye men of strife forget to-day
Your harshness and your hate ;
Too long ye stay the promised years
For which the nations wait !
- 4 And ye upon the tented field,
Sheathe, sheathe to-day the sword !
By love, and not by might, shall come
The kingdom of the Lord.
- 5 O star of human faith and hope !
Thy light shall lead us on,
Until it fades in morning's glow,
And heaven on earth is won.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

- 1 **L**ONG, long ago, in manger low
Was cradled from above
A little Child, in whom God smiled,
A Christmas gift of love.
- 2 When hearts were bitter and unjust,
And cruel hands were strong,
The noise he hushed with hope and trust,
And Peace began her song.
- 3 Whene'er the Father's Christmas gifts
Seem only frost and snow,
And anxious stress and loneliness
And poverty and woe ;—
- 4 Straightway provide a welcome wide,
Nor wonder why they came ;
They stand outside our hearts and bide,
Knocking in Jesus' name.
- 5 For trouble, cold, and dreary care,
Are angels in disguise ;
And greeted fair, with trust and prayer,
As Peace and Love they rise !
- 6 They are the manger rude and low,
In which a Christ-child lies ;
O welcome guest, thy cradle nest
Is always God's surprise !

William C. Gannett.

1 **T**HROUGH the starry midnight dim
 O'er the hills of Bethlehem,
 Loud awoke the angels' hymn,
 Hallelujah.

2 And the shepherds who their sheep
 Kept among the meadows steep,
 Feared, but soon had joy as deep.
 Hallelujah.

3 'Fear not,' cried the angel bright,
 'There is born to you this night,
 A Saviour, Jesus, King of Light.'
 Hallelujah.

4 'He is Christ the Lord ; Arise,
 Seek him where he lowly lies,
 In a manger, hid from eyes.'
 Hallelujah.

5 Joyful were the shepherds then,
 When the Gospel tidings ran,
 'Peace on earth, goodwill to man.'
 Hallelujah.

6 And all Heaven at the word,
 Sang aloud—'O, be adored
 In the highest, God the Lord.'
 Hallelujah.

Stopford A. Brooke.

1 **I**N the old time, runs the story,
 There was once a wondrous night,
 When from out the unseen glory
 Burst a ray of glad delight :
 It was when the stars were gleaming,
 Shepherds watched their flocks, and then
 In their waking, or their dreaming,
 Angels sang, ' Goodwill to men.'

2 Since that day the children's voices
 Have caught up the glad refrain ;
 And to-day the heart rejoices
 That the hour comes round again ;
 And the children are our angels ;
 With one loud acclaim they cry,
 Answering back the glad evangel's
 ' Glory be to God on high.'

3 Each new child 's a new Messiah,
 Whether cot or palace born,
 Leading on the race still higher
 Toward the glad redemption morn ;
 Each new child 's a word new spoken,
 God to earth come down again
 With his promise never broken,
 ' Peace on earth, goodwill to men.'

Minot J. Savage.

1 **A** THOUSAND years have come and gone,
 And near a thousand more,
 Since happier light from heaven shone
 Than ever shone before ;
 And in the hearts of old and young
 A joy most joyful stirred,
 That sent such news from tongue to tongue
 As ears had never heard.

2 And we are glad, and we will sing,
 As in the days of yore !
 Come all, and hearts made ready, bring
 To welcome back once more
 The day when first on wintry earth
 A summer change began,
 And dawning in a lowly birth
 Uprose the Light of man.

3 For trouble such as men must bear
 From childhood to fourscore,
 Christ shared with us, that we might share
 His joy for evermore ;
 And twice a thousand years of strife,
 Of conflict, and of sin,
 May tell how large the harvest-sheaf
 His patient love shall win.

Thomas T. Lynch.

44

C.M.

- 1 **BY** cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo ! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay :
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly pass away.
- 4 O thou, whose infant feet were led
Within the Father's shrine !
Whose years, with holiest spirit fed,
Were all alike divine ;
- 5 We seek that Spirit's bounteous breath,
We ask his grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still his own.

Bishop Heber

45

C.M.

- 1 **I**MMORTAL by their deed and word
Like light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
Still live the sainted dead.

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

- 2 The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air ;
We hear it in beatitude
In parable and prayer.
- 3 And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.
- 4 Earnest of life for evermore,
That life of duty here,—
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear !
- 5 Spirit of Jesus, still speed on !
Speed on thy conquering way,
Till every heart the Father own,
And all his will obey !

Fredk. L. Hosmer.

46

7, 7, 5 M.

- 1 **W**HEN the Lord of love was here,
Happy hearts to him were dear,
Though his heart was sad :
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet he turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

- 2 Meek and lowly were his ways,
From his loving grew his praise,
From his giving, prayer :
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy his care.
- 3 When He walked the fields, he drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God :
For within his heart of love
All the soul of Man did move,
God had his abode.
- 4 Lord, be ours thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love.
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.
- 5 Fill us with thy deep desire,
All the sinful to inspire,
With the Father's life :
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

Stopford A. Brooke.

47

8-7 M.

- 1 JESUS, by thy simple beauty,
By thy depth of love unknown,
We are drawn to earnest duty,
We come near the Father's throne.
- 2 When we read the thrilling pages
Of that life so pure and true,
Stars of hope across the ages,
Rise in glory on our view.
- 3 Faith and hope and love shine o'er us,
Make our daily lives divine ;
Friend and brother gone before us,
Be our thoughts and deeds like thine.
- 4 Thanks for ever, heavenly Father,
That when human eyes grow dim,
And when shadows darkly gather,
Shines a holy light through him.

48

8, 8, 8, 6 M.

- 1 IT fell upon a summer day,
When Jesus walked in Galilee,
The mothers of the village brought
Their children to his knee.
- 2 He took them in his arms and laid
His hands on each remembered head ;
' Suffer these little ones to come
To me,' he gently said.

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

3 ' Forbid them not ; unless ye bear
The childish heart your hearts within,
Unto my Kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in.'

4 Master, I fain would enter there ;
O let me follow Thee and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.

5 Of innocence, and love, and trust,
Of quiet work, and simple word,
Of joy, and thoughtlessness of self
Build up my life, good Lord.

6 All happy thoughts and gentle ways,
And loving-kindness daily given,
And freedom through obedience gained,
Make in my heart thine Heaven.

7 And all the wisdom that is born
Of joy and love that question not,
The child's bright vision of the earth,
Be mine, O Lord, unsought.

8 O happy thus to live and move ;
And sweet within this world to find
God's beauty everywhere, his love,
His good in all mankind.

Stopford A. Brooke.

49

11-10 M.

1 COME unto me when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your Heavenly Father :
Come unto me and I will give you rest.

2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers
were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to
waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths
are crowned.

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim ;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly
hymn.

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely
pressed :
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Catherine H. Waterman.

1 BESIDE the shore of Galilee,
 A voice was heard athwart the sea—
 A voice at once of tender tone,
 Yet grave, with meaning all its own :
 And humble fishers as they heard,
 Forgot their nets, obeyed its word,
 Left all, disciples true to be,
 For Christ had uttered—‘ Follow Me ! ’

2 When, seated at the custom’s board,
 The faithful Levi saw the Lord,
 Then in his heart the bell was rung
 For worship from that fruitful tongue :
 He left his trade, he left his gold ;
 His heart grew large, his breast was bold ;
 He went disciple true to be,
 For Christ had uttered—‘ Follow Me ! ’

3 Christ calls us not to come by creed,
 But by the truthful faith of deed ;
 And we who would obey his call,
 Must make his teachings lord of all,
 Must learn his love, and cease from strife,
 And mould our minds to his through life,
 If we disciples true would be,
 For Christ has uttered—‘ Follow Me ! ’

- 4 And still e'en now we hear that voice :
 Hark, silvery strains, Rejoice ! Rejoice !
 Above the clouds, beyond the air,
 Up highest heaven's sapphire stair—
 Beyond life's gate of mortal bar,
 From sky to sky, from star to star,
 It quivereth, echoeth, floweth free,
 For Christ still calleth—' Follow Me '

Goodwin Barmby.

51

7-6 M.

- 1 ' COME unto me, ye weary,
 And I will give you rest.'
 O blessed voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to hearts opprest :
 It tells of benediction,
 Of pardon, grace, and peace,
 Of joy that hath no ending,
 Of love which cannot cease.
- 2 ' Come unto me ye wanderers,
 And I will give you light.'
 O loving voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to cheer the night ;
 Our hearts were filled with sadness
 And we had lost our way ;
 But He has brought us gladness
 And songs at break of day.

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

3 ' Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife ;
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long ;
But he has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 ' And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt ;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be,
Of love so free and boundless,
To come to God with thee.

Wm. Chatterton Dix.

52

10 M.

1 O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once didst come in humblest guise
below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and
woe :—

2 We look to thee ; thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their
way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

3 Yes! thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know; Light, Life, and Way of
heaven!

And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast
given.

Theodore Parker.

53

7 M.

1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

2 Blessed Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent thy holy son:
He will give the light I need;
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on him;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

4 Thus in deed and thought and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die;—

5 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

Wm. Henry Furness.

54

10 M.

- 1 THE day was done! beside the sultry shore
The cooling shadows kissed the restless sea,
The words of wondrous wisdom now were o'er
That make thy waves so sacred, Galilee!
- 2 The thronging multitudes from far and nigh,
In eager haste around his bark had pressed,
And as he spake, the hours passed fleetly by,
And heavy laden, weary hearts found rest.
- 3 And then, as gently fell the evening dew,
And the long day, with all its toil, was o'er,
The Master saith unto his chosen few,
Let us pass over to the further shore.
- 4 So, when our day is ended, and we stand
At even by the marge of Jordan's tide,
O, may we firmly grasp the Master's hand,
And pass triumphant to the other side.

Robert Hall Baynes.

55

L.M.

- 1 LORD, it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days,
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2 Lord, it is good for us to be
With thee and with thy faithful three,—
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock ;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, the word that burns ;
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With him whose last best creed is love.

3 Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with thee ;
And watch thy glistening raiment glow,
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine :
Till we, too, change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

4 Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with thee ;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim—
' This is my son—O hear ye him ! '

Dean Stanley.

56

L.M.

- 1 NOT always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be ;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.
- 2 " Lord, it is good abiding here "
We cry, the heavenly presence near ;
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies !
- 3 Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after-days
We travel our appointed ways.
- 4 Till all the lowly vale grows bright
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.
- 5 The mount for vision—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shewn.

Fredk. L. Hosmer.

57

10 M.

- 1 STAY, Master, stay upon this heavenly hill :
A little longer, let us linger still ;
With all the mighty ones of old beside,
Near to the Awful Presence still abide ;
Before the throne of light we trembling stand,
And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.

2 Stay, Master, stay ; we breath a purer air ;
This life is not the life that waits us there :
Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses come and go ;
We cannot speak them—nay, we do not know ;
Wrapt in this cloud of light we seem to be
The thing we fain would grow—eternally.

3 “ No ! ” saith the Lord, “ the hour is past—we go ;
Our home, our life, our duties lie below.
While here we kneel upon the mount of prayer,
The plough lies waiting in the furrow there !
Here we sought God that we might know his
will ;
There we must do it,—serve Him,—seek Him
still.”

4 If man aspires to reach the throne of God,
O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road,
He who best does his lowly duty here,
Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere :
At God's own feet our spirits seek their rest,
And he is nearest Him who serves Him best.

Samuel Greg .

58

8, 7, 8, 5 M.

1 "HE was there alone," when even
Had round earth its mantle thrown
Holding intercourse with heaven :
"He was there alone."

2 There his inmost heart's emotion
Made he to his Father known ;
In the spirit of devotion.
Praying there alone.

3 So let us, from earth retiring,
Seek in prayer our Father's throne ;
And to holy thoughts aspiring,
Live with God alone.

4 So when time its course hath ended,
And the joys of earth have flown,
We, by hope and bliss attended,
Shall not be alone.

Sir John Bowring.

59

L.M.

1 O'ER the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

2 The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest ;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

- 3 Still near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind ;
And on his lone, unsheltered head
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.
- 4 Why seeks he not a home of rest ?
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed ?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,
He hath not where to lay his head.
- 5 Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race ;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

William Russell.

60

7 M.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise ;

4 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
Guilt in strong remorse who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care ;
A wounded spirit who can bear !

5 Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm, that flows for every wound ;
Peace, that ever shall endure ;
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna Latitia Barbauld.

61

L.M.

1 **R**IDE on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry !
Thy humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
O Christ ! thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh :
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain ;
Then take, O Christ, thy power, and reign !

Dean Milman.

1 'DESCEND to thy Jerusalem, O Lord !'

Her faithful children cry with one accord ;
Come, ride in triumph on ! behold, we lay
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in thy way !

2 Thy road is ready, Lord !—thy paths, made
straight,

In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet :
And hark ! Hosannas loud thy footsteps greet !

Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord, here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Sion, and as full of sin :
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein ?

4 Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor !
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place,
Which thou hast chosen, there to set thy face.

5 And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of thy finished victory,
The temple-stones shall cry, and loud repeat
Hosanna ! and thy glorious footsteps greet !

Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

1 **W**HERE shall we learn to die ?
 Go, gaze with steadfast eye
 On dark Gethsemane,
 Or darker Calvary,
 Where, through each lingering hour,
 The Lord of grace and power,
 Most lowly and most high,
 Has taught the Christian how to die.

2 When in the olive shade,
 His long last prayer he prayed ;
 When on the cross to heaven
 His parting spirit given,
 He showed that to fulfil
 The Father's gracious will,
 Not asking how or why,
 Alone prepares the soul to die.

3 No word of angry strife,
 No anxious cry for life ;
 By scoff and torture torn
 He speaks not scorn for scorn ;
 Calmly forgiving those
 Who deem themselves his foes
 In silent majesty
 He points the way at peace to die.

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

4 Delighting to the last
In memories of the past ;
Glad at the parting meal
In lowly tasks to kneel ;
Still yearning to the end
For mother and for friend ;
His great humility
Loves in such acts of love to die.

5*O by those weary hours
Of slowly ebbing power,
By those deep lessons heard
In each expiring word ;
By that unfailing love
Lifting the soul above,
When our last end is nigh,
Oh, may we know like him to die.

Dean Stanley.

64

6, 6, 10 M.

1 **T**HOU, who in life below
Didst drain the cup of woe,
And glorify the cross of agony—
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home
on high.

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, thou didst tread ;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it
spread ?

3 Dear image of our life,
Look on us through the strife !
Thy own meek head by rudest storms was
bowed ;
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the
cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be ;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead
to thee.

Sarah E. Miles.

- 1 O'ER Kedron's streams, and Salem's height,
And Olivet's brown steep,
Moves the majestic queen of night,
And throws from heaven her silver light,
And sees the world asleep ;—
- 2 All but the children of distress,
Of sorrow, grief, and care,
Whom sleep, though prayed for, will not bless;
These leave the couch of restlessness,
To breathe the cool, calm air.
- 3 For those who shun the glare of day,
There's a composing power,
That meets them on their lonely way,
In the still air, the sober ray,
Of this religious hour.
- 4 'Tis a religious hour ;—for he
Who many a grief shall bear,
In his own body on the tree,
Is kneeling in Gethsemane,
In agony and prayer.
- 5 O Holy Father, when the light
Of earthly joy grows dim,
May hope in Christ grow strong and bright,
To all who kneel, in sorrow's night,
In trust and prayer like him.

John Pierpont.

- 1 **A** VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
'O Father, take this cup away!'
- 2 Ah, thou, who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And Earth for all her children saith,
'O God, take *not* this cup away!'
- 3 O Lord of sorrow, meekly die;
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.
- 4 O King of earth! the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages, 'tis thy throne;
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms and is thine own.
- 5 Great Chief of faithful souls! arise;
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When Faith, unarmed, lifts up the hand.
- 6 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray;
Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last lone way,
Oh, give the welcome of thy love!

- James Martineau.

67

7 M.

- 1 **W**HEN my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane !
- 2 There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades ;
See that suffering, friendless One
Weeping, praying there alone.
- 3 When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary ! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe ;—
- 4 There behold his agony
Suffered on the bitter tree ;
See his anguish, see his faith,
Love triumphant still in death.
- 5 Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

J. R. Wreford and S. Longfellow.

68

8, 8, 7 M.

- 1 ' **I**T is finished !' Man of sorrows !
From thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

2 While extended there we view thee,
Mighty Sufferer ; draw us to thee.—
Sufferer victorious !

3 Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted !
May that sacred emblem be ;

4 Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to thee !

5 Still to thee ! whose love unbounded
Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.

6 Honoured be thy cross for ever ;
Star, that points our high endeavour
Whither thou hast gone before !

Fredk. Hy. Hedge.

69

7 M.

1 **W**HEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow ;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious God of Jesus ! hear.

2 He our throbbing flesh hath worn
He our mortal griefs hath borne,
He hath shed the human tear ;
Heir of Jesus ! hush thy fear.

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

- 3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls ;
When our final doom is near,
Gracious God of Jesus ! hear.
- 4 He hath bowed the dying head !
He the blood of life hath shed ;
He hath filled a mortal bier :
Heir of Jesus ! hush thy fear.
- 5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear ;
Gracious God of Jesus ! hear.
- 6 He the spirit's strife hath known,
He the spirit's victory won ;
He hath now no grief to bear ;
Heir of Jesus ! hush thy fear.

Dean Milman.

70

10-4 M.

- 1 GOD draws a cloud over each gleaming morn :
Would we ask why ?
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.
- 2 Only upon *some* cross of pain or woe
God's son may lie ;
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
Its Calvary.

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

- 3 Yet we must crave neither for joy nor grief,
God chooses best :
He only knows our sick soul's fit relief,
And gives us rest.
- 4 More than our feeble hearts can ever pine
For holiness,
The Father, in his tenderness divine,
Yearneth to bless.
- 5 He never sends a joy not meant in love,
Still less a pain :
Our gratitude the sunlight falls to prove ;
Our faith the rain.
- 6 In his hands we are safe. We falter on
Through storm and mire :
Above, beside, around us, there is one
Will never tire.
- 7 What though we fall, and bruised and wounded
lie,
Our lips in dust ?
God's arm shall lift us up to victory :
In him we trust.
- 8 For neither life nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us, that we should go
From his great love !

Frances P. Cobbe.

1 **I**N the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me ;
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 **I**n the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

- 1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power :
 Your redeemer's conflict see ;
 Watch with him one bitter hour :
 Turn not from his griefs away ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;
 View the Lord of life arraigned ;
 O the wormwood and the gall !
 O the pangs his soul sustained !
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
 Learn of him to bear the cross.

- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb :
 There, submissive at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 Love's own sacrifice complete :
 ' It is finished,' hear him cry ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid his breathless clay :
 All is solitude and gloom ;
 Who hath taken him away ?
 Christ is risen ; he seeks the skies :
 Thither learn of him to rise.

James Montgomery.

- 1 PAST are the cross, the scourge, the thorn,
The scoffing tongue, the gibe, the scorn,
And brightly breaks the Eastern morn.

Hallelujah !

- 2 Gone are the gloomy clouds of night ;
The shades of death are put to flight :
And from the tomb beams heavenly light.

Hallelujah !

- 3 And so, in sorrow dark and drear,
Though black the night, the morn is near ;
Soon shall the heavenly day appear.

Hallelujah !

- 4 And when death's darkness dims our eyes,
From out the gloom our souls shall rise
In deathless glory to the skies.

Hallelujah !

- 5 Then let us raise the glorious strain,
Love's triumph over sin and pain,
Faith's victory over terror's reign !

Hallelujah !

A. C. Jewitt

74

7 M.

- 1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia !
 Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia !
 Lately on the cross undone, Alleluia !
 Now his victory is won. Alleluia !
- 2 Hymns of joy then let us sing, Alleluia !
 Unto God our heavenly King ! Alleluia !
 Death is vanquished, Christ is raised, Alleluia !
 God the Conqueror be praised. Alleluia !
- 3 We shall follow where our Lord, Alleluia !
 To the world above has soared ; Alleluia !
 And with the heavenly host we'll sing Alleluia !
 Alleluia to our King. Alleluia !

Anon. tr. from the Latin (alt.)

75

C.M.

- 1 THE Crucified is gone before
 To the blest realms of light :
 O thither may our spirits soar,
 And wing their upward flight !
- 2 Lord ! make us to those joys aspire,
 That spring from love to thee,
 That pass the carnal heart's desire,—
 And faith alone can see.
- 3 To guide us to thy glories, Lord !
 To lift us to the sky,
 O may thy spirit still be poured
 Upon us from on high !

John Chandler, fr. the Latin (alt.)

1 COME, sing with holy gladness,
High alleluias sing ;
Lift up your hearts and voices
With new-awakened spring.
Sing youths and gentle maidens,
Your hymn of praise to-day,
With old men and with children,
In sweet according lay.

2 The time of resurrection !
Earth sings it all abroad ;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God !
The sign of life eternal
Is writ on earth and sky,
The hope for ever vernal,
Of Life the victory.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
The seas their bright waves swell,
Let the round world keep triumph
With all that therein dwell !
Now let the seen and unseen
In one glad anthem blend,
Let all our hearts be risen
To life that hath no end !

John J. Daniell.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater son !
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The mountain dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

- 4 For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove :
His name shall stand for ever ;
His great, best name of love.

James Montgomery.

78

7 M.

- 1 **H**E is gone—a cloud of light
Has received him from our sight ;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or fancy's flight ;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place :
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.
- 2 He is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain,
In the void which he has left ;
On this earth, of him bereft ;
We have still his work to do,
We can still his path pursue,
Seek him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves his image show,

- 3 He is gone—we heard him say,
“ Good that I should go away.”
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone his present grace;
Though himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be :
No, his spirit still is ours,
Quickening freshening all our powers.
- 4 He is gone—towards the goal
World and Church must onward roll :
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast :
Still his words before us range
Through the ages, as they change ;
Wheresoe’er the truth shall lead,
God will give whate’er we need.
- 5 He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold him as before ;
In the Heaven of Heavens the same,
As on earth he went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us will he prepare :
In that world, unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

Dean Stanley.

7, 7, 7, 6 M.

- 1 JESUS spake, the gentle Guide,
Like a voice o'er deserts cried,
Words by which we would abide ;
Let us hearken, Father.
- 2 Jesus said, "Hear ! God is One,
God our Father, on his throne,
Dwelling in high heaven alone ;"
Let us hearken, Father.
- 3 "God is spirit," Jesus said ;
"Be to him in secret led ;
In thy closet bow thy head ;"
Let us hearken, Father.
- 4 "Love him ; brethren, be not blind,
Be with love to him inclined
Soul, and heart, and strength, and mind ;"
Let us hearken, Father.
- 5* "Would'st thou win the life above ?
By this law thy conduct prove,
Love Thy God, thy neighbour love,"
Let us hearken, Father.
- 6 "Thou art good !" the hearers cried :
"Call not me good," then he sighed,
"God is good, yea, none beside ;"
Let us hearken, Father,

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

- 7 " Say not ye 'this word is thine ;'
Know it is the word divine ;
'Tis the Father's, yours and mine ; "
Let us hearken, Father.
- 8 " Blessed they who lend good ear
This eternal word to hear,
If they then will keep it clear ; "
Let us hearken, Father.
- 9 " I the Father love ; I will
In the spirit his laws fulfil ;
Only can the letter kill ; "
Let us hearken, Father.
- 10 " Would ye worship ? Harken ye :
Worship him in spirit free,
And in truth, eternally ; "
Let us hearken, Father.
- 11 " Give to him all worship ; he
Only must the worshipped be ;
Serve him ever righteously ; "
Let us hearken, Father.
- 12* " Courage, brethren, have no fear ;
'Tis his pleasure you draw near,
As children to a Father dear ; "
Let us hearken, Father.

Jennett Humphreys.

- 1 CHRIST cometh not a king to reign ;
The world's long hope is dim ;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for him.
- 2 The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes ;
The Spirit over-brooding all
Eternal Love remains.
- 3 And not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below they look,
Who know with John his smile of love,
With Peter his rebuke.
- 4 In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is his own best evidence,
His witness is within.
- 5 No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years ;—
- 6 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he ;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

7 The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

8 O Lord and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

John G. Whittier.

81

C.M.

1 FATHER, by whatsoever light
Our path of life we see,
It matters not, so at the last
It leadeth us to thee.

2 We thank thee for the star that rose
O'er old Judæa bright ;
And that its deathless ray still shines,
To fill our souls with light.

3 We thank thee, too, that other stars
O'er other lands have shone,
To guide the stumbling feet of those
Who toward thee struggle on.

4 Thou, many names of saving power,
Hast given unto men ;
And each new truth that lifts the world
Is God come down again.

Minot J. Savage.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

82

L.M.

- 1 ○ LOVE Divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee.
- 2 All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by thee are lit ;
And dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.
- 3 Thine is the truth the prophets saw,
Long sought without, but found within,
The Law of Love beyond all law,
The life o'erflooding death and sin.
- 4 Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st :
Wide as our need thy favours fall ;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.
- 5 Shine, light of God !—make broad thy scope,
To all who sin and suffer ; more
And bitter than we dare to hope,
The fulness of thy gifts outpour.

John G. Whittier.

1* **T**HE blessed Master, ere he breathed
 His tender last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
 With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
 To teach, convince, subdue ;
 All powerful as the wind he came.
 As viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious willing Guest,
 While he can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even,
 That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
 And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
 And every conquest won,
 And every thought of holiness,
 Are his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see ;
 O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier thee.

Harriet Auber.

7, 7, 7, 5 M.

- 1 **M**IGHTY Spirit, gracious Guide,
Let thy light in us abide ;
Ever walking by thy side,
Grant us heavenly love.
- 2 Love is kind, and suffers long ;
Love is meek and thinks no wrong ;
Love than death itself more strong :
Therefore give us love.
- 3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day ;
Love will ever with us stay :
Therefore give us love.
- 4 Faith will vanish into sight ;
Hope be emptied in delight ;
Love in heaven will shine more bright ;
Therefore give us love.
- 5 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree :
But the greatest of the three,
And the best is love.
- 6 From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love !

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine reveal ;
And with actions bold and meek
Christ's own gracious spirit speak.
- 2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let thy life in mine appear ;
And with actions brotherly
Follow Christ's sincerity.
- 3 Silent Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made ;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.
- 4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail ;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good ;
And whatever I can be,
Give to him who gave me thee.

Thos. T. Lynch.

86

S.M.

- 1 **B**REATHE on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what thou dost love,
And do what thou wouldst do.
- 2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.
- 3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glow with thy fire divine.
- 4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life,
Of thine eternity.

Edwin Hatch.

- 1 SPIRIT divine ! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious power ;
Come, Holy Spirit, come !
- 2 Come as the light ! to waiting minds
That long the truth to know,
Reveal the narrow path of right,
The way of duty show.
- 3 Come as the fire ! enkindle now
The sacrificial flame,
That all our souls an offering be
To love's redeeming name.
- 4 Come as the dew ! on hearts that pine
Descend in this still hour,
Till every barren place shall own
With joy thy quickening power.
- 5 Come, Wind of God ! sweep clean away
What dead within us lies,
And search and freshen all our souls
With living energies.

Andrew Reed, alt. Samuel Longfellow

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit, Truth divine !
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;
Word of God and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
- 2 Holy Spirit, Love divine !
Glow within this heart of mine ;
Kindle every high desire ;
Perish self in thy pure fire.
- 3 Holy Spirit, Power divine !
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.
- 4 Holy Spirit, Right divine !
King within my conscience reign ;
Be my Law and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.
- 5 Holy Spirit, Peace divine !
Still this restless heart of mine !
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquility.
- 6 Holy Spirit, Joy divine ;
Gladden thou this heart of mine ;
In the desert ways I sing
' Spring, O Well ! forever spring.'

Samuel Longfellow.

89

L.M.

- 1 O FOR that flame of living fire
Which shone so bright in saints of old,
That bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.
- 2 O for the spirit which of old
Proclaimed thy love and taught thy ways,
Forth in Isaiah's thunder rolled,
Breathed in the Psalmist's tenderest lays.
- 3 O for that spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Jesus' breast and sealed him thine ;
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine.
- 4 Is not thy Spirit with us now
As when the prophets felt its power ?
The ancient days remember thou,
The ancient inspiration pour.

William H. Bathurst.

90

S.M.

- 1 HOW glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake,
And through thy Spirit's quickening power
Of higher life partake !
- 2 With richer beauty glows
The world before so fair ;
Her holy light religion throws,
Reflected everywhere.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Released from slavish fears
We feel sweet peace within ;
We know the God of mercy hears
And pardons every sin.
- 4 Born of thy Spirit, Lord,
Its influence may we share ;
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,
And make thy temple there.

Stephen G. Bulfinch.

91

L.M.

- 1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose light
The sleeping worlds were called from night !
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 2 O Source of uncreated light,
By whom our souls emerge from night !
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Chase from our minds each haunting foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow.
- 3 Plenteous in grace descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy !
Our frailty help, our hearts control,
Thou Ruler of the secret soul !
And, lest our feet should haply stray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

From the Latin, tr. John Dryden.

1 SPIRIT of power, and truth and love !
 Unseen but felt, below, above,
 Upraise us on thy heavenly wings,
 Far from these low and fleeting things.

2 'Tis thine the wounded heart to heal ;
 'Tis thine to make the hardened feel ;
 Thine to give light to blinded eyes,
 And bid the earth-bound spirit rise.

3 Compassed by foes on every side,
 By sin and sore temptation tried,
 Where can we look or whither flee,
 If not, great Comforter, to thee ?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, like the fire,
 With burning zeal our souls inspire :
 Come like the south wind, breathing balm,
 Our joys refresh, our passions calm :

5 Come like the sun's enlightening beam ;
 Come like the cooling, cleansing stream :
 With all thy graces present be :
 Spirit of God, we wait for thee.

William L. Alexander.

1 NOT, Lord, thine ancient works alone,
 Thy wonders to past ages shown,
 Make our glad spirits glow.
 Our eyes behold thy works of might ;
 On us full beam thy wonders bright ;
 The living God we know.

2 We joy not only to be told,
 How with thy saints and seers of old,
 Thou madest sweet abode.
 We of thy presence bright can tell,
 Thou in thy living saints dost dwell ;
 We feel the living God.

3 Thou settest us each task divine ;
 We bless that helping hand of thine,
 This strength by thee bestowed,
 Thou minglest in the glorious fight,
 Thine own the cause—thine own the might,
 We serve the living God.

4 Ah ! soon we droop, too soon we tire ;
 Our fainting hearts new strength require,
 Again would quickened be.
 We ask no priest ; we ask no shrine ;
 To thee we come for life divine,
 Thou living God to thee.

Thos. H. Gill.

- 1 O UR God, our God, thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day ;
To us thy radiant steps appear,
Here leads thy glorious way.
- 2 We shine not only with the light
Thou didst shed down of yore ;
On us thou streamest strong and bright,
Thy comings are not o'er.
- 3 Our fathers had not all of thee,
New births are in thy grace ;
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.
- 4 We gaze on thy outgoings bright,
Down cometh thy full power ;
We, the glad bearers of thy light,
And this thy saving hour.
- 5 On us thy Spirit hast thou poured,
To us thy word has come :
We feel, we bless thy quickening, Lord !
Thou shalt not find us dumb.
- 6 Thou comest near ; thou standest by ;
Our work begins to shine ;
Thou workest with us mightily,—
On come the years divine.

Thomas H. Gill.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of life, most pure, most bright !
Sun of the soul, the spirit's light !
Great source of joy, and end of rest,
For ever blessing, ever blest !
- 2 As the young day-spring's glorious birth
Calls into life rejoicing earth,
And with new beauty, love, and power,
Robes field and stream and tree and flower :
- 3 As cooling dews, like gentle sleep
On hearts that bleed and eyes that weep,
In the sweet hour of evening's calm
On feverish earth shed heavenly balm :
- 4 Shine on our souls, in mercy shine,
Thou living Beam, thou fire divine !
Bid inward strife and turmoil cease,
Thou Comforter, Thou God of peace !
- 5 Descend Almighty, from above
On beams of light, on wings of love :
Till every soul a temple be,
Meet, Holy Lord, for heaven and thee.

W. Prescott Sparks.

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4 M.

1. COME, Holy One, in love :
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray :
Divinely good thou art ;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart,
Oh, come to-day !
- 2 Come, truest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power ;
Rest which the weary know,
Shade 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour !
- 3 Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill ;
Dwell in each breast ;
We know no dawn but thine ;
Send forth thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

4*Exalt our low desires ;
Extinguish passion's fires ;
Heal every wound :
Our stubborn spirits bend ;
Our devious steps attend,
Thy warmth and brightness lend,
While heavenward bound.

King Robert II. of France.

trans. Ray Palmer.

97

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4 M.

1 **T**HOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight ;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the truth's pure day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light !

2 Thou who dost come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind ;
O now to all mankind
Let there be light !

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

3 Thou who art truth and love,
Life Giver, from above
Speed forth thy flight ;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light !

4*Almighty God, whom we
Adore in unity,
Wisdom, love, might ;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth far and wide,
Let there be light !

John Marriott.

98

7 M.

1 SOURCE of good, whose power controls
Every movement of our souls ;
Wind that quickens where it blows ;
Comforter of human woes ;
Flame of pure and holy love ;
Strength of all that live and move ;
Come ! Thy gifts and fire impart ;
Make me love thee from the heart !

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

2 As the stag, with longing, craves
For the stream's refreshing waves,
Heated in the burning chase ;
So my soul desires thy grace ;
So my heavy-laden breast,
By the cares of life oppressed ;
Longs thy water brooks to taste
In this dry and barren waste.

3 Mighty Spirit ; by whose aid !
Man a living soul was made ;
Everlasting God ! whose fire
Kindles high and pure desire ;
Grant, in every grief and loss,
I may calmly bear the cross,
And, when strife has ceased to be,
Find eternal peace in thee.

Johann Franck, tr. Rich. Massie.

99

8 M.

1 SPIRIT of grace, thou Light of Life,
Amidst the darkness of the dead !
Bright Star, whereby through worldly strife
The patient pilgrim still is led !
Thou Dayspring in the deepest gloom,
Wildered and dark, to thee I come !

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Pure fire of God, burn out my sin,
 Cleanse all the earthly dross from me ;
Refine my secret heart within,
 The golden streams of love set free !
Live thou in me, O Life divine,
Until my deepest love be thine,
- 3 O Breath from far Eternity !
 Breathe o'er my soul's unfertile land ;
So shall the pine and myrtle-tree
 Spring up amidst the desert sand :
And where thy living water flows,
My heart shall blossom as the rose.
- 4 Let me in will and deed and word
 Obey thee as a little child,
And in thy love abide, O Lord,
 For ever pure and undefiled :
Teach me to work and strive and pray,
And keep me in thy heavenward way.

Tr. from Gerhard Tersteegen.

100

7 M.

- 1 **L**IFE of ages, richly poured,
 Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word
 And the people's liberty !

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined ;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind.
- 3 Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good ;
- 4 Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track ;
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back ;
- 5 Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty !

Samuel Johnson.

101

S.M.

- 1 **W**HERE is thy God, my soul ?
Is he within thy heart ?
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part ?
- 2 Where is thy God, my soul ?
Only in stars and sun ?
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one ?

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

3 Where is thy God, my soul ?
 Confined to Scripture's page ?
Or does his Spirit check and guide
 The spirit of each age ?

4 O Ruler of the sky,
 Rule thou within my heart :
O great Adorner of the world,
 Thy light of life impart.

5 Giver of holy words,
 Bestow thy holy power,
And aid me, whether work or thought
 Engage the varying hour.

6 In thee have I my help,
 As all my fathers had ;
I'll trust thee when I'm sorrowful,
 And serve thee when I'm glad.

Thos. T. Lynch.

102

P.M.

1 COME, immortal Lord of gladness,
 From the immeasurable height
Scatter all our sin and sadness,
 Move upon our hearts in light !
All-pervading God, whose love
Joins us here with those above ;
 Make us now thy new creation,
 Sanctify this congregation.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

2 Come and bring with thee thy treasure !

Love and meekness, joy and peace,
Gentleness that knows no measure,
Truths that prisoned hearts release,
Purity, and faith in right,
Thirst of holiness, and light.

Hear, O hear our supplication,
Arm for life this congregation.

3 Come, abide in us for ever ;

Build thy temple in our heart,
Let thy awful glory never
From its inmost shrine depart.

Fill us with thy holy awe,
Make us prophets of thy law ;
Worthy of our high vocation
In the world's great congregation.

4 In the stress of life's temptations

Be our comfort, strong to save ;
When we die, be thou our patience,
When we're buried, be our grave !

Then our resurrection be,
To thy perfect harmony ;
There to fulfil all salvation
With the immortal congregation.

Stopford A. Brooks.

- 1 **G**OD of ages and of nations !
 Every race, and every time,
 Hath received thine inspirations,
 Glimpses of thy truth sublime.
 Ever spirits, in rapt vision,
 Passed the heavenly veil within ;
 Ever hearts, bowed in contrition.
 Found salvation from their sin.
- 2 Reason's noble aspiration,
 Truth in glowing clearness saw ;
 Conscience spoke its condemnation,
 Or proclaimed the Eternal Law.
 While thine inward revelations
 Told thy saints their prayers were heard,
 Prophets to the guilty nations
 Spoke thine everlasting word.
- 3 Lord, that word abideth ever ;
 Revelation is not sealed ;
 Answering unto man's endeavour,
 Truth and Right are still revealed.
 That which came to ancient sages,
 Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
 Written in the heart's deep pages,
 Shines to-day, for ever new !

Samuel Longfellow.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
 Of circling planets singing on their way ;
 Guide of the nations from the night profound
 Into the glory of the perfect day ;
 Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
 Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.
- 2 We are of thee, the children of thy love,
 The brothers of thy well-beloved Son ;
 Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
 Into our hearts that we may be as one,—
 As one with thee, to whom we ever tend ;
 As one with him, our brother and our friend.
- 3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
 One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
 One with the joy that breaketh into song,
 One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
 One in the power that makes thy children free
 To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.
- 4 O clothe us with thy heavenly armour, Lord,—
 Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine.
 Our inspiration be thy constant word ;
 We ask no victories that are not thine.
 Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
 Enough to know that we are serving thee.

John W. Chadwick.

- 1 **I**NFINITE Spirit, who art round us ever,
In whom we float as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond
sever,
Which binds us to our unseen Friend on
high :—
- 2 Unseen, yet not unfelt ; if any thought
Has raised our minds from earth, a pure
desire,
A generous act, a noble purpose brought,
It is thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.
- 3 To me, the humblest of thy creatures, kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and
shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That I may live to glorify thy name :—
- 4 That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and
fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on thee still.

James Freeman Clarke.

GOD, ALL IN ALL.

106

11-10 M.

- 1 I CANNOT find thee ! still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost
dwell ;
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.
- 2 I cannot find thee ! E'en when most adoring,
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought
upsoaring
From furthest quest comes back : thou art
not there !
- 3 Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendour shineth : there, O God, thou
art !
- 4 I cannot lose thee ! Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam ;
The law that holds the worlds my steps is
guiding,
And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

Eliza Scudder.

- 1 ONE thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need,—
It is the thought of God.
- 2 Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at life's full board ;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.
- 3 At night my gladness is my prayer ;
I drop my daily load,
And every thought is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.
- 4 I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road ;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.
- 5 To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod,
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.
- 6 Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God !

Fredk. L. Hosmer.

108

11, 12, 12, 10 M.

1 **H**OLY, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise
to thee.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy ! All the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before thee,
Fill with thy glory, Lord, eternity.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness hide
thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may
not see,
Only thou art holy : there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth,
and sky, and sea :
Holy, Holy, Holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Bishop Heber, alt.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Former of creation's plan,
Faintly reflected in thine image, man ;
Holy and just,—the greatness of whose name
Rules and supports this universal frame :—
- 2 Whose spirit fills the infinitude of space,—
Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling-
place ;—
Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours
Discerns, eluding our most active powers :—
- 3 Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
That veil thy face, and keep thee still unknown ;
Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
Lord of the thoughts, and Sovereign of the
heart !

Mme. Guion, tr. Wm. Cowper.

- 1 **O** THOU in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here,—
- 2 What heart can comprehend thy name
Or, searching, find thee out,
Who art within, a quickening flame,
A presence round about ?

GOD, ALL IN ALL.

- 3 Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more :
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee and adore.
- 4 O sweeter than aught else besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The light I may not see !
- 5 And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.

Fredk. L. Hosmer.

111

C.M.

- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God
To endless years the same.

GOD, ALL IN ALL.

- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts.

112

7s. 10 LINES.

- 1 **W**HEN the night is still and far,
Watcher from the shadowed deeps ;
When the morning breaks its bar,
Life that shines and wakes and leaps ;
When old Bible-verses glow,
Starring all the deep of thought,
Till it fills with quiet dawn,
From the peace our years have brought—
Sun within both skies, we see
How all lights lead back to thee.

2 'Cross the field of daily work
Run the footpaths, leading—where?
Run they east or run they west,
One way all the workers fare.
Every awful thing of earth—
Sin and pain and battle-noise ;
Every dear thing,—baby's birth,
Faces, flowers, or lover's joys,—
Is a wicket-gate where we
Join the great highway to Thee !

3 Restless, restless, speed we on,—
Whither in the vast unknown ?
Not to you and not to me
Are the sealèd orders shown :
But the Hand that built the road,
And the Light that leads the feet,
And this inward restlessness,
Are such invitation sweet,
That where I no longer see,
Highway still must lead to Thee !

William O. Gannett.

113

C.M.

1 O NAME all other names above,
What art thou not to me,
Now I have learned to trust thy love
And cast my care on thee !

GOD, ALL IN ALL.

- 2 What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone thy fulness fill !
- 3 Thrice blessèd be the holy souls
That lead the way to thee,
That burn upon the martyr-rolls
And lists of prophecy.
- 4 And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod ;
But sweeter far, when thou art found,
The soul's own sense of God !
- 5 The thought of thee all sorrow calms ;
Our anxious burdens fall ;
His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all.

Fredk. L. Hosmer.

114

C.M.

- 1 **M**Y God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light !

GOD, ALL IN ALL.

- 2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored !
- 3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.
- 4 Oh, how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears !
- 5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou has stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 6 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me thy sinful child.
- 7 Father of mankind, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
To know thy righteousness at last,
And lose ourselves in thee.

Fredk. W. Faber.

- 1 **G**O not, my soul, in search of Him,
Thou wilt not find him there,—
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.
- 2 For not in far-off realms of space
Thy Spirit hath its throne ;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.
- 3 Thought answereth alone to thought,
And Soul with soul hath kin ;
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.
- 4 And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
And with his glory shine !
- 5 Thou shalt not want for company
Nor pitch thy tent alone ;
The indwelling God will go with thee
And show thee of his own.
- 6 O gift of gifts, O grace of grace,
That God should condescend
To make thy heart his dwelling-place
And be thy daily friend !

- 7 Then go not thou in search of him,
But to thyself repair ;
Wait thou within the silence dim
And thou shalt find him there !

Fredk. L. Hosmer.

116

L.M.

- 1 ONE Lord there is, all lords above,—
His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is everlasting right.
- 2 But ah ! to wrong what is his name ?
This Lord is a consuming flame
To every wrong beneath the sun ;
He is one Lord, the Holy One.
- 3 Lord of the everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame !
Shall I not lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee, Lord, to rule in me ?
- 4* If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
I lose my life, and all too late
Shall seek in vain, and miss the Gate,—
- 5 Thy happy Gate, which leads us where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And love and law are both the same,
Named with the Everlasting Name.

William B. Rands.

- 1 FATHER ! the sweetest, dearest Name
 That man or angels know !
 Fountain of life that had no fount
 From which itself could flow !
- 2 Thou comest not, thou goest not ;
 Thou wert not, wilt not be ;
 Eternity is but a thought
 By which we think of thee.
- 3 Lost in thy greatness, Lord ! I live,
 As in some gorgeous maze ;
 Thy sea of unbeginning light
 Blinds me, and yet I gaze.
- 4 Thy grandeur is all tenderness,
 All motherlike and meek,
 The hearts that will not come to it
 Humbling itself to seek.
- 5 Thou feign'st to be remote, and speak'st
 As if from far above,
 That fear may make more bold with thee,
 And be beguiled to love.
- 6 On earth thou hidest, not to scare
 Thy children with thy light ;
 Then showest us thy face in heaven,
 When we can bear the sight.

Fredk. W. Faber.

- 1 I SAW the beauty of the world
Before me like a flag unfurled,
The splendour of the morning sky,
And all the stars in company ;
I thought, How beautiful it is !—
My soul said, ' There is more than this.'
- 2 I saw the pomps of death and birth,
The generations of the earth ;
I looked on saints and heroes crowned,
And love as wide as heaven is round ;
I thought, How beautiful it is !—
My soul said, ' There is more than this.'
- 3 Sometimes I have an awful thought
That bids me do the thing I ought ;
It comes like wind, it burns like flame,
How shall I give that thought a name ?
It draws me like a loving kiss,—
My soul says, ' There is more than this.'
- 4 Yea, there is One I cannot see
Or hear, but He is Lord to me ;
And in the heavens and earth and skies,
The good which lives till evil dies,
The love which I cannot withstand,
God writes his Name with his own hand.

William B. Rands.

- 1 **L**ORD of all being ! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star,—
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !
- 2 Sun of our life ! thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day :
Star of our hope ! thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn,
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn,
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign,
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine !
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love ;
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

- 1 GOD of the earth, the sky, the sea !
 Maker of all above, below !
Creation lives and moves in thee,
 Thy present life through all doth flow.
- 2 Thee in the lonely woods we meet,
 On the bare hills or cultured plains,
In every flower beneath our feet,
 And e'en the still rock's mossy stains.
- 3 Thy love is in the suushine's glow,
 Thy life is in the quickening air ;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow
 There is thy power ; thy law is there.
- 4 We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
 Thy grandeur in the march of night ;
And, when the morning breaks in power,
 We hear thy word, ' Let there be light ! '
- 5 But higher far, and far more clear,
 Thee in man's spirit, we behold ;
Thine image and thyself are there,—
 Th' indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

Samuel Longfellow.

121

11-10 M.

- 1 STILL, still with thee, when purple morning
breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.
- 2 Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
- 3 As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.
- 4 Still, still with thee, as to each new-born morning,
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto thee and
heaven.
- 5 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer ;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

- 6 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee :
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee.

Harriet B. Stowe.

122

10 M.

- 1 **T**HOU Life within my life, than self more dear,
Thou veiled Presence infinitely dear,
From all my nameless weariness I flee
To find my centre and my rest in thee.
- 2 Below all depths thy saving mercy lies,
Through thickest gloom I see thy light arise ;
Above the highest heaven thou art not found
More surely than within this earthly round.
- 3 Take part with me against these doubts that rise
And seek to throne thee far in distant skies !
Take part with me against this self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares !
- 4 How can I call thee who art always here,—
How shall I praise thee who art still most dear,—
What may I give thee save what thou hast
given,—
And whom but thee have I in earth or heaven ?

Eliza Scudder.

- 1 O SOURCE divine, and life of all,
The fount of being's wondrous sea !
Thy depth would every heart appal
That saw not love supreme in thee.
- 2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood :
We know thee truly, but in this,—
That thou bestowest all our good.
- 3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh, grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well !
- 4 Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide,
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.
- 5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
A deeper tone of reverent awe ;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law.

John Sterling.

124

C.M.

- 1 **Y**ES ! Thou art with me, and with thee
I cannot be alone,
For joy shall bear me company,
And peace shall be my own.
- 2 The solitude thou hoverest nigh
Is peopled all with bliss :
The sandy waste, when thou art by,
A verdant landscape is.
- 3 There is no night, where thou art seen :
No light can day afford,
Without thy rays to gild the scene—
Without thy presence, Lord !
- 4 Be with me ever ! Ever bless
And ever guide—and be,
In life's decay and death's distress,
On earth, in heaven, with me.

Sir John Bowring.

125

C.M.

- 1 **I** HEAR it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light,—
Where is the voice that calls to me
With such a quiet might ?
It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars ;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars !

GOD, ALL IN ALL.

- 2 Oh, may it be that far within
 My inmost soul there lies
A spirit-sky, that opens with
 Those voices of surprise ?
And can it be, by night and day,
 That firmament serene
Is just the heaven, where God Himself,
 The Father, dwells unseen ?
- 3 O God within, so close to me
 That every thought is plain,
Be judge, be friend, be father still,
 And in thy heaven reign !
Thy heaven is mine,—my very soul ;
 Thy words are sweet and strong ;
They fill my inward silences
 With music and with song.
- 4 They send me challenges to right,
 And loud rebuke my ill ;
They ring my bells of victory,
 They breathe my ‘ Peace, be still ! ’
They ever seem to say,—‘ My child,
 Why seek me so all day ;
Now journey inward to thyself,
 And listen by the way ! ’

William C. Gannett.

- 1 ○ ETERNAL Life, whose power
 Gathers ages to a span,
 From whose being breaks the flower,
 From whose glory groweth man,
 By the whisper of whose breath
 Atoms wake that seem but death,
 With whose silent-working will
 The eternal ages thrill—

- 2 Lord of Life, to heaven tower
 Spires of being high and grand,
 Till on man thou lay the power
 That he serve with heart and hand ;
 Till thou flood him with thy light
 That he see thee with his sight,
 Who art Reason, who are Right,
 Majesty of love and might !

- 3 Not on earth the glory ends ;
 In unnumbered worlds it reigns ;
 From eternity descends,
 To eternity remains,
 When the things we hear and see
 Vanish in life's mystery,
 Still, all glories that can be
 Wait in thine Infinity.

J. Vila Blake.

- 1 I READ of 'many mansions'
Within the house divine ;
I need not go to find them,
For one of them is mine ;
God lives in mine, and loves me ;
Who else could bring the day ;
Who spread the sleep upon me ?
Who give me hands to play ?
- 2 And when I say ' Our Father,'
It seems so far to pray,
To think of heaven up yonder,
I can but turn and say :
' Dear Father, close beside me,
I feel thee dimly near,
In every face that loves me,
In each kind word I hear.'
- 3 He 's the touch of mother's fingers,
So full of love and care ;
He 's the pleasantness of trying—
The help inside the prayer.
I do not understand it,
But so it seems to be,
There always is that Other,
Whom I but dimly see.

William O. Gannett.

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see :
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee :
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day with farewell beam delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven,—
 Those hues, that makes the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night with wings of starry gloom
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark beauteous bird whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye,—
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

Thomas Moore.

1 'WHERE is your God?' they say:

Answer them, Lord most holy!

Reveal thy secret way

Of visiting the lowly:

Not wrapped in moving cloud,

Or nightly-resting fire;

But veiled within the shroud

Of silent high desire.

2 Come not in flashing storm,

Or bursting frown of thunder,

Come in the viewless form

Of wakening love and wonder,—

Of duty grown divine,

The restless spirit, still;

Of sorrows taught to shine,

As shadows of thy will.

3 O, God! the pure alone,—

E'en in their deep confessing,—

Can see thee as their own,

And find the perfect blessing:

Yet to each waiting soul

Speak in thy still small voice,

Till broken love's made whole,

And saddened hearts rejoice.

James Martineau.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN NATURE.

130

C.M.

1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But, where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN NATURE.

5 One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing Angelic songs.

6 The raging fire, the roaring wind
Thy boundless power display ;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

7 Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

8 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

John Keble.

131

10, 10, 11, 11 M.

1 O WORSHIP the King all glorious above ;
O gratefully sing his power and his love ;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN NATURE.

- 2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old ;
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.
- 6 O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
Thy ransomed creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to thy praise,

Sir Robt. Grant.

1 **A**LL that's good, and great, and true,
 All that is and is to be,
 Be it old or be it new,
 Comes, O Father, comes from thee.

2 Mercies dawn with every day,
 Newer, brighter than before ;
 And the sun's declining ray,
 Layeth others up in store.

3 Not a bird that doth not sing
 Sweetest praises to thy name,
 Not an insect on the wing
 But thy wonders doth proclaim.

4 Every blade and every tree,
 All in happy concert sing,
 And in wondrous harmony
 Join in praises to their King.

5 Far and near, o'er land and sea,
 Mountain-top and wooded dell,
 All in singing, sing of thee,
 Songs of love ineffable.

6 Fill us then with love divine ;
 Grant that we, though toiling here,
 May, in spirit being thine,
 See and hear thee everywhere.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN NATURE.

- 7 May we all with songs of praise,
 Whilst on earth thy name adore,
Till with angel choirs we raise
 Songs of praise for evermore.

Godfrey Thring.

133

8, 7, 8, 8, 7 M.

- 1 **A**NGELS holy, high and lowly,
 Sing the praises of the Lord !
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
 Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !
- 2 Sun and moon bright, night and noon-light
 Starry temples azure-floored.
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
 Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !
- 3 Ocean hoary, tell his glory :
 Cliffs where tumbling seas have roared !
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
 Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !
- 4 Rock and highland, wood and island,
 Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
 Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !

THE GLORY OF GOD IN NATURE.

5 Rolling river, praise him ever,
From the mountains deep vein poured,
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !

6 Bond and free man, land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord.

7 Praise him ever, Bounteous Giver !
Praise him, Father, Friend, and Lord !
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord !

John S. Blackie

134

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 m.

1 **R**EJOICE ; the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore :
Mortals ! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN NATURE.

2 His wintry north winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain ;
Yet his thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

3 He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air ;
The vales their tribute bring,
And summer flowers are fair :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

4 His autumn crowns the year ;
His flocks the hills adorn ;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the field with corn :
O happy mortals ! raise your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

5 Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days !
O bring the eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

John Taylor.

- 1 **L**ET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He his mansion hath on high,
Above the reach of mortal eye. For, &c.
- 3 He by wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state. For, &c.
- 4 Did the solid earth ordain
To stand above the watery main. For, &c.
- 5 He with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light. For, &c.
- 6 He the golden-tressèd sun
Caused all day his course to run. For, &c.
- 7 The horned moon to shine by night
'Mong her spangled sisters bright. For, &c.
- 8 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery. For, &c.
- 9 All living creatures He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need. For, &c.
- 10 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton.

8-7 M.

- 1 **L**ORD, thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord !
Heaven is still with anthems ringing ;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
' Holy, holy, holy, ' singing,
' Lord of hosts, the Lord most High !'
- 2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
Whilst our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite.
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :—
- 3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord !
Thus, thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
' Holy, holy, holy, '—blessing
Thee, the Lord our God, most High !

Bishop Mant.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
' The hand that made us is divine.'

Joseph Addison.

1 **A**BOVE, below, where'er I gaze,
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
Traced in the midnight planet's blaze,
Or glistening in the morning dew ;
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
Is but thine own reflection there.

2 I hear thee in the stormy wind
That turns the ocean wave to foam ;
Nor less thy wondrous power I find
When summer airs around me roam ;
The tempest and the calm declare
Thyself, for thou art everywhere.

3 I find thee in the depth of night,
I read thy name in every star ;
And when the radiant orb of light
With gold hath tipped the hills afar,
That ray of glory, bright and fair,
Is but thy living shadow there.

4 Thine is the silent noon of night,
The twilight eve, the dewy morn ;
Whate'er is beautiful and bright,
Thine hands have fashioned to adorn ;
Thy glory walks in every sphere,
And all things whisper, " God is here."

- 1 **T**HE earth is thine, thou keepest it,
That man may labour not in vain ;
Thou giv'st the grass, the grain, the tree,
Seed-time and harvest come from thee,
The early and the latter rain !

- 2 The earth is thine—the summer earth,
Fresh with the dews, with sunshine bright ;
With golden clouds in evening hours,
With singing-birds and balmy flowers,
Creatures of beauty and delight.

- 3 The earth is thine—when days are dim,
And leafless stands the stately tree ;
When from the north the fierce winds blow,
When falleth fast the mantling snow—
The earth pertaineth still to thee !

- 4 The earth is thine—thy creature, man !
Thine are all worlds, all suns that shine ;
Darkness and light, and life and death,
Whate'er all space inhabiteth—
Creator ! Father ! all are thine !

Mary Howitt.

1 THE heavens declare his glory,
 Their Maker's skill, the skies :
 Each day repeats the story
 And night to night replies.
 Their silent proclamation
 Throughout the earth is heard ;
 The record of creation,
 The page of nature's word.

2 There, from his bright pavilion,
 Like eastern bridegroom clad,
 Hailed by earth's thousand million,
 The sun sets forth : right glad,
 His glorious race commencing,
 The mighty giant seems ;
 Through the vast round dispensing
 His all-pervading beams.

3 So pure, so soul-restoring
 Is truth's diviner ray ;
 A brighter radiance pouring
 Than all the pomp of day :
 The wanderer surely guiding,
 It makes the simple wise ;
 And evermore abiding,
 Unfailing joy supplies.

Josiah Conder.

- 1 **L**ET the whole creation cry
 Glory to the Lord on high !
 Heaven and earth, awake and sing
 ‘ God is good, and therefore King.’
- 2 Praise him, all ye hosts above,
 Ever bright and fair in love !
 Sun and moon, uplift your voice,
 Night and stars in God rejoice.
- 3 Chant his honour, ocean fair !
 Earth, soft rushing through the air ;
 Sunshine, darkness, cloud and storm,
 Rain and snow his praise perform.
- 4 All the elemental powers,
 Forests, plains, and secret bowers,
 Vales and mountains, burst in song !
 Rivers, roll his praise along.
- 5 Let the blossoms of the earth
 Join the universal mirth ;
 Birds, with morn and dew elate,
 Sing with joy at Heaven’s gate.
- 6 All the beasts that haunt the woods,
 And the fish that cleave the floods,
 Insects, and all creeping things,
 Loud exalt the King of kings.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN NATURE.

- 7 Warriors fighting for the Lord,
Prophets burning with his word,
Those to whom the arts belong,
Join the rushing of the song.
- 8 Kings of knowledge and of law,
To the glorious circle draw
All who work and all who wait,
Sing, 'The Lord is good and great.'
- 9 Men and women, young and old,
Raise the anthem manifold;
And let children's happy hearts
In this worship bear their parts.
- 10 From the north to southern pole
Let the mighty chorus roll—
Holy, Holy, Holy One,
Glory be to God alone!

Stopford A. Brooke.

142

11 M.

- 1 IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great Name we praise.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN NATURE.

- 2 Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might ;
Thy Justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and
love.
- 3 To all, life thou givest—to both great and small ;
In all life thou livest, the true life of all ;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish—but nought changeth thee.
- 4 To-day and to-morrow with thee still are now ;
Nor trouble, nor sorrow, nor care, Lord, hast
thou ;
Nor passion doth fever, nor age doth decay,
The same God for ever that was yesterday.
- 5 Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight ;
But of all thy rich graces this grace, Lord impart—
Take the veil from our faces, the veil from our
heart.
- 6 All laud we would render ; O help us to see,
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee ;
And so let thy glory almighty impart,
Through Christ in the story, thy Christ to the
heart.

Walter C. Smith.

- 1 **T**HERE is a tongue in every leaf,
A voice in every rill,
A voice that speaketh everywhere,
In flood and fire, through earth and air,
A tongue that 's never still.
- 2 'Tis the Great Spirit, wide diffused
Through everything we see,
That with our spirits communeth
Of things mysterious—life and death,
Time and eternity.
- 3 I see Him in the blazing sun,
And in the thunder-cloud ;
I hear Him in the mighty roar
That rusheth through the forests hoar
When winds are raging loud.
- 4 I feel Him in the silent dews
Which bless the thirsty ground ;
He 's present in the gentle showers,
The soft, south wind, the breath of flowers,
In silence and in sound.
- 5 Yes, through the countless years of time,
Through boundless realms of space,
God Is ; but most I find Him where
Lowly my soul is bowed in prayer ;
And meets Him face to face.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my soul, the exalted lay ;
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name ;
 Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell the glorious theme.
- 2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast above,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God ;
 Ye thunders, speak his power :
 Lo ! on the forkèd lightning's wing
 His message speeds the eternal King ;
 The astonished worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, whose roaring billows rise
 To join the thunder of the skies,
 Praise him who bids you roll ;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Wake, all the feathered throngs, and sing ;
 Ye cheerful warblers of the Spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him, who shaped your finer mould,
 Who tipped your glitt'ring wings with gold ;
 And tuned your heart to praise.
- 5 Let man—by nobler passions swayed—
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ ;
 Spread the Creator's name around,
 Till heaven's extended arch rebound
 The general burst of joy.

John Ogilvie.

GOD PRESENT WITH HIS WORSHIPPERS.

145

8, 8, 7 M.

- 1 GRACIOUS Power, the world pervading
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship thee.
- 2 Not in formal adorations,
Nor with servile deprecations,
But in spirit true and free.
- 3 By thy wisdom mind is lighted,
By thy love the heart excited,
Light and love all flow from thee :
- 4 And the soul of thought and feeling,
In the voice thy praises pealing,
Must thy noblest homage be.
- 5 Not alone in our devotion,
In all being, life, and motion,
We the present Godhead see.
- 6 Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship thee.

William J Fox.

- 1 **W**HERE ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall;
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all !
- 2 Beneath the dark blue midnight arch,
Whence myriad suns pour down their rays ;
Where planets trace their ceaseless march,
Father ! we worship as we gaze.
- 3 The tombs thine altars are, for there,
When earthly loves and hopes have fled,
To thee ascends the spirit's prayer,
Thou God of the immortal dead !
- 4 All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee ; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thy own words of love are taught.
- 5 Here be they taught : and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears through weal or woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold.
- 6 Nor we alone : may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers.

Andrews Norton.

- 1 WE love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God ;
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.
- 2 Here holy thoughts a light have shed
O'er many a radiant face,
And prayers of tender hope have spread
A glory round the place.
- 3 And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the eternal God to clear
Their doubts, and aid their strife.
- 4 For faith and peace and mighty love,
That from thy Spirit flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.
- 5 They live with God, their homes are dust,
But here their children pray,
And in this fleeting lifetime trust
To find the narrow way.
- 6 And now as they before thee stand,
May thy rich blessing fall ;
Speak to their hearts each high command,
O Lord, that lovest all.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

1 PLEASANT are thy courts above
In the land of light and love ;
Pleasant are thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe :
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fulness, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High ;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast ;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow
In this vale of sin and woe ;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies ;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length,
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place ;
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart ;
Grace and glory flow from thee :
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

Henry F. Lyte.

149

L.M.

- 1 U NTO thy temple, Lord, we come
With thankful hearts to worship thee ;
And pray that this may be our home
Until we touch eternity :—
- 2 The common home of rich and poor,
Of bond and free, and great and small ;
Large as thy love for evermore,
And warm and bright and good to all.
- 3 And dwell thou with us in this place,
Thou and thy Christ, to guide and bless ;
Here make the well-springs of thy grace
Like fountains in the wilderness.
- 4 May thy whole truth be spoken here ;
Thy gospel light for ever shine ;
Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
And human life become divine.

Robert Collyer.

- 1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, his praise forthtell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make ;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O, enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.
- 5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Angels and Saints his name adore !
With praise and joy for evermore.

William Kethe.

1 **A**LL from the sun's uprise,
 Unto his setting rays,
 Resound in jubilees
 The great Jehovah's praise.
 Him serve alone ;
 In triumph bring
 Your gifts, and sing
 Before his throne.

2 Man drew from man his birth ;
 But God his noble frame,—
 Built of the ruddy earth,—
 Filled with celestial flame.
 His sons we are ;
 Sheep by him led,
 Preserved and fed
 With tender care.

3 O to his portals press
 In your divine resorts :
 With thanks his power profess,
 And praise him in his courts.
 How good ! how pure !
 His mercies last :
 His promise past
 For ever sure.

George Sandys.

- 1 O THOU, to whom in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue !

- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

- 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

- 4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty, bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

- 5 O thou, to whom in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung !
To thee, at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

John Pierpont.

1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Let young and old rejoice ;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify ?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

4 There with benign regard
Our hymns he deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.

5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery.

154

8-7 M.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
Praise be thine from every tongue !
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, Source of all compassion !
Free unbounded grace is thine :
Hail the God of our salvation !
Praise him for his love divine.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise ;
There enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett.

155

L.M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

WITH HIS WORSHIPPERS.

- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours can we rear,
Almighty maker, to thy name !
- 4 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts.

156

S.M.

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come !
The God of Peace shall meet thee there ;
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
Your knees together bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love ;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

GOD PRESENT

- 4 Ye young, before his throne
Your cheerful anthems raise ;
Nor let your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call ;
- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

Emily Taylor

157

C.M.

- 1 UNHEARD the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed ;
And silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.
- 2 Night moves in silence round the pole,
The stars sing on unheard,
Their music pierces to the soul,
Yet borrows not a word.
- 3 Noiseless the morning flings its gold,
And still the evening's place ;
And silently the earth is rolled
Amidst the vast of space.

WITH HIS WORSHIPPERS.

- 4 In quietude thy Spirit grows
In man from hour to hour ;
In calm eternal onward flows
Thy all-redeeming power,
5 Lord, grant my soul to hear at length
Thy deep and silent voice :
To work in stillness, wait in strength,
With calmness to rejoice.

Geo. Ware Briggs (?).

158

L.M.

- 1 ○ LIFE that maketh all things new,
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men !
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.
2 From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows ;
The seekers of the light are one ;
3 One in the freedom of the truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God ;
4 The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view ;
The sense of life that knows no death,
The life that maketh all things new.

Samuel Longfellow.

8-7 M.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and fond desires ;
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes ;
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation ?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined ;
Blessings all around bestowing,
God witholds his care from none ;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws.
Lord, with favour still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love ;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us :
All our hope is from above.

John Taylor.

- 1 OUR Father—God, not face to face
 May mortal sense commune with thee,
 Nor lift the curtains of that place
 Where dwells thy secret Majesty.
- 2 Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend
 In reverent faith and humble prayer,
 Thy promised blessing will descend,
 And we shall find thy spirit there.
- 3 Lord, be the spot, where now we meet,
 An open gateway into heaven ;
 Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
 And feel our deepest sins forgiven.
- 4 Here may desponding care look up,
 And sorrow lay its burden down ;
 Or learn of him to drink the cup,
 To bear the cross, and win the crown.
- 5 Here may the sick and wandering soul,
 To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
 Find better than Bethesda's pool,
 Or than Siloam's healing wave.
- 6 And may we learn, while here apart
 From the world's passion and its strife,
 That thy true shrine 's a loving heart,
 And thy best praise a holy life.

Edwin H. Chapin.

161

C.M.

- 1 O GOD, unseen, but ever near,
Our blessèd rest art thou ;
And we, in love that hath no fear,
Take refuge with thee now.
- 2 All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
And weary with the way ;
We seek thy shelter from the heat
And burden of life's day.
- 3 Oh, welcome in the wilderness
The shadow of thy love ;
The stream that springs our thirst to bless,
The manna from above !
- 4 Awhile beside the fount we stay
And eat this bread of thine,
Then go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

Samuel Longfellow.

162

8 M.

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly :
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here :
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray,
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain ;
Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;
'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed,
Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

Bishop Heber.

163

7 M.

- 1 **T**HIRSTING for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.
- 2 Glorious hopes our spirit fill,
When we feel that thou art near ;
Father ! then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.
- 3 Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown ;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.
- 4 Make us beautiful within
By thy spirit's holy light :
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might.

Frank P. Appleton.

- 1 **T**HOU Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Hath brought us here before thy face ;
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.
- 2 We humbly bring our noblest powers
As offerings to thy holy shrine ;
Thine was the strength that nourished ours,
The soldiers of the Cross are thine.
- 3 While watching on our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move ;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed, trusting to thy love.
- 4 And now with hymn and prayer we stand,
To give our strength to thee, great God !
We would redeem thy holy land,
That land which sin so long hath trod.
- 5 Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord,
Through rugged toil and wearying fight :
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.
- 6 Send down thy constant aid, we pray :
Be thy pure angels with us still ;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay,
Our only rest to do thy will.

Octavius B. Frothingham.

165

11, 11, 11, 5 M.

- 1 FATHER, O hear us, gathered now to praise thee,
 Thou art our hope, our confidence, our saviour
 Thou art the refuge of the generations,
 Lord God Almighty.
- 2 Maker of all things, loving all thy creatures,
 God of all goodness, infinite in mercy,
 Changeless, eternal, holiest, and wisest,
 Hear thou thy children.
- 3 We are thy children, asking thee to bless us,
 Banded together for a full obedience ;
 Mutual help and mutual refreshing,
 Lord, in thy service.
- 4 Childhood shall learn to know thee and revere thee
 Manhood shall serve thee, strong in power and
 knowledge ;
 Old age shall trust thee, having felt thy mercy,
 E'en 'mid the shadows.
- 5 Bless thou our purpose, consecrate our labours,
 Keep us still faithful to the best and truest ;
 Guide us, protect us, make us not unworthy
 Learners of Jesus.
- 6 Glory and honour, thanks and adoration,
 Still will we bring, O God of men and angels,
 To thee, the holy, merciful, and mighty,
 Father, our Father.

Douglas Walmsley.

- 1 SOVEREIGN and transforming Grace !
 We invoke thy quickening power ;
 Reign the spirit of this place,
 Bless the purpose of this hour.
- 2 This thy house, the house of prayer ;
 This the day we hallow thine.
 O let now thy grace appear,
 Hallowing ev'ry place and time.
- 3 Holy and creative light !
 We invoke thy kindling ray ;
 Dawn upon our spirits' night,
 Turn our darkness into day.
- 4 To the anxious soul impart
 Hope all other hopes above ;
 Stir the dull and hardened heart
 With a longing and a love.
- 5 Give the struggling peace for strife,
 Give the downcast light for gloom ;
 Give the living fuller life,
 Break the clouds that o'er us loom.
- 6 Work in all ; in all renew
 Day by day the life divine ;
 All our wills to thee subdue,
 All our hearts to thee incline.

Fred. Henry Hedge.

167

12, 13, 12, 10 M.

1 FATHER, thou art calling, calling to us plainly ;
To the spirit comes thy loving message ever-
more :

Holy One, uplift us, nor forever vainly
Stand calling us and waiting at the door.

2 In the whirling tempest and the storm thou livest,
In the rain, and in the sweetness of the after-
glow ;
Summer's golden bounty, winter's snow thou givest,
And blooming meadows where sweet waters flow.

3 Clearer still and dearer is thy voice appealing,
Deep within the spirit's secret being speaking low ;
Enter, O our Father ! truth and life revealing ;
From every evil free us as we go.

4 In thee living, moving, unto thee uprearing
All the hope and joyfulness and trust that fill
the soul.
Father, we adore thee, asking naught nor fearing ;
We cannot wander from thy dear control.

J. Vila Blake.

7-6 M.

- 1 **T**HOU, my hidden life, appear,
Soul of my inmost soul !
Light of life, the mourner cheer,
And make the sinner whole !
Now in me thyself display ;
Surely thou in all things art ;
I from all things turn away
To seek thee in my heart !

- 2 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice !
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice ;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place ;
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace !

- 3 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw ;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe :
Silent am I now and still ;
Dare not in thy presence move :
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love

WITH HIS WORSHIPPERS.

- 4 Lord, my time is in thine hand ;
My soul to thee convert !
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart.
Thine, in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the praise is thine !
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love ;
And all thou art is mine !

Charles Wesley.

169

L.M.

- 1 **M**YSTERIOUS Presence, Source of all,—
The world without, the soul within,
Fountain of Life, O hear our call,
And pour thy living spirit in !
- 2 Thou breakest in the rushing wind,
Thy beauty shines in leaf and flower ;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind,
Withhold thy light and love and power.
- 3 Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar-fire.
- 4 That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word ;
And vocal in each waking heart,
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

Seth C. Beach.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen M. Williams.

- 1 O GOD ! beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Further than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high :
 Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That Thou, my God ! art nigh.
- 2 Thou'rt nigh, and yet my labouring mind
 Feels after thee in vain :
 Thy herald is the stormy wind,
 Thy path the watery plain :
 But Thee in tempests who can find,
 Or in the trackless main ?
- 3 We hear thy voice when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air :
 The waves obey thy dread control ;
 Yet still Thou art not there.
 Where shall I find Him, O my soul
 Who yet is everywhere ?
- 4 O not in circling depth or height,
 But in the conscious breast,
 Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
 There does his spirit rest,
 O come, thou Presence infinite !
 And make thy creature blest.

172

L.M.

- 1 NO human eyes thy face may see ;
 No human thought thy form may know :
But all creation dwells in thee,
 And thy great life through all doth flow ;
- 2 And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !
 Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
 To seek thy present aid may dare.
- 3 And though most weak our efforts seem
 Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream,
 To see and know th' Eternal Mind ;
- 4 Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside,
 Who cannot solve thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
 To know their hearts approved by thine.
- 5 So though we faint on life's dark hill,
 And thought grow weak and knowledge flee,
Yet faith shall teach us courage still
 And love shall guide us on to thee.

Thomas W. Higginson.

GOD IS LOVE.

173

8 M.

1 **L**ET all men know, that all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above ;
That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain ;
That death itself shall not remain.

2 That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth we may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led ;
Yet, if we will our guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day !

3 And we on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last !
Let all men count it true that love,—
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

Archbishop Trench.

174

8, 8, 8-4 M.

1 I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, almighty one, dost move ;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.

2 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove ;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

3* When hope grows faint and knowledge fails,
And reason vainly tries to prove ;
For faith, for proof, for sight avails,
That God is love.

4 Yes, God is love,—a trust like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss,
Our God is love.

Sir John Bowring.

175

8, 8, 6 M.

1 MY God ! thy boundless love I praise :
How bright on high its glories blaze,
How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from thy eternal throne,
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

GOD IS LOVE.

- 2 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale ;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on every vale.
- 3 But in thy gospel see it shine,
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven ;
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.
- 4 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude ;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.
- 5 Dart from thine own celestial flame
One vivid beam, to warm my frame
With kindred energy ;
Mark thine own image on my mind,
And teach me to be good and kind,
And love and bless like thee.

Henry Moore.

176

8-7 M.

- 1 **G**OD is love : his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens :
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move ;
But his mercy waneth never ;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom his brightness streameth :
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere his glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring.

177

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7 M.

- 1 **O** MY soul, with all thy powers
Bless the Lord's most holy name ;
O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim ;
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us his care extends.

GOD IS LOVE.

2 He with loving-kindness crowned thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good ;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renewed :
Rich in tender mercy He,
Slow to wrath, to favour free.

3 Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath severed thus ;
As a father loving-hearted
Spares his son, he spareth us ;
For he knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

4 Mark the field-flower where it groweth,
Frail and beautiful ;—anon,
When the south-wind softly bloweth,
Look again,—the flower is gone ;
Such is man ; his honours pass,
Like the glory of the grass.

5 From eternity, enduring
To eternity,—the Lord,
Still his people's bliss ensuring,
Keeps his covenanted word ;
Yea, with truth and righteousness,
Children's children he will bless.

James Montgomery

- 1 **T**HOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall ;
O Love of God most free !
- 2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow ;
O Love of God most wise.
- 3 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace ;
O Love of God most strong !
- 4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind !
- 5 But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win ;
We know thee by a dearer name ;
O Love of God within.
- 6 And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to thee !

Eliza Scudder.

8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8 M.

- 1 I LOOK to thee in every need,
And never look in vain ;
I feel thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again :
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.
- 2 Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road ;
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.
- 3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still ;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will ;
Thy presence fills my solitude ;
Thy providence turns all to good.
- 4 Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand ;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand ;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Samuel Longfellow.

- 1 **M**Y God, why dost thou longer stay?
I thirst to know thee as thou art;
Weary and faint with long delay!
When wilt thou come within my heart,
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And satisfy my soul with thee?
- 2 Come, O thou universal good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wandering pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwrecked in,
My everlasting rest from sin!
- 3 Come, O my comfort, O my way,
My strength and health, my shield and rest;
Still lead me lest I go astray,
And bear me on thy gentle breast;
And if I wander in the wild,
Seek and forgive thy sinful child.
- 4 Oh, grant that nothing in my heart
May dwell, but thy pure love alone;
Let all strange fires from me depart,
And wandering passions be unknown.
Thy deeper love drive out all love
I may not keep with thee above.

GOD IS LOVE.

- 5 In suffering, be thy love my peace,
In weakness, be thy love my power ;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
My Father, in that lonely hour,
In tenderness eternal rise,
And light my soul to Paradise.

Charles Wesley.

181

L.M.

- 1 O LOVE divine, that stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear !
On thee we cast each earth-born care ;
We smile at pain while thou art near.
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year ;
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, 'Thou art near.'
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear ;
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, 'Thou art near.'
- 4 On thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear !
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

- 1 **I** HAVE no comfort but thy love ;
Without it, life is death to me ;
Joyless through all its joys I move,
Hopeless through all its misery ;
Yet trusting thee, I daily prove
The blessed comfort of thy love.
- 2 Thou art the rock on which I stand,
When round me rages life's rough sea ;
Mine anchor and my sheltering strand,
The haven where my soul would be :
Daily I feel, and nightly prove
The blessed comfort of thy love.
- 3 O lift me higher, nearer thee,
And as I rise more pure and meet,
O let my soul's humility
Make me lie lower at thy feet ;
Less trusting self the more I prove
The blessed comfort of thy love.
- 4 Grateful my songs arise to thee,
With morning's dawn and evening's fall ;
For thou hast ever been to me
My light, my life, mine all in all :
My day is night, if thou remove !
Give me all comfort in thy love.

John S. B. Monsell.

- 1 **T**HE God of Love my Shepherd is,
My gracious, constant Guide ;
I shall not want, for I am his :
In all supplied.
- 2 In his green pastures do I feed,
And there lie down at will ;
He leads me in my thirsty need
By waters still.
- 3 His tenderness restores my soul,
When sick and faint I roam ;
Shows the right path and makes me whole,
Bearing me home.
- 4 Yea ! the dark valley when I tread,
No evil will I fear ;
Thy rod and staff dispel my dread ;
I feel thee near.
- 5 Thou spread'st my table 'mid my foes,
The oil of grace is mine ;
My cup with mercy overflows
And love divine.
- 6 Goodness and mercy all my days
My daily song shall be,
Till heavenly anthems fill with praise
Eternity.

George Rawson.

- 1 **Y**ES, God is good : in earth and sky,
From ocean depth and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
God made us all, and God is good.
- 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood ;
Night's sparkling hosts all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.
- 3 We hear it in the rushing breeze ;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, ' God is good.'
- 4 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed ;
And balmy air and falling rain,
Each softly whisper, ' God is good.'
- 5 Yes, ' God is good,' all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued ;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

Eliza Follen.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thy arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 6 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Joseph Addison

- 1 **H**OUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
 While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing :
 With sacred joy his wondrous deeds proclaim ;
 Let every tongue be vocal with his name.
 The Lord is good, his mercy never-ending ;
 His blessings in perpetual showers descending.
- 2 His goodness never fails ; the dawn, the shade
 Still see new bounties through new scenes display'd ;
 Succeeding ages bless the sure abode,
 And children lean upon their Father's God.
 The deathless soul, thro' its immense duration,
 Drinks from this source immortal consolation.
- 3* And midst the affluence of his lesser gifts,
 The heart its sweetest song of praise uplifts ;
 For him who came to show the Blessed Way,
 Leading from darkness to the perfect day :
 Light of the world, our night's long gloom dis-
 pelling :
 Word of God's love ! all other gifts excelling !
- 4 Burst into praise, my soul ! all nature join ;
 Angels and men in harmony combine :
 While human years are measured by the sun,
 Yea, while eternity its course shall run,
 His goodness in perpetual showers descending,
 Exalt in songs and raptures never-ending.

Philip Doddridge.

GOD OUR LEADER.

187

11 M.

- 1 **T**HOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way,
The Lord is our leader, the Lord is our stay;
Though suffering and sorrow and trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?
- 2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed—he will hear their complaint.
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God!
- 3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads,
His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds!
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.
- 4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we go,
The Lord is our leader; no fear can we know.

Benjamin Beddome.

- 1 **L**ORD! thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep,
Through the changeful wilderness.
Heavenly Father! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.
- 2 There are stony ways to tread ;
Give the strength we sorely lack :
There are tangled paths to tread ;
Light us lest we miss the track.
Heavenly Father! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.
- 3 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die ;
Grant us grace to persevere.
Heavenly Father, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.
- 4 There are soft and flowery glades,
Decked with golden fruited trees ;
Sunny slopes and scented shades ;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Heavenly Father! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

- 5 Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.
Heavenly Father ! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

Bishop How.

189

10-4 M.

- 1 **L**EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead thou me on :
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.
- 3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Cardinal Newman.

190

10, 10, 10, 10, 6, 6 M.

1 **H**E leads us on
 By paths we did not know :
 Upwards he leads us though our steps be slow,
 Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
 Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
 Yet when the clouds are gone,
 We know he leads us on.

2 He leads us on
 Through all th' unquiet years ;
 Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and
 fears,
 He guides our steps through all the tangled maze
 Of losses, sorrows, and o'er-clouded days ;
 We know his will is done ;
 And still he leads us on.

3 And he, at last,
 After the weary strife,
 After t'he restless fever we call life,
 After the dreariness, the aching pain,
 The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
 After our toils are past,
 Will give us rest at last.

N. L. Zinzendorf, tr. Jane Borthwick.

- 1 I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that thou would'st take from me
Aught of its load :
- 2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet :
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
- 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :
Lead me aright,—
Though strength should falter, and though heart
should bleed,
Through peace to light.
- 4 I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of peace that I may tread
Without a fear.
- 5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see ;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.
- 6 Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

- 1 **I** LITTLE see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill :
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.
- 2 No burden yet was on me laid
Of trouble or of care,
But he my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.
- 3 I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of mine own :
That higher power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.
- 4 I knew not of this wondrous earth,
Nor dreamed what blessings lay
Beyond the gates of human birth
To glad my future way.
- 5 And what beyond this life may be
As little I divine,—
What love may wait to welcome me,
What fellowships be mine.
- 6 I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die
And find new birth in death.

GOD OUR LEADER.

7 He will not leave my soul forlorn ;
I still must find him true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn
And every evening new.

8 And so my onward way I fare
With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
The music of my psalm.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

193

1 **H**E sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower ;
And joys and tears alike are sent,
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father ! thy will, not mine, be done !

2 Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs, whom they trust and love ?
Creator ! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee :
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father ! thy will, not mine, be done !

- 3 O! ne'er will I at life repine—
Enough that thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done!

Sarah F. Adams.

194

L.M.

- 1 O GRANT us light, that we may know
The wisdom thou alone canst give;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.
- 2 O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to thee,
And love thy simple word the more.
- 3 O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from thee apart;
How sure is joy for all who turn
To thee an undivided heart.
- 4 O grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

GOD OUR LEADER.

- 5 O grant us light, when soon or late
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

Lawrence Tuttielt.

195

S.M.

- 1 **A**T first I prayed for Light :
 Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
 To everlasting day !
- 2 And next I prayed for Strength :—
 That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
 The heaven's serene abode.
- 3 And then I asked for Faith :—
 Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in his peace,
 Though foes were all abroad.
- 4 But now I pray for love :
 Deep love to God and man ;
A living love that will not fail,
 However dark his plan ;—
- 5 And Light and Strength and Faith
 Are opening everywhere !
God only waited for me till
 I prayed the larger prayer.

Mrs. E. B. Cheney.

1 O STAR of Truth, down shining
 Through clouds of doubt and fear,
 I ask but 'neath your guidance
 My pathway may appear.
 However long the journey,
 How hard soe'er it be,
 Though I be lone and weary,
 Lead on, I'll follow thee !

2 I know thy blessed radiance
 Can never lead astray,
 However ancient custom
 May tread some other way.
 E'en if through untrod deserts,
 Or over trackless sea,
 Though I be lone and weary,
 Lead on, I'll follow thee !

3 The bleeding feet of martyrs
 Thy toilsome road have trod ;
 But fires of human passion
 May light the way to God.
 Then, though my feet should falter,
 While I thy beams can see,
 Though I be lone and weary,
 Lead on, I'll follow thee !

GOD OUR LEADER.

- 4 Though loving friends forsake me,
Or plead with me in tears ;
Though angry foes may threaten,
To shake my soul with fears ;
Still to my high allegiance
I must not faithless be :
Through life or death, forever
Lead on, I'll follow thee !

Minot J. Savage.

197

10 M.

- 1 **L**EAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace,
Without thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal and sorrows still increase ;
Lead us through Christ, the true the living way.
- 2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth ;
Unhelped by thee, in error's maze we grope.
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope
- 3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right ;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night :
Only with thee we journey safely on.
- 4 Lead us, O Father, to thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in thee.

William Henry Burleigh.

1 O THOU who art of all that is
 Beginning both and end,
 We follow thee through unknown paths,
 Since all to thee must tend :
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep
 Beyond all fathom-line ;
 Our wisdom is the childlike heart,
 Our strength, to trust in thine.

2 We bless thee for the skies above,
 And for the earth beneath,
 For hopes that blossom here below
 And wither not with death ;
 But most we bless thee for thyself,
 O heavenly Light within,
 Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
 The darkness of our sin.

Be thou in joy our deeper joy,
 Our comfort when distressed ;
 Be thou by day our strength for toil,
 And thou by night our rest.
 And when these earthly dwellings fail
 And time's last hour is come,
 Be thou, O God, our dwelling-place
 And our eternal home !

Frederick L. Hosmer.

199

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8 M.

- 1 **T**HOUGH we long, in sin-wrought blindness,
 From thy gracious paths have strayed,
 Cold to thee and all thy kindness,
 Wilful, reckless, or afraid !
 Through dim clouds that gather round us
 Thou hast sought, and thou has found us.

- 2 Oft from thee we veil our faces,
 Children-like, to cheat thine eyes ;
 Sin,—and hope to hide the traces ;
 From ourselves, ourselves disguise ;
 'Neath the webs enwoven round us
 Thy soul-piercing glance has found us.

- 3 Sudden, 'midst our idle chorus,
 O'er our sin thy thunders roll,
 Death his signal waves before us,
 Night and terror take the soul ;
 Till through double darkness round us
 Looks a star—and thou hast found us.

- 4 O most merciful, most holy,
 Light thy wanderers on their way ;
 Keep us ever thine, thine wholly,
 Suffer us no more to stray !
 Cloud and storm oft gather round us :
 We were lost, but thou hast found us.

Francis T. Palgrave.

- 1 **W**E limit not the truth of God
 To our poor reach of mind,
 By notions of our day and sect,
 Crude, partial, and confined ;
 No, let a new and better hope
 Within our hearts be stirred ;
 The Lord hath yet more light and truth
 To break forth from his word.

- 2 Who dares to bind to his dull sense
 The oracles of heaven,
 For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
 And all the ages given ?
 That universe, how much unknown !
 That ocean unexplored !
 The Lord hath yet more light and truth
 To break forth from his word.

- 3 Darkling our great forefathers went
 The first steps of the way ;
 'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
 Into the perfect day.
 And grow it shall ; our glorious Sun
 More fervid rays afford ;
 The Lord hath yet more light and truth
 To break forth from his word.

- 4 The valleys past, ascending still,
Our souls would higher climb,
And look down from supernal heights
On all the bygone time.
Upward we press ; the air is clear,
And the sphere-music heard ;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

George Rawson.

201

7 M.

- 1 **L** EAD us with thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led ;
Speed us on our forward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine
Seeks a consecrated shrine.
- 2 We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that distant land whose bourn
Is the haven of the soul ;
Where the mourners cease to mourn,
Where the Father's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.
- 3 Lead us thither ! Thou dost know
All the way ; but wanderers we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to thee ;
Guide us,—save us,—and prepare
Our appointed mansion there !

Sir John Bowring.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noonday walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wandering steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 His bounty shall my pains beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison

- 1 **H**EAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie !
Through the desert where I stray,
Let thy counsels guide my way.
- 2 Leave me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail :
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.
- 3 Lord ! uphold me day by day,
Shed a light upon my way :
Guide me through perplexing snares :
Care for me in all my cares.
- 4 All I ask for is,—enough :
Only, when the way is rough,
Let thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.
- 5 Should thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,—
Father ! glorify thy name.
- 6* Feeling still that thou art near,
Let me neither faint nor fear ;
But along the dolorous way
Lean on thee, my only stay.

Josiah Conder.

- 1 O GOD of ages, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led !
- 2 Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease ;
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our feet arrive in peace.
- 5 Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore ;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore.

Philip Doddridge.

GOD OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH.

205

8 M.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been ;
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode :
In thee our fathers sought their rest ;
In thee our fathers still are blest.
- 2 Lo ! we are risen, a feeble race,
Awhile to fill our father's place ;
Our helpless state with pity view,
Aud let us share their refuge too :
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Be thou, O Lord, our present aid.
- 3 And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell on earth no more,
To thee our infant race we leave ;
Them may their fathers' God receive ;
That voices, yet unformed, may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

Philip Doddridge.

206

8, 8, 8, 4, 8, 4 M.

1 **T**HE child leans on its parent's breast,
 Leaves there its cares and is at rest;
 The bird sits singing by his nest,
 And tells aloud
 His trust in God, and so is blest
 'Neath every cloud.

2 He has no store, he sows no seed;
 Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;
 By flowing stream or grassy mead
 He sings to shame
 Men who forget, in fear of need,
 A Father's name.

3 The heart that trusts for ever sings,
 And feels as light as it had wings;
 A well of peace within it springs:
 Come good or ill,
 Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
 It is his will!

Isaac Williams.

207

7-6 M.

1 **G**OD is my strong salvation,
 What foe have I to fear?
 In darkness and temptation,
 My light, my help is near:
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm to the fight I stand;
 What terror can confound me,
 With God at my right hand?

GOD OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH.

- 2 Place on the Lord reliance ;
My soul with courage wait ;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate ;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase ;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;
The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery.

208

8, 8, 8, 6 M.

- 1 **S**TRANGERS and pilgrims here below,
In want, in weakness, and in woe,
To whom, O Father, should we go,
To whom but unto thee ?
- 2 To whom, when hating what is ill,
We find our strength unequal still
To do, although we love, thy will,
To whom but unto thee ?
- 3 To whom, with all our faults and fears,
With all our toils and all our tears,
Pouring them into loving ears,
To whom but unto thee ?
- 4 To whom, when all around appears
Against us, and too anxious fears
Look trembling up the coming years,
To whom but unto thee !
- 5 To whom, when gloomy Death appals,
And the cold shadow darkly falls
Along our happy household walls,
To whom but unto thee ?

George W. Robinson.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into his hands !
To his sure truth and tender care
 Who earth and heaven commands ;
 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 And shepherd all thy way.

- 2 Give to the winds thy fears ;
 Hope and be undismayed :
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.
 Through waves, through clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears the way :
Abide his will ; and weary night
 Shall end in joyous day.

- 3 He everywhere hath sway,
 And all things serve his might :
His every act pure blessing is ;
 His paths, unsullied light.
 When he makes bare his arm,
 What shall his work withstand ?
When God his people's cause defends,
 What man shall stay his hand ?

GOD OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH.

- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord !
Our hearts are known to thee :
O lift thou up the trembling hands ;
Confirm the feeble knee !
So shall our life and death
Thy steadfast truth declare ;
And all eternity proclaim
Thy love and guardian care.

Paul Gerhardt, tr. J. Wesley.

210

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is just : he made the chain
Which binds together guilt and pain ;
The Lord is just : he loves to shed
His blessings where the virtues tread.
- 2 Happy the man who dares be just,
Refusing to betray his trust,
Though interest tempt him to the deed,
Though the seducing passions plead.
- 3 Happy the man who dares be just,
Steadfast, when duty says ' thou must,'
Against the tyrant's marking frown,
Or the fond crowd impetuous grown.
- 4 Him would the storm-vexed ocean's weight
Or lightning barbed with instant fate,
Or the last earthquake's awful shock,
Unfearing smite ;—God is his rock.

W. Taylor

- 1 **M**ANY things in life there are
Past our understanding far,
And the humblest flower that grows
Hides a secret no man knows.
- 2 All unread by outer sense
Lies the soul's experience ;
Mysteries around us rise,
We, the deeper mysteries !
- 3 Who hath scales to weigh the love
That from heart to heart doth move,
The divine unrest within,
Or the keen remorse for sin ?
- 4 Who can sound the silent sea
Where, with sealèd orders, we
Voyage from birth's forgotten shore
Toward the unknown land before ?
- 5 While we may so little scan
Of thy vast creation's plan,
Teach us, O our God, to be
Humble in our walk with thee !
- 6 May we trust, through ill and good
Thine unchanging Fatherhood,
And our highest wisdom find
In the reverent heart and mind !

- 7 Clearer vision shall be ours,
Larger wisdom, ampler powers,
And the meaning yet appear
Of what passes knowledge here.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

212

C.M.

- 1 NO longer forward or behind
I look in hope or fear,
But, grateful, take the good I find,
God's blessing now and here.
- 2 I plough no more a desert land,
The harvest weed and tare ;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.
- 3 I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay
Aside the toiling oar ;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.
- 4 And all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.
- 5 And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

John G. Whittier.

213

11, 10, 11, 10, 10, 10 M.

1 **T**HOU knowest Lord, the weariness and sorrow
 Of each sad heart that comes to thee for rest :
 Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
 Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed,
 We come before thee at thy gracious word,
 And lay them at thy feet : thou knowest, Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past ; how long and blindly
 On the dark mountains the lost wanderer
 strayed ;
 How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
 He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid ;
 And healed the bleeding wounds and soothed
 the pain,
 And brought back life, and hope, and strength
 again.

3 Thou knowest all the present ; each temptation,
 Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;
 All to each one assigned of tribulation,
 Or to beloved ones, than self more dear ;
 All pensive memories, as we journey on,
 Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

- 4 Thou knowest all the future ; gleams of gladness
 By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;
 Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
 And the dark river to be crossed at last ;
 O what could hope and confidence afford
 To tread that path, but this—‘ thou knowest, Lord.’

Jane Borthwick.

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8 M.

- 1 **H**E knows the bitter, weary way,
 The endless striving day by day,
 The souls that weep, the souls that pray.
- 2 He knows how hard the fight hath been,
 The clouds that came our life between,
 The wounds the world hath never seen.
- 3 He knows when faint and worn we sink,
 How deep the pain, how near the brink
 Of dark despair we pause and shrink.
- 4 He knows ! O thought so full of bliss !
 For though on earth our joy we miss,
 We still can bear it, feeling this.
- 5 He knows ; O heart, take up thy cross
 And know earth’s treasures are but dross,
 And he will prove as gain our loss !

Marian L. Morris.

- 1 **O** HOLY Father, Friend unseen !
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean
Help me throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to thee !
- 2 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love in gentlest tone
Whispers ' Still cling to me !'
- 3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee !
- 4 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside,
But safe, and calm, and satisfied,
In love to cling to thee !
- 5 Blest is my lot whate'er befall !
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
Father, I cling to thee ?

Charlotte Elliott.

- 1 **A** MIGHTY stronghold is our Lord,
He reigns above, He rules below ;
Ye nations all, obey his word,
The voice of your Creator know.
 Though earth beneath us shrink,
 The ancient mountains hoar
 Down in the deep tide sink,
 And the wild deluge roar,—
A mighty stronghold is our Lord.
- 2 Beneath thy Throne, O King of Kings,
What foe can make our hearts afraid ?
Not all the hosts that Satan brings,
Can harm us in that sacred shade.
 On earth a little while,
 They may inflict their pains,
 But we can wait and smile,
 Who know a rest remains,
Beneath thy throne, O King of Kings.
- 3 A mighty stronghold is our God,
A refuge sure in every need ;
We 'll kiss his sceptre and his rod,
And bless his name in word and deed.
 Goods, honor, children, wife,
 We will to him commend :
 The Lord of light and life,
 Will prove our constant friend :
A mighty stronghold is our God.

Martin Luther.

8, 8, 6 M.

- 1 O GOD, thou art my fortress high,
My refuge when the storm is nigh,
My joy, my hope divine !
Descend in power upon my life,
Through change and stillness, pain and strife,
Preserve me wholly thine.
- 2 Since fear and doubt are round my way,
And past desires around me prey,
Be gracious to my soul :
Let me forget the sinful years,
Bring the deep love that casts out fears,
The hopes that life control.
- 3 Kindle in me thy righteous fire
Till I have only one desire—
The love of Holy Love ;
Till sin and grief I shall forget,
And all my soul with freedom set
To gain thy home above.
- 4 This path of life to me display,
And lead me in thyself the way,
Till all thy grace is given :
Then to thy righteousness unite,
And bear me through the spheres of light,
To brighter light in Heaven.

Charles Wesley.

- 1 **T**HY way is in the deep, O Lord !
 E'en there we 'll go with thee :
 We 'll meet the tempest at thy word,
 And walk upon the sea !
- 2 Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
 Why do we doubt him so ?—
 Who gives the storm a path, will find
 The way our feet shall go.
- 3 A moment may his hand be lost,—
 Drear moment of delay !—
 We cry, ' Lord ! help the tempest-tost,'—
 And safe we 're borne away.
- 4 The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
 And flies from selfish care ;
 But comes himself where'er he hears
 The voice of loving prayer.
- 5 O happy soul of faith divine !
 Thy victory how sure !
 The love that kindles joy is thine,—
 The patience to endure.
- 6 Come, Lord of peace ! our griefs dispel ;
 And wipe our tears away ;
 'Tis thine, to order all things well,
 And ours, to bless thy sway.

James Martineau.

- 1 **F**ATHER, Refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Father, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within ;
Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley (alt.)

- 1 **G**O not far from me, O my God,
Whom all my times obey ;
Take from me any thing thou wilt,
But go not thou away,—
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may.
- 2 On thy compassion I repose
In weakness and distress :
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love thee less.
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need thy tenderness !
- 3 When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.
- 4 Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart can say,
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away :
Then let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

Anna L Waring

8, 8, 6 M.

- 1 O LORD ! how happy should we be,
If we could leave our cares to thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that one above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.
- 2 For, when we kneel and cast our care
Upon our God in humble prayer,
With strengthened soul we rise ;
Sure that our Father who is nigh
To hear the ravens when they cry
Will hear his children's cries.
- 3 We cannot trust him as we should ;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away ;
But birds and flowrets round us preach,
And all the present evil teach,
Sufficient for the day.
- 4 O, may these trustless hearts of ours
The lesson learn from birds and flowers,
And learn from self to cease,
Leave all things to our Father's will,
And on his mercy leaning still
Find in each trial peace.

1 **L**O! the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of Heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy;
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow!

2 "Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air!
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

3* "One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives who, Lord of all,
Lets no bird unheeded fall.
Sing we then and have no fear,
Come there dearth, be laid the snare,
Free are we from doubts and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow!"

. Bishop Heber.

- 1 SING forth his high eternal name
Who holds all powers in thrall,
Through endless ages still the same,—
The mighty Lord of all.
- 2 His goodness, strong and measureless,
Upholds us lest we fall;
His hand is still outstretched to bless,—
The loving Lord of all.
- 3 His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
Our strong defence and wall;
His providence our life surrounds,—
The saving Lord of all.
- 4 He every thought and every deed
Doth to his judgment call,
Oh, may our hearts obedient heed
The righteous Lord of all.
- 5 When, turning from forbidden ways,
Low at his feet we fall,
His strong and tender arms upraise,—
The pardoning Lord of all.
- 6 Unwearied He is working still,
Unspent his blessings fall,
Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,
The only Lord of all.

Samuel Longfellow.

- 1 **C**OURAGE, brother ! do not stumble
 Though thy path be dark as night ;
 There 's a star to guide the humble :
 ' Trust in God, and do the right.'
 Though the road be long and dreary,
 And its ending out of sight :
 Foot it bravely—strong or weary :
 ' Trust in God, and do the right.'

- 2 Trust no party, church, or faction,
 Trust no leaders in the fight,
 But in every word and action
 ' Trust in God, and do the right.'
 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight ;
 Cease from man, and look above thee :
 ' Trust in God, and do the right.'

- 3 Trust no forms of guilty passion,
 Fiends can look like angels bright :
 Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
 ' Trust in God, and do the right.'
 Simple rule and safest guiding,
 Inward peace and inward light,
 Star upon our path abiding,
 ' Trust in God, and do the right.'

- 1 ○ LORD ! thy everlasting grace
 Our scanty thought surpasseth far ;
 Thou show'st paternal tenderness ;
 Thy arms of love still open are :
 Thy mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 By faith I plunge into this sea ;
 Its living waters cool my breast ;
 Hither when ill assails I flee,
 And find, O Lord, my perfect rest :
 Away, sad doubt and anxious fear !
 Mercy is all that dwelleth here.
- 3 Though clouds and storms go o'er my head ;
 Though strength, and health, and friends be
 gone ;
 Though joys be withered all and dead ;
 Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
 Steadfast on this my soul relies ;
 Father ! thy mercy never dies.
- 4 Fixed in this faith may I remain,
 Though my heart fail and flesh decay :
 This anchor shall my soul sustain
 When earth's foundations melt away :
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love !

Johann A. Rothe, tr. J. Wesley.

5-10 M.

1 **E**VENING and morning,
 Sunset and dawning,
 Wealth, peace, and gladness,
 Comfort in sadness—

These are thy works : all the glory be thine.

Times without number,
 Awake or in slumber,
 Thine eye observes us,
 From danger preserves us,

Causing thy mercy upon us to shine.

2 Father, O hear me !
 Pardon and spare me !
 Quench all my terrors,
 Blot out my errors,

That by thine eyes they may no more be scanned.

Order my goings,
 Direct all my doings ;
 As it may please thee,
 Retain or release me ;

All I commit to thy Fatherly hand.

3 Griefs of God's sending,
 All have an ending ;
 Clouds may be pouring,
 Wind and wave roaring.

Sunshine will come when the tempest has past.

Joys still increasing,
 Peace never-ceasing,
 Faith lost in vision,
 Hope in fruition,

These are the portion I look for at last.

Paul Gerhardt, tr. R. Massie.

- 1 O LORD, the saviour and defence
Of all our mortal race !
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.
- 2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or earth received its frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the same.
- 3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made ;
And when thou speak'st the word, 'Return !'
'Tis instantly obeyed.
- 4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.
- 5 How soon our boasted strength decays,
To sorrow turned, and pain !
How soon the slender thread is cut,
And we no more remain !
- 6 So teach us, Lord, the uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.

REST IN THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

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10 M.

- 1 **O** REST a while, but only for a while ;
Life's business presses, and the time is short :
Ease may the weary of reward beguile ;
Let not the workman lose what he has wrought.
- 2 Rest for a while, if only for a while ;
The strong birds tire, and gladly seek their nest :
With quiet heart enjoy heaven's quiet smile ;
What strength has he who never takes his rest ?
- 3 Rest for a while, though 'tis but for a while ;
Home flies the bee, then soon re-quits the hive :
Rest on thy staff, walk then another mile ;
Soon will the long, the final rest arrive.
- 4 **O**, rest a while, for rest is self-return ;
Leave the loud world, and visit thine own breast ;
The meaning of thy labours thou wilt learn,
When thus at peace, the thought of God thy rest.

Thomas T. Lynch.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose ;
 My heart is pained, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with thee my heart to share ?
 Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there ;
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in thee !

- 3 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted care :
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its hidden mazes there ;
 Make me thy loving child, that I
 Ceaseless may ' Abba, Father,' cry !

- 4 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 ' I am thy love, thy God, thy all !'
 To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
 To know thy truth, be all my choice.

Gerhardt Tersteegen, tr. J. Wesley.

1 **D**EAR Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our feverish ways !
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind ;
 In purer lives thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.

2 O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
 O calm of hills above !
 Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
 The silence of eternity,
 Interpreted by love !

3 With that deep hush subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
 The tender whisper of thy call,
 As noiseless let thy blessing fall
 As fell thy manna down.

4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease :
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of thy peace.

5 Breathe through the pulses of desire
 Thy coolness and thy balm ;
 Let sense be dumb—its heats expire :
 Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still small voice of calm !

John G. Whittier.

1 **L**ORD of earth ! thy forming hand
 Well this beauteous frame hath planned,—
 Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
 Ocean rolling in his power ;
 All that strikes the gaze unsought,
 All that charms the lonely thought ;
 Friendship,—gem transcending price,
 Love, a flower from Paradise.
 Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
 Should I cease thy smile to share,
 What were all its joys to me ?
 Whom have I on earth but thee ?

2 Lord of heaven ! beyond our sight
 Rolls a world of purer light :
 There, in love's unclouded reign,
 Parted hands shall clasp again ;
 Martyrs there, and prophets high,
 Blaze—a glorious company ;
 While immortal music rings
 From unnumbered seraph strings.
 O that world is passing fair :
 Yet, if thou wert absent there,
 What were all its joys to me ?
 Whom have I in heaven but thee ?

3 Lord of earth and heaven ! my breast
 Seeks in thee its only rest.
 I was lost ; thy accents mild
 Homeward lured thy wandering child :
 I was blind ; thy healing ray
 Charmed the long eclipse away.

REST IN GOD.

Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,
O if once thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?

Sir Robert Grant.

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C.M.

- 1 **W**E bless thee for thy peace, O God,
Deep as th' unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.
- 2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast;
- 3 **T**hat peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with thee;
- 4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.
- 5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er may outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

Anon.

1 **W**HEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
 And billows wild contend with angry roar,
 'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
 That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

2 Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
 And silver waves chime ever peacefully ;
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
 Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

3 So to the heart that knows thee, Love Eternal,
 There is a temple sacred evermore ;
 And all the babble of life's angry voices
 Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

4 Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
 And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully ;
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
 Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in thee.

5 O Rest of rests ! O Peace serene, eternal !
 Thou ever livest, and thou changest not ;
 And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
 Fulness of joy, both now and evermore.

Harriet B. Stowe.

- 1 IMMORTAL Love, within whose righteous will
 Is always peace ;
 O pity me, storm-tossed on waves of ill ;
 Let passion cease ;
 Come down in power within my heart to reign,
 For I am weak, and striving has been vain.

- 2 The days are gone, when far and wide my will
 Drove me astray ;
 And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
 That narrow way
 Which leads through mist and rocks to thine abode ;
 Toiling for man, and thee, Almighty God.

- 3 Whate'er of pain thy loving hand allot
 I gladly bear ;
 Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,
 Nor yet thy care,
 Freedom from storms, and wild desires within,
 Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.

- 4 So may I, far away, when evening falls
 On life and love,
 Arrive at last the holy, happy halls,
 With thee above ;
 Wounded yet healed, sin-laden yet forgiven,
 And sure that goodness is my only heaven.

Stopford A. Brooke.

- 1 **M**Y God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
 'Thy will be done.'
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 'Thy will be done.'
- 3 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what is thine;
 'Thy will be done.'
- 4 E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with thee;
 'Thy will be done.'
- 5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;
 'Thy will be done.'
- 6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
 'Thy will be done.'

REST IN GOD.

- 7 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 'Thy will be done.'

Charlotte Elliott.

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L.M.

- 1 O BLESSED life ! the heart at rest,
 When all without tumultuous seems,
 That trusts a higher will. and deems
 That higher will, not ours, the best.
- 2 O blessed life ! the mind that sees—
 Whatever change the years may bring—
 Some good still hid in every thing,
 And shining through all mysteries.
- 3 O blessed life ! the soul that soars,
 When sense of mortal sight is dim,
 Beyond the sense,—beyond, to him
 Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.
- 4 O blessed life ! heart, mind, and soul
 From selfish aims and wishes free,
 In all at one with Deity
 And loyal to the Lord's control.
- 5 O life ! how blessed ! how divine !
 High life, the earnest of a higher !
 Father, fulfil my deep desire
 And let this blessed life be mine.

William T. Matson.

- 1 **O** THOU Whom fain my soul would love,
 Whom I would gladly die to know ;
 This veil of unbelief remove,
 And show me, all thy goodness show ;
 Reveal, O God, thy life and light,
 And scatter all my sin and night.

- 2 Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,
 Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known ?
 I pray thee with a faltering tongue,
 Here, silent, in my heart, alone—
 Tell me, oh tell me who thou art,
 And speak thy name into my heart.

- 3 From thee and from thy love removed,
 Long have I wandered to and fro ;
 And all my selfish will has roved
 Where loud the winds of passion blow :
 Back to my God at last I fly,
 For oh, the waters still are high !

- 4 The anxious strife, the eager race,
 The cares of self, for thee I leave ;
 Put forth thine hand, thine hand of grace ;
 Into the ark of love receive ;
 Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
 And still it, Father, on thy breast.

REST IN GOD.

- 5 Fill with inviolable peace,
Stablish and keep my settled heart ;
In thee may all my wandering cease,
From thee no more may I depart :
Thy utmost goodness called to prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

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C.M.

- 1 CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow ;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.
- 2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street ;
- 3 Calm in my hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain :
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.
- 4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame ;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who mock thy holy name ;
- 5 Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain ;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

Horatio Bon

- 1 **T**HOU hidden source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am if thou art mine.
 From sin, and grief, and shame I fly,
 To shelter in thy fortress high.

- 2 For thou, O God, my fulness art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
 The medicine of my broken heart,
 In war my peace, in loss my gain :
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
 In shame my glory and my crown.

- 3 In want my plentiful supply,
 In weakness my almighty power,
 In bonds my perfect liberty,
 My light in dark temptation's hour,
 In grief my joy unspeakable,
 My life in death, my heaven in hell.

- 4 Thee will I love, my strength, my tower !
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all thy works and thee alone !
 And though my flesh and heart decay,
 Thee shall I love in endless day.

Charles Wesley.

- 1 **T**HOU very present aid
 In suffering and distress !
 The soul which still on thee is stayed
 Is kept in perfect peace ;
 The soul by faith reclined
 On thy paternal breast,
 Midst raging storms exults to find
 An everlasting rest.

- 2 Sorrow and fear are gone
 Where'er thy face appears ;
 It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
 And dries the widow's tears.
 It hallows every cross,
 It sweetly comforts me,
 And makes me now forget my loss,
 And lose myself in thee.

- 3 Peace to the troubled heart,
 Health to the sin-sick mind,
 The wounded spirit's balm thou art,
 The Healer of mankind.
 In deep affliction blessed
 With thee I mount above,
 And sing, triumphantly distressed,
 Thine all-sufficient love.

- 4 My God to whom I fly
 Doth all my wishes fill ;
 In vain the creature-streams are dry,
 I have the Fountain still ;
 Stripped of my earthly friends,
 I find them all in One,
 And peace, and joy that never ends,
 And heaven, in God alone.

8-6 M.

- 1 FATHER, I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me :
 The changes that will surely come
 I do not fear to see.
 I ask thee for a present mind,
 Intent on pleasing thee.

- 2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
 Through constant watching wise,
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And wipe the weeping eyes ;
 A heart at leisure from itself,
 To soothe and sympathise.

- 3 I would not have the restless will
 That hurries to and fro,
 Seeking for some great thing to do,
 Or secret thing to know :
 I would be treated as a child,
 And guided where I go.

- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
 In whatsoe'er estate,
 I have a fellowship with hearts
 To keep and cultivate ;
 A work of lowly love to do
 For him on whom I wait.

REST IN GOD.

5 I ask thee for the daily strength
 To none that ask denied ;
 A mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
 If thou be glorified.

6 Briers beset my every path,
 That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
 An earnest need for prayer :
But lowly hearts that lean on thee
 Are happy everywhere.

7 In service which thy love appoints
 There are no bonds for me ;
My secret heart is taught the truth
 That makes thy children free :
A life of self-renouncing love
 Is one of liberty.

Anna L. Waring.

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S.M.

1 FAR from my heavenly home,
 Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, ' Blest Spirit, come,
 And speed me to my rest.'

REST IN GOD.

- 2 Upon the willows long
 My harp has silent hung :
 How shall I sing a cheerful song,
 Till thou inspire my tongue ?
- 3 My spirit homeward turns,
 And fain would thither flee ;
 My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
 When I remember thee.
- 4 To thee, to thee, I press
 A dark and toilsome road ;
 When shall I pass the wilderness,
 And reach the saints' abode ?
- 5 God of my life, be near ;
 On thee my hopes I cast ;
 O guide me through the desert here,
 And bring me home at last.

Henry F. Lyte.

243

C.M.

- 1 O THAT thou would'st the heavens rend,
 And comfort me with light ;
 In love and holiness descend,
 And scatter all my night.
- 2 Consume my sin, my death dispel,
 Bid feebleness depart,
 Be stronger than my selfish will,
 And greater than my heart.

3 Then when my sin has found defeat,
 And thou hast all my soul,
 Lead me to pastures soft, where sweet
 The healing waters roll.

4 That I may rest awhile, before
 I take my work again ;
 And hear, from forth the eternal shore,
 The requiem of pain.

Stopford A. Brooke.

244

8, 8, 8, 6 M.

1 **T**O-DAY, beneath thy chastening eye,
 I crave alone for peace and rest ;
 Submissive in thy hand to lie,
 And feel that it is best.

2 A marvel seems the Universe ;
 A miracle our life and death ;
 A mystery which I cannot pierce,
 Around, above, beneath.

3 And now my spirit sighs for home,
 And longs for light whereby to see,
 And, like a weary child, would come
 O Father, unto thee.

4 Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
 My weak resolves have passed away,
 In mercy lend thy helping hand,
 Unto my prayer to-day.

John G. Whittier.

245

7 M.

- 1 **L**ET my life be hid in thee,
 Life of life and Light of light !
 Love's illimitable sea !
 Depth of peace, of power the height !

- 2 Let my life be hid in thee
 From vexation and annoy ;
 Calm in thy tranquility,
 All my mourning turned to joy.

- 3 Let my life be hid in thee
 When alarms are gathering round,
 Covered with thy panoply,
 Safe within thy holy ground.

- 4 Let my life be hid in thee
 When my strength and health shall fail ;
 Let thine immortality
 In my dying hour prevail.

- 5 Let my life be hid in thee,
 In the world and yet above ;
 Hid in thine eternity,
 In the ocean of thy love.

John Bull.

THE SERVICE OF GOD.

246

11-10 M.

- 1 **H**E whom the Master loved has truly spoken :—
The holier worship, which God deigns to
bless,
Restores the lost, binds up the spirit-broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.
- 2 O brother man ! fold to thy heart thy brother ;
For where love dwells the peace of God is
there ;
To worship rightly is to love each other ;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.
- 3 Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of him whose holy work was doing good :
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.
- 4 Then shall all shackles fall ; the stormy clangour
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease ;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

J. G. Whittier.

247

C.M.

- 1 O STILL, in accents sweet and strong,
Sounds forth the ancient word,—
' More reapers for white harvest fields,
More labourers for the Lord ! '
- 2 We hear the call ; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.
- 3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown ;
We, to their labours entering in,
Would reap where they have strewn.
- 4 O thou, whose call our hearts have stirred
To do thy will, we come ;
Thrust in our sickles at thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

Samuel Longfellow.

248

4-10 M.

- 1 COME, labour on :
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And every servant hears the Master say,
' Go work to-day ' ?

THE SERVICE OF GOD.

- 2 Come, labour on :
The labourers are few, the field is wide ;
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied :
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is ' Come.'
- 3 Come, labour on ;
The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away :
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbers not.
- 4 Come, labour on :
Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear,
No arm so weak, but may do service here ;
By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
His righteous Will.
- 5 Come, labour on :
No time for rest till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
' Servants, well done ! '
- 6 Come, labour on :
The toil is pleasant and the harvest sure ;
Blessed are those who to the end endure ;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with thee !

Jane Borthwick.

- 1 **T**EACH me to live ! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the glorious realms of day.
- 2 Teach me that harder lesson—how to live,
To serve thee in the darkest paths of life ;
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the
strife.
- 3 Teach me to live thy purpose to fulfil ;
Bright for thy glory let my taper shine ;
Each day renew, remould the stubborn will ;
Closer round thee my heart's affections cling.
- 4 Teach me to live for self and sin no more ;
But use the time remaining to me yet ;
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.
- 5 Teach me to live ! No idler let me be,
But in thy service hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.
- 6 Teach me to live—my daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load ;
Only be with me ; let me feel thee near ;
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkened
road.

- 7 Teach me to live ! with kindly words for all,
Wearing no cold repulsive brow of gloom,
Waiting with cheerful patience till thy call
Summons my spirit to its heavenly home.

Ellen E. Burman.

250

7, 7, 7, 3 M.

- 1 'CHRISTIAN ! seek not yet repose,'
Hear thy loving Master say ;
Thou art in the midst of foes ;
' Watch and pray.'
- 2 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day ;
Stand, till evil days be done ;
' Watch and pray.'
- 3 Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
' Watch and pray.'
- 4 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart his word,
' Watch and pray.'
- 5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, till sin be overthrown ;
' Watch and pray.'

Charlotte Elliott.

251

8-6 M.

- 1 O YE who, with undoubting eyes,
Through cloud and gathering storm,
Behold the span of freedom's skies,
And sunshine soft and warm,—
- 2 Press bravely onward ! not in vain
Your trust in humankind :
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.
- 3 The great hearts of your olden time
Are beating with you strong ;
All holy memories and sublime
And glorious round you throng.
- 4 The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide ;
The voice of nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.
- 5 The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which heaven have wrought
Light, Truth, and Love ; your battle ground
The free, broad field of Thought.
- 6 O may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan,
Nor time nor failure ever shake
Your faith in God and man.

John G. Whittier.

- 1 **O** IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart !
- 2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.
- 3 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.
- 4 Muse on his justice, downcast soul !
Muse, and take better heart ;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.
- 5 Workman of God ! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 6 For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Fredk. W. Faber.

253

C.M.

1 GOD'S trumpet wakes the slumbering
world :

Now, each man to his post !
The red-cross banner is unfurled :
Who joins the glorious host ?

2 He who, in fealty to the Truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth,—
He joins the noble host !

3 He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—
He joins the sacred host !

4 He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still,—
He joins the faithful host !

5 He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most ;
And shuns not pain or shame or loss,—
He joins the martyr host !

Samuel Longfellow.

254

7 M.

1 THOU, whose name is blazoned forth
On our banner's gleaming fold,
Freedom ! all thy sacred worth
Never yet has half been told.

- 2 But to-day we sing of one
Older, graver far than thou ;
With the seal of time begun
Stamped upon her awful brow.
- 3 She is Duty : in her hand
Is a sceptre heaven-brought ;
Hers the accent of command,
Hers the dreadful, mystic ' Ought.'
- 4 But her bondage is so sweet !
And her burdens make us strong :
Wings they seem to weary feet,
Laughter to our lips, and song.
- 5 Wheresoever she may lead,
Freshly burdened every day,
Freedom, make us free to speed
In her ever brightening way !

John W. Chadwick.

255

8-7 M.

- 1 **W**ORK ! it is thy highest mission,
Work ! all blessing centres there,
Work for culture, for the vision
Of the True, and Good, and Fair.
- 2 'Tis of knowledge the condition,
Opening still new fields beyond ;
'Tis of thought the full fruition ;
'Tis of love the perfect bond.

THE SERVICE OF GOD.

3 Work ! by labour comes th' unsealing
Of the thoughts that in thee burn ;
Comes in action the revealing
Of the truths thou hast to learn.

4 Work in helping loving union
With thy brethren of mankind :
With the foremost hold communion,
Succour those who toil behind.

5 For true work can never perish,
And thy followers in the way
For thy works thy name shall cherish :
Work while it is called to-day !

F. M. White.

256

8-7 M.

1 **A**LL around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie ;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

2 Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given ;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of heaven

3 Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labour
Still be sure to do our part.

- 4 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.
- 5 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,—
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We, too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

Anon.

257

S.M.

- 1 **T**EACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee !
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend :
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake :
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws
E'en servile labours shine ;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause ;
The meanest work, divine.

George Herbert, alt. John Wesley.

- 1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee ;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
- 2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love ;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.
- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King ;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.
- 4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold ;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will, and make it thine ;
It shall be no longer mine :
Take my heart it is thine own ;
It shall be thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet, its treasure-store ;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

- 1 **H**E liveth long who liveth well!
 All else is being flung away;
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day.
- 2 Waste not thy being; back to him,
 Who freely gave it, freely give,
 Else is that being but a dream,
 'Tis but to be, and not to live.
- 3 Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
 Hold up to earth the torch divine;
 Be what thou prayest to be made;
 Let the great Master's steps be thine.
- 4 Fill up each hour with what will last;
 Buy up the moments as they go!
 The life above, when this is past,
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.
- 5 Sow truth, if thou the true wouldst reap;
 Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
 Erect and sound thy conscience keep,
 From hollow words and deeds refrain.
- 6 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
 Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
 And find a harvest-home of light.

Horatio Bonar

S.M.

- 1 **A** FITLY spoken word,
 It hath mysterious powers ;
 Its far-off echoes shall be heard
 Ringing through future hours.
- 2 An honest, truthful word,
 It has a tongue of flame ;
 On wings of wind it flies abroad
 And wins a heavenly fame.
- 3 A wise and holy word,
 It falls as doth the dew ;
 A sweet refreshment to afford,
 And virtue's strength renew.
- 4 A gentle, gracious word,
 'Tis music in the heart ;
 Thrilling its very inmost chord,
 Till tears unbidden start.
- 5 Speak thou then, lovingly,
 Out of a Christ-like soul ;
 Thy words a blessed balm shall be,
 To make the sin-sick whole.
- 6 Speak, for the love of God,—
 Speak, for the love of man ;
 The words of truth love sends abroad,
 Shall never be in vain.

George B. Bubier.

8-7 M.

- 1 **L**IFE is real ! life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 ‘ Dust thou art, to dust returneth,’
 Was not spoken of the soul.
- 2 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.
- 3 Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating,
 Funeral marches to the grave.
- 4 Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime ;
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time ;—
- 5 Footprints that, perhaps, another,
 Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.
- 6 Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

Henry W. Longfellow.

1 **E**VERY day hath toil and trouble,
 Every heart hath care :
 Meekly bear thine own full measure,
 And thy brother's share.
 Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
 Heavy to thee prove :
 God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
 And thy heart with love.

2 Patiently enduring ever,
 Let thy spirit be
 Bound by links that cannot sever,
 To humanity.
 Labour ! wait ! thy Master perished
 Ere his task was done :
 Count not lost thy fleeting moments ;
 Life hath but begun.

3 Labour ! wait ! though midnight shadows
 Gather round thee here,
 And the storm above thee lowering
 Fill thy heart with fear,—
 Wait in hope ! the morning dawneth
 When the night is gone,
 And a peaceful rest awaits thee
 When thy work is done.

J. Bailey.

- 1 **T**HE toil of brain, or heart, or hand,
Is man's appointed lot ;
He who God's call can understand,
Will work and murmur not.
- 2 Toil is no thorny crown of pain,
Bound round man's brow for sin ;
True souls, from it, all strength may gain,
High manliness may win.
- 3 O God ! who workest hitherto,
Working in all we see,
Fain would we be, and bear, and do,
As best it pleaseth thee.
- 4 Where'er thou sendest we will go,
Nor any question ask,
And what thou biddest we will do,
Whatever be the task.
- 5 Our skill of hand, and strength of limb,
Are not our own, but thine ;
We link them to the work of him
Who made all life Divine !
- 6 Our brother-friend, thy holy son,
Shared all our lot and strife ;
And nobly will our work be done,
If moulded by his life.

Thomas W. Freckleton.

- 1 **H**AST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
 Heard the solemn steps of Time,
 And the low, mysterious voices
 Of another clime?
- 2 Early hath life's mighty question
 Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
 With a deep and strong beseeching,—
 What, and where, is Truth?
- 3 Not to ease and aimless quiet
 Doth the inward answer tend;
 But to works of love and duty,
 As our being's end:
- 4 Not to idle dreams and trances,
 Folded hands and solemn tone;
 But to faith, in daily striving
 And performance shown:
- 5 Earnest toil and strong endeavour
 Of a spirit which within
 Wrestles with familiar evil
 And besetting sin;
- 6 And without with tireless vigour,
 Steady heart, and purpose strong,
 In the power of Truth assaileth
 Every form of wrong.

John G. Whittier.

- 1 **O**NCE to every man and nation
 Comes the moment to decide,
 In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
 For the good or evil side ;
 Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
 Offers each the bloom or blight,—
 And the choice goes by forever
 'Twixt that darkness and that light.

- 2 Then to side with Truth is noble,
 When we share her wretched crust
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
 And 'tis prosperous to be just ;
 Then it is the brave man chooses,—
 While the coward stands aside,
 Till the multitude make virtue
 Of the faith they had denied.

- 3 Though the cause of Evil prosper,
 Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong ;
 Though her portion be the scaffold,
 And upon the throne be Wrong,—
 Yet that scaffold sways the future,
 And, behind the dim unknown,
 Standeth God within the shadow,
 Keeping watch above his own.

James R. Lowell.

1 **B**REAST the wave, Christian,
 When it is strongest ;
 Watch for day, Christian,
 When the night 's longest :
 Onward and onward still
 Be thine endeavour ;
 The rest that remaineth
 Will be for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
 Heaven is o'er thee ;
 Run the race, Christian,
 Heaven is before thee.
 He who hath promised
 Faltereth never ;
 Love from eternity
 Flows on for ever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian,
 Just as it closeth ;
 Raise the heart, Christian,
 Ere it reposeth ;
 Thee from the love of God
 Nothing shall sever ;
 Mount when thy work is done,
 Praise him for ever.

Joseph Stammers.

- 1 **T**HERE'S a strife we all must wage,
From life's entrance to its close ;
Blest the bold who dare engage !
Woe to him who seeks repose !
- 2 What our foes ? Each thought impure ;
Passions fierce that tear the soul ;
Every ill that we can cure ;
Every crime we can control ;
- 3 Every falsehood which our word
May drive back to night again ;
Every wrong against our Lord,
Who in truth and love doth reign.
- 4 Shame on him who falls away,
Barters truth for selfish ease,
Crouches to the tyrant's sway,
Seeks the multitude to please.
- 5 Blessed he who in the fight
Many a wound and loss endured,
Standeth firm for God and Right,
Knows the victory ensured.
- 6 On, then, to the glorious field !
He who dies true life shall save ;
God himself shall be our shield,
He shall bless and crown the brave.

Stephen G. Bulfinch (alt.)

- 1 **E**VER find I joy in reading,
In the ancient holy book,
Of the gentle teacher's pleading,
Truth in every word and look.
- 2 How when children came he blessed them,
Suffered no man to reprove,
Took them in his arms and pressed them
To his heart with words of love.
- 3 How to all the sick and tearful
Help was ever gladly shown ;
How he sought the poor and fearful,
Called them brothers and his own.
- 4 How no contrite soul e'er sought him
And was bidden to depart ;
How with gentle words he taught him,
Took the death from out his heart.
- 5 Still I read the ancient story,
And my joy is ever new,—
How he lived so pure and holy,
How he loved so firm and true.
- 6*Father, I, too, fain would serve thee,
As my Master showed the way ;
Live to help and cheer my brothers,
Love, obey thee, come what may.

Luise Hensel tr. Cath. Winkworth.

8-6 M.

- 1 **T**HOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
 High work have we to do,—
 In zeal and faith to follow him
 Whose lot was lowly, too.
- 2 We, too, our mission have from High,
 And oft our cross to bear,
 We, too, our witness have to give,
 And his reproach to share.
- 3 Our days of darkness we may bear,
 Strong in a Father's love,
 Leaning on his almighty arm,
 And fixed our hopes above.
- 4 Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
 And loving deeds may be,
 A stream that still the nobler grows
 The nearer to the sea.
- 5 To duty firm, to conscience true,
 However tried and pressed,
 In God's clear sight high work to do,
 If we but do our best.
- 6 Thus we may make the lowliest lot
 With rays of glory bright ;
 Thus we may turn a crown of thorns
 Into a crown of light.

William Gaskell

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,
 Wise beneficent and kind !
 Spread o'er nature's ample face,
 Flows thy goodness unconfined :
 Musing in the silent grove,
 Or the busy walks of men,
 Still we trace thy wondrous love,
 Claiming large returns again.

- 2 Lord ! what offering shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed ;
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast

- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
 Love, embracing all our kind,
 Charity, with liberal store.
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King !
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus the accepted offering bring,
 Love to thee, and all mankind.

John Taylor

- 1 **M**EN! whose boast it is, that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed—
Slaves unworthy to be freed?
- 2 Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
Then in hard-won ease forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free!
- 3 They are slaves, who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves, who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than, in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

James R. Lowell.

- 1 FATHER, hear the prayer we offer !
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously,—
- 2*Do the task which each day brings us,
Bear the burden, murmur not ;
Faithful stand where thou hast placed us,
Thankful whatso'er our lot.
- 3 Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be ;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.
- 4 Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay ;
But would smite the living fountains,
From the rocks along our way.
- 5 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our guide ;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be thou by our side !
- 6*By our side in light and darkness
While the changing days go on ;
By our side when life is over,
Of eternal day the Sun.

Hymns of the Spirit.

- 1 **S**OW in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thy hand ;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
 The highway furrows stock,
 Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
 Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
 Expect not here nor there ;
 O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found ;
 Go forth, then, every where.
- 4 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.
- 5 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain,
 For garners in the sky.
- 6 Thence, when the glorious end,
 The day of God is come,
 The angel-reapers shall descend,
 And heaven cry—' Harvest home ! '

James Montgomery.

- 1 O GOD, whose law is in the sky,
Whose light is on the sea,
Who livest in the human heart,
We give ourselves to thee.
- 2 In fearless, world-wide search for truth,
Whatever form it wear,
Or crown, or cross, or praise, or blame,
We thine ourselves declare.
- 3 In love that binds mankind in one,
That serves all those in need,
Whose law is helpful sympathy,
In this we 're thine indeed.
- 4 In labour whose far-distant end
Is bringing to accord
Man's common life with highest hope,
We follow thee, O Lord !
- 5 To truth, to love, to duty, then,
Wherever we may be,
We give ourselves ; and doing this
We give ourselves to thee.
- 6*For hand and heart and mind are thine,
And thine the will to give,
So what is thine we render thee,
And for thy service live.

Minot J. Savage.

275

8-6 M.

- 1 **D**ISMISS me not Thy service, Lord !
But train me for Thy will ;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil ;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve thee still.
- 2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come ?
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some ;
Thou hast thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.
- 3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases thee ;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity ;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt thou permit to be.
- 4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day ;
Sharing his service everyone
Share, too, his sonship may.
Lord, I would serve and be a son ;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

Thomas T. Lynch.

- 1 **T**HUS shalt thou love the Almighty Lord,
With all thy heart and soul and mind.
So speaks to man that sacred word
For counsel and reproof designed.
- 2 'With all thy heart' ; no idol thing,
Though close around the heart it twine,
Its interposing shade must fling,
To darken that pure love of thine.
- 3 'With all thy mind' ; each varied power,
Creative fancy, musings high,
And thoughts that glance behind, before,
These must religion sanctify.
- 4 'With soul and strength' ; thy days of ease,
While vigour nerves each youthful limb,
And hope and joy, and health and peace,
All must be freely brought to him.
- 5 Thou Power supreme, in whom we move !
Vouchsafe thy servants, in their day,
The mind to adore, the heart to love,
And strength to serve thee, while they may.

Emily Taylor.

THE MARCH OF LIFE.

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L.M.

- 1 **S**ILENT like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to truth, to God.
- 2 We fling aside the weight, the sin,
Resolved the victory to win :
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendour of the prize.
- 3 No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
From Christian toil our limbs to keep,
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight ;
- 4 No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please ;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.
- 5 What though with weariness oppressed ?
'Tis but a little, and we rest ;
Finished the toil—the race is run ;
The battle fought—the field is won ?

Horatio Bonar.

- 1 **O**NWARD, onward, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone ;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on !
- 2 Upward, upward ! Their Hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee, ' God is Love ' ;
All around thy red-cross banner
Streams the radiance from above.
- 3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won ;
Tread it without shrinking, brother !
Jesus trod it,—press thou on !
- 4 By thy trustful, calm endeavour,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver
Oh, for their sake, press thou on !
- 5 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace ;
While it needs thee, oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release ;
- 6 Pray thou, undisheartened, rather,
That thou be a faithful son ;
By the prayer of Jesus,—' Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done ! '

Samuel Johnson.

- 1 **W**ITHOUT haste and without rest :
 Bind the motto to thy breast,
 Bear it with thee as a spell ;
 Storm or sunshine, guard it well !
 Heed not flowers that round thee bloom ;
 Bear it onward to the tomb !

- 2 Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
 Mar the spirit's steady speed ;
 Ponder well and know the right,
 Onward then with all thy might ;
 Haste not—years can ne'er atone
 For one reckless action done !

- 3 Rest not—life is sweeping by,
 Do and dare before you die ;
 Something worthy and sublime
 Leave behind to conquer time :
 Glorious 'tis to live for aye
 When these forms have passed away.

- 4 Haste not—rest not, calm in strife ;
 Meekly bear the storms of life ;
 Duty be thy polar guide,
 Do the right whate'er betide ;
 Haste not—rest not—conflicts past,
 God shall crown thy work at last !

J. Wolfgang von Goethe, tr. C. C. Cox.

- 1 O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene :
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou !

- 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die :
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

- 3 O Thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast blest.

THE MARCH OF LIFE.

- 4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see thee face to face.
A joy no language measures ;
A fountain brimming o'er ;
An endless flow of pleasures ;
An ocean without shore.

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth.

281

8-7 M.

- 1 CHRISTIAN warrior ! faint not, fear not !
Though thy foes press thickly round :
Scorn to yield, as those who hear not
The glad gospel's trumpet sound !
- 2 Christian warrior ! ne'er unarm thee,
When in flattering pleasure's guise,
The subtle foe would fear to alarm thee ;—
Christian sentinel, be wise !
- 3 Wearied warrior ! still assure thee,
'As thy day, thy strength shall be ' ;
When thou'st borne the battle's fury,
Turn not at its close and flee :
- 4 Lo ! the clouds of war are clearing ;
Foes are waxing faint and few ;
Through their scattered ranks appearing,
Zion's towers expand to view !
- 5 Christian warrior ! grace protect thee ;
Watch and pray and onward hie ;
Zion's herald hosts expect thee,
Angel bards of victory !

Thomas Ashworth.

282

8-6 M.

1 **L**ORD God, by whom all change is wrought,
 By whom new things to light are brought,
 In whom no change is known !
 Whate'er thou dost, whate'er thou art,
 Thy children still in thee have part ;
 Still, still, thou art our own.

2 Spirit, who makest all things new !
 Thou ledest onward ; we pursue
 The heavenly march sublime.
 In thy renewing fire we glow,
 And still from strength to strength we go,
 From height to height we climb.

3 Darkness and dread we leave behind ;
 New light, new glory still we find,
 New realms divine possess ;
 New births of good, new conquests bring,
 Until triumphant we shall sing
 In perfect holiness.

Thomas H. Gill.

283

7 M.

1 **O**NWARD Christians, onward go ;
 Join the war, and face the foe :
 Faint not ; much doth yet remain,
 Dreary is the long campaign.

2 Shrink not, Christians : will ye yield ?
 Will ye quit the painful field ?
 Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
 Know ye not your Captain's power ?

THE MARCH OF LIFE.

- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March, in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long :
Victory soon shall tune your song.
- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
Soon shall every tear be dry :
Let not woe your course impede ;
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 5 Onward, then, to battle move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove :
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Henry Kirke White

284

6-5 M.

- 1 O N our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Harken to our praises,
O thou God of love !
Is there grief or sadness ?
Thine it cannot be !
Is our sky beclouded ?
Clouds are not from thee !
On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Harken to our praises,
O thou God of love !

THE MARCH OF LIFE.

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day thou find us
Doing what we can—
Thou who giv'st the seed time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.
On our way rejoicing, &c.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go ;
Conquered hath our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe !
Loving cheer around us,
Cheerful love within,
Faith's good battle fighting,
Victory we shall win !
On our way rejoicing, &c.

4 Unto God our Father
Joyful songs we sing ;
For his many mercies
Thankful hearts we bring.
God th' Eternal Goodness
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore !
On our way rejoicing, &c.

John S. B. Monsell.

- 1 **T**HROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
 Onward goes the pilgrim band,
 Singing songs of expectation,
 Marching to the Promised Land.
- 2 Clear before us through the darkness
 Gleams and burns the guiding Light ;
 Brother clasps the hand of brother,
 Stepping fearless through the night.
- 3 One the light of God's own presence
 O'er his ransomed people shed,
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,
 Brightening all the path we tread :
- 4 One the object of our journey,
 One the faith which never tires,
 One the earnest looking forward,
 One the hope our God inspires :
- 5 One the strain that lips of thousands
 Lift as from the heart of one ;
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One the march in God begun :
- 6 One the gladness of rejoicing
 On the far eternal shore,
 Where the One Almighty Father
 Reigns in love for evermore.

B. S. Ingemann, tr. S. Baring Gould

1 **F**ORWARD ! be our watchword,
 Steps and voices joined ;
 Seek the things before us,
 Not a look behind ;
 Burns the fiery pillar
 At our army's head ;
 Who shall dream of shrinking,
 By the Father led !
 Forward through the desert,
 Through the toil and fight,
 Jordan flows before us,
 Zion beams with light.

2 Forward, when in childhood
 Buds the infant mind ;
 All through youth and manhood,
 Not a thought behind ;
 Speed through realms of nature,
 Climb the steps of grace ;
 Faint not, till around us
 Gleams the Father's face.
 Forward, all our lifetime,
 Climb from height to height :
 Till the head be hoary,
 Till the eve be light.

THE MARCH OF LIFE.

3 Forward, haste the kingdom
Of our God on earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth ;
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day ;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night ;
Forward, through the darkness,
Forward into light !

4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared ;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard ;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word ;
Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armour bright ;
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight !

Dean Alford.

6-5 M.

1 **O**NWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe :
 Forward into battle
 See his banners go.
 Onward, &c.

2 Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God ;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod ;
 May we not divided,
 But one body be ;
 One in faith and duty.
 One in charity.
 Onward, &c.

3 Onward, all ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song :
 Glory, laud, and honour
 Unto God our King ;
 This through countless ages,
 Men and angels sing.
 Onward, &c.

S. Baring Gould (alt.).

1 **O**NWARD ! upward ! Christian soldier,
 Turn not back nor sheath thy sword,
 Let its blade be sharp for conquest,
 In the battle for the Lord.
 From the great white throne eternal
 God Himself is looking down ;
 He it is who now commands thee,
 ' Take the cross and win the crown.'

2 Onward ! doing and enduring,
 With the Lord who lived for thee ;
 Face the foe, and meet with daring
 Danger whatsoe'er it be ;
 From the battlements of glory,
 Holy ones are looking down !
 Thou can'st almost hear them crying,
 ' On ! let no one take thy crown.'

3 Onward ! till thy course be finished,
 Like the ransomed ones before ;
 Keep the faith through persecution,
 Never give the battle o'er ;
 Onward ! upward ! till victorious
 Thou shalt lay thine armour down,
 And thy loving Father bid thee
 At his hand receive thy crown.

Jane F. Van Alstyne.

1 UP the pathway of the ages,
 From the dim land of the past,
 Come the sounds of battle-shouting,
 Armour-clang and bugle-blast ;
 For our human race has ever
 Marched through blood and under cloud,
 Tearing swaddling bands for Freedom,
 From the vanquished tyrant's shroud.

2 And to-day the wide-winged armies
 Of the God who marshals all
 Sweep the earth and cross the spaces
 Where the distant star-beams fall ;
 For the order of this battle,
 Waged for universal right,
 Grasps an age-long, age-wide progress
 Out of darkness up to light.

3 Standing here as this day's sentries,
 Set to watch our little time,
 Let us hear the past and future
 Calling us to deeds sublime.
 Children of heroic fathers,
 We the future sires must be ;
 And the coming generations
 Look to us to make them free.

4* By the patriot's long endeavour,
By the martyr's deathless fame,
By our race and by our country,
By each high and noble name,
By the God of hosts who leads us,
By the future's dawning light,
Swear to stand and swear to struggle
Till earth's might shall mean its right !

Minot J. Savage.

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8, 8, 6 M.

1 **O**FT, as we run the weary way,
That leads through shadows unto day,
With trial sore amazed,
We deem our sorrows are unknown,
Our battle joined and fought alone,
Our victory unpraised.

2 Faithless and blind, who cannot trace
The witnesses who watch our race,
Beyond our sense's ken ;
The mighty cloud of all who died
With faithful rapture, humble pride,
For love of God and men.

THE MARCH OF LIFE.

- 3 Who, from the battlements above,
Follow our course with eager love,
And cheer our contest on ;
Who cry at every faithful blow,
Struck at the old usurping foe—
‘ Servants of God, well done.’
- 4 And One, the conqueror of death,
Captain and perfecter of faith,
Who, for the joy of love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
Awakes in us the battle flame,
And waits for us above.
- 5 Therefore with patience run the race,
With joy and confidence and grace,
With cheerful hope and power ;
Cast off the sins that check our speed,
The weights that faith and love impede,
Withstand the evil hour.
- 6 For Heaven is round us as we move,
Our days are compassed with its love,
Its light is on our road :
And when the knell of death is rung,
Loud Hallelujahs shall be sung
To welcome us to God.

Stopford A. Brooke.

- 1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward we will tread
With Jesus as our Brother
To Jesus as our Head !
- 2 O happy if we labour,
As Jesus did for men :
O happy if we hunger
As Jesus hungered then !
- 3 The cross he daily carried
We carry in his love :
The crown of life he weareth
We too shall wear above.
- 4 The trials that beset us,
The sorrows we endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure.
- 5 What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but his ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?
- 6 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

John M. Neale.

292

6-5 M.

1 **L**OVING God, our Father,
 Listen while we sing,
 Hearts and voices raising
 Praises to our King ;
 All we have to offer,
 All we hope to be,
 Body, soul, and spirit,—
 All we yield to Thee.

2 Great and ever greater
 Are thy mercies here,
 True and everlasting
 Are the glories there,—
 Where no sin nor sorrow,
 Toil, nor care is known ;
 Where the brave and loving
 Circle round thy throne.

3*Dark seemed all before us
 In the wintry past,
 Now a ray of gladness
 O'er our path is cast ;
 Every day that passeth,
 Every hour that flies,
 Tells of love unfeignèd,—
 Love that never dies.

4 Clearer still and clearer.

Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven ;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within ;
Thou hast shed thy radiance
On a world of sin.

5 Brighter still and brighter

Glow's the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done.
Time will soon be over
Fear and sorrow past,
Grant us, Great Forgiver,
Blessèd rest at last.

Godfrey Thring.

293

7 M.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King !

As ye journey, sweetly sing :
Sing your Maker's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways !

2 Ye are travelling home to God,

In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now,—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

- 3 Fear not, brethren ; lo ! we stand
On the borders of our land :
Jesus, from its summit won,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 4 Lord ! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick.

294

L.M.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with a Father's care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each his necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.
- 4 Be this my care ; to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be :
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God, on thee !

Samuel Collett.

- 1 **A**S various as the moon
 Is man's estate below ;
 To his bright day of gladness soon
 Succeeds a night of woe.
- 2 The night of woe resigns
 Its darkness and its grief ;
 Again the morn of comfort shines,
 And brings our souls relief.
- 3 Yet not to fickle chance
 Is man's condition given ;
 His dark and shining hours advance
 By the fixed laws of heaven.
- 4 God measures unto all
 Their lot of good or ill ;
 Nor this too great nor that too small,
 Ordained by wisest will.
- 5 Let man conform his mind
 To every changing state ;
 Rejoicing now, and now resigned,
 And the great issue wait.
- 6 Hopeful and humble bear
 Thine evil and thy good :
 Nor by presumption, nor despair,
 Weak mortal, be subdued.

Thomas Scott.

296

8-7 M.

- 1 NOT so fearful, doubting pilgrim,
Though the darkness round thee close,
Though the future glooms foreboding,
Threatening all thy soul's repose.
- 2 'Tis not in this life vouchsafed us
All our way to see before ;
Clears the path as we go forward,
Step by step, and nothing more.
- 3 Noble ones have gone before thee :
Fear not, while thine eyes may greet,
Leading on, their faithful footprints ;
In them strive to set thy feet.
- 4 Wait not for the noonday brightness ;
Haste thee through the morning gray ;
Lo, the eastern glow before thee,
Broadening, brightening ray by ray !
- 5 Thus, the just one's day beginneth :
First, the streak of dawn is given :
Earth sees but the early morning,
Cloudless noon is found in heaven.

Minot J. Savage.

297

S.M.

- 1 REJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing ;
The Royal Standard lift on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

THE MARCH OF LIFE.

- 2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age
 Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
 God's wondrous praises speak.
- 3 With all the angel choirs,
 With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
 True rapture, noblest mirth.
- 4 With voice as full and strong
 As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
 The psalms of ancient days.
- 5 Yes, on, through life's long path,
 Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
 In gladness and in woe.
- 6 Still lift your standard high,
 Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil,
 Till dawns the golden day.
- 7 At last the march shall end,
 The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
 Jerusalem the blest.

Dean Plumptre.

11, 10, 11, 6 M.

- 1 **S**TILL will we trust, though earth seem dark
and dreary
And the heart faint beneath his chastening rod ;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and
weary,
Still will we trust in God.
- 2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain,
Through Him alone, who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.
- 3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat us of good thou hast for us designed ;
Choose for us, God ; thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.
- 4 So from the sky the night shall furl her shadows,
And day pour gladness through her golden gates ;
Our rough path lead to flower-enamelled meadows,
Where joy our coming waits.
- 5 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss :
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

William H. Burleigh.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD ON EARTH.

299

8, 7, 4, 4, 7 M.

- 1 **H**OPE on, hope on, the golden days
Are not as yet a-dawning,
The mists of night
Precede the light,
And usher in the morning.
- 2 Hope on, hope on, though black the clouds,
Black shadows intertwining,
Yet calm and still,
O'er heath and hill,
The stars will soon be shining.
- 3 Hope on, hope on, through frost and snow,
Through trouble, toil, and sorrow ;
Through wind and rain,
And tears and pain,
The sun shall pierce to-morrow.
- 4 Hope on, hope on, though friends be few,
And dark the way before us,
A God of love
From heaven above
Shall shed his radiance o'er us.

Godfrey Thring.

- 1 ○ THOU not made with hands,
 Not throned above the skies ;
 Nor walled with jasper round,
 Nor framed with stones of price,
 More bright than gold or gem,
 God's own Jerusalem !

- 2 Where'er the gentle heart
 Finds courage from above ;
 Where'er the heart forsook
 Warms with the breath of love ;
 Where faith bids fear depart,
 City of God ! thou art.

- 3 Thou art where'er the proud
 In humbleness melts down ;
 Where self itself yields up ;
 Where martyrs win their crown ;
 Where faithful souls possess
 Themselves in perfect peace.

- 4 Where in life's common ways
 With cheerful feet we go ;
 In duty's pathway keep,
 Though rough it be and low ;
 Where'er the true of heart,
 City of God ! thou art.

5*Not throned above the skies
Nor golden-walled afar,
Where'er for God and right
His soldiers gathered are,
Thou 'rt in the midst of them
God's own Jerusalem !

Francis T. Palgrave.

301

7 M.

- 1 HEIR of all the ages, I,—
Heir of all that they have wrought,
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought !
- 2 Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way ;
All their labours, all their prayers,
Sanctify this present day.
- 3 Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears ;
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years ;
- 4 Heir of all the faith sublime,
On whose wings they soared to heaven ;
Heir of every hope that Time
To earth's fainting sons hath given ;
- 5 Aspirations pure and high ;
Strength to do and to endure ;
Heir of all the ages, I,—
Lo, I am no longer poor !

Julia C. B. Dorr.

- 1 **F**ATHER, let thy kingdom come,—
Let it come with living power ;
Speak at length the final word,
Usher in the triumph hour.
- 2 As it came in days of old,
In the deepest hearts of men,
When thy martyrs died for thee,
Let it come, O God, again.
- 3 Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
Let them from their place be hurled :
Enter on thy better reign,—
Wear the crown of this poor world.
- 4 O what long, sad years have gone
Since thy Church was taught this prayer
O what eyes have watched and wept
For the dawning everywhere !
- 5 Break, triumphant day of God !
Break at last, our hearts to cheer ;
Throbbing souls and holy songs
Wait to hail thy dawning here.
- 6 Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,—
May they all for God be won !
And, in every human heart,
Father, let thy kingdom come.

John Page Hopps.

- 1 ALL before us lies the way ;
Give the past unto the wind.
All before us is the day ;
Night and darkness are behind.
- 2 Eden, with its rivers old,
Love, and flowers, and living tree,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.
- 3 In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions deep and kind,
In the life that has no care,
Purest Eden we shall find.
- 4 When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful, and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
And our Paradise is found.
- 5 Then shall come the Eden days,
Guardian watch from seraph eyes,
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies.
- 6 From this spirit-land, afar
All disturbing force shall flee ;
Stir, nor toil, nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

Eliza Thayer Clapp.

- 1 **H**OW shall come thy kingdom holy,
 In which all the earth is blest,
 That shall lift on high the lowly
 And to weary souls give rest?
 Not with trumpet call of legions
 Bursting through the npper sky,
 Waking earth through all its regions
 With their heaven-descending cry :

- 2 Not with dash or sudden sally,
 Swooping down with rushing wing ;
 But, as creeping up a valley,
 Come the grasses in the spring :
 First one blade and then another,
 Still advancing are they seen,
 Rank on rank, each by its brother,
 Till each inch of ground is green.

- 3 Through the weary days of sowing,
 Burning sun, and drenching shower,
 Day by day, so slowly growing,
 Comes the waited harvest hour.
 So the Kingdom cometh ever,
 Though it seem so far away ;
 Each bright thought and true endeavour
 Hastens on the blessed day.

Minot J. Savage.

1 **N**OW is the time approaching,
 By prophets long foretold,
 When all shall dwell together,
 One Shepherd and one fold.
 Now, Jew and Gentile, meeting
 From many a distant shore,
 Around one altar kneeling,
 One common Lord adore.

2 Let all that now divides us
 Remove and pass away,
 Like shadows of the morning
 Before the blaze of day.
 Let all that now unites us
 More sweet and lasting prove,
 A closer bond of union
 In a blest land of love.

3 O long-expected dawning,
 Come with thy cheering ray :
 Then shall the morning brighten,
 The shadows flee away.
 O sweet anticipation !
 It cheers the watchers on
 To pray and hope and labour
 Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick.

306

8-7 M.

- 1 **W**E believe in Human Kindness
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken.
We believe in Self-Denial,
And its secret throb of joy;
In the Love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy.
- 2 We believe in dreams of Duty,
Warning us to self-control,—
Foregleams of the glorious beauty
That shall yet transform the soul;
In the godlike wreck of nature
Sin doth in the sinner leave,
That he may regain the stature
He hath lost,—we do believe.
- 3 We believe in Love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day;
In the power of its remoulding,
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection,—we believe.

- 4 We believe in Love Eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That, beneath the deep infernal,
Hath a depth that's deeper still !
In its patience, its endurance
To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph,—we believe.

From 'Good Words.'

307

C.M.

- 1 **T**HOU long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find ;
- 2 How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin :
Hail, Truth divine ! we know thee now,
Angel of God, come in !
- 3 Come, though with purifying fire,
And swift-dividing sword,
Thou of all nations the desire !
Earth waits thy cleansing word.
- 4 Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
Let old oppressions die :
Before thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD ON EARTH.

5 Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as not before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in his poor.

6 Flood our dark life with golden day ;
Convince, subdue, enthrall ;
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And love be all in all.

Eliza Scudder.

308

P.M.

1 THE morning hangs its signal
Upon the mountain's crest,
While all the sleeping valleys
In silent darkness rest ;
From peak to peak it flashes,
It laughs along the sky
' That the crowning day is coming by and by.'
Oh, the crowning day is coming,
Is coming by and by ;
We can see the rose of morning,
A glory in the sky,
And that splendour on the hill-tops
O'er all the land shall lie
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD ON EARTH.

2 Above the generations

The lonely prophets rise—
The truth flings down the day-star
Within their glowing eyes ;
From heart to heart it brightens,
It draweth ever nigh,
Till it crowneth all men thinking, by and by.
Oh, the crowning, &c.

3 The soul hath lifted moments

Above the drift of days,
When life's great meaning breaketh
In sunrise on our ways ;
From hour to hour it haunts us,
The vision draweth nigh,
Till it crowneth living, dying, by and by.
Oh, the crowning, &c.

4 And in the sunrise standing,

Our kindling hearts confess
That no good thing is failure,
No evil thing success.
From age to age it groweth,
That radiant Faith so high,
And its crowning day is coming by and by.
Oh, the crowning, &c.

William C. Gannett.

- 1 ○ GOD of Truth, whose living Word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.
- 2 Set up thy standard, Lord, that we
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with thee to smite the lies
That vex thy groaning earth.
- 3 Ah ! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of him the faithful and the true,
In raiment clean and white !
- 4 We fight for truth, we fight for God,
Poor slaves of lies and sin !
He who would fight for thee on earth
Must first be true within.
- 5 Then, God of Truth for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.
- 6 Still smite ! still burn ! till naught is left
But God's own truth and love ;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD ON EARTH.

- 7 Yea, come ! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in thee.

Tom Hughes.

310

C.M.

- 1 CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime !
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.
- 2 One holy church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One faith and work, one hope and song,
One King Omnipotent !
- 3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth !
And slow and vast thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth !
- 4 Thy watch-fires gleam from night to night,
With never-fainting ray !
Thy towers uprise, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day !
- 5 In vain the surges' angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands ;
Unharm'd, upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands !

Samuel Johnson.

- 1 **I** WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God ;
And all thy ways adore ;
And every day I live, I long
To love thee more and more.
- 2 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.
- 3 I have no cares, O blessèd Will !
For all my cares are thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.
- 4 Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss ;
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.
- 5 Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will, ride on ;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.
- 6 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost :
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD ON EARTH.

- 7 Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his dear will !

Fredk. W. Faber.

312

C.M.

- 1 ONE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.
- 2 From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.
- 3 Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up ;
The pure in heart her baptised ones ;
Love, her communion-cup.
- 4 The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page ;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.
- 5 O living Church, thine errand speed ;
Fulfil thy task sublime ;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed
Redeem the evil time !

Samuel Longfellow.

S.M.

- 1 GOD of the earnest heart—
 The trust assured and still,
Thou who our strength for ever art
 We come to do thy will !
- 2 Upon that painful road
 By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
 Would we go forth, O God ;
- 3 'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
 In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
 To conquer self, and live.
- 4 To draw thy blessing down
 And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown,
 The spirit's Godlikeness.
- 5 No dreams from toil to charm,
 No trembling on the tongue,—
Lord, in thy rest may we be calm,
 Through thy completeness strong.
- 6 Thou hearest while we pray ;
 O deep within us write,
With kindling power, our God, to-day,
 Thy word,—' On earth be light.' .

- 1 **O** SOMETIMES gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man !
- 2 That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.
- 3 We lack but open eye and ear,
To find the Orient's marvels here :
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon changing wood the Burning Bush.
- 4 For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold ;
Slaves rise up men ; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.
- 5 Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude find its way ;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.
- 6 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore :
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

John G. Whittier.

315

S.M.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright
And trim the golden flame,
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch ! tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he's near ;
Make the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see
And be with honour crowned.

Philip Doddridge.

316

L.M.

- 1 **O**UT of the dark, the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light ;
We see not yet the full day here,
But cheer'd we mark the paling night.
- 2 And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
And Faith, that shines, a heavenly will,
And Love, that courage re-inspires,—
These stars have been above us still.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD ON EARTH.

- 3 Look backward, how much has been won !
Look round, how much is yet to win !
The watches of the night are done ;
The watches of the day begin.
- 4 O Thou, whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hope enfolds :
O keep us steadfast, patient, true !

Samuel Longfellow.

317

L.M.

- 1 THE Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice !
From world to world the joy shall ring :
The Lord omnipotent is King !
- 2 The Lord is King ! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just :
Holy and true are all his ways ;
Let every creature speak his praise.
- 3 Come, make your wants, your burdens known ;
The contrite soul he'll ne'er disown :
The angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.
- 4 O, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake ;—
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is king !

Josiah Conder.

318

S.M.

- 1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love !
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign ;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God !
And make the broad earth thine,
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree ;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God !
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

John Johns.

319

C.M.

- 1 WE wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By his almighty power.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD ON EARTH.

- 2 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the day-light springs,
Till he shall come earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on his wings.
- 3 And even now among the gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past.
- 4 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God, be thine !
- 5 Oh, guide us till our night is done !
Until, from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore !

Imitated from J. M. Neale, by S. Longfellow.

320

L.M.

- 1 **L**OOK from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might ;
In pity look on those who stray
Benighted, in this land of light.
- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee.

- 3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.
- 4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William C. Bryant.

321

C.M.

- 1 WE pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign ;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine.
- 2 ' Lo here, lo there,' no more we cry,
Dividing with our call
The mantle of thy presence, Lord,
That seamless covers all.
- 3 We turn from seeking thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of thy praise.

4 And if thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels thee ever near.

5 And nobler yet shall beauty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in thee.

Fredk. L. Hosmer.

322

10 M.

1 **P**OUR, blessed Gospel, glorious news for man !
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll ;
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.

2 On, piercing Gospel, on ! of every heart,
In every latitude, thou own'st the key :
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,
With all their treasures first unlocked by thee !

3 Tread, kindly Gospel, through the nations tread !
With all the civil virtues in thy train ;
Be all to thy blest freedom captive led ;
And Christ, the true emancipator, reign !

4 Spread, giant Gospel, spread thy growing wings !
Gather thy scattered ones from every land :
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings :
Proclaim them all thine own ;—'tis Christ's
command !

Thomas A. Ashworth.

- 1 **A**LL hail, God's angel, Truth !
In whose immortal youth
Fresh graces shine :
To her sweet majesty,
Lord help us bend the knee,
And all her beauty see,
And wealth divine.
- 2 Thanks for the names that light
The path of Truth and Right
And Freedom's way :
For all whose life doth prove
The might of Faith, Hope, Love,
Thousands of hearts to move,
A power to-day !
- 3 Thanks for the heart of Love,
Kin to thine own above,
Tender and brave ;
Ready to bear the cross,
To suffer pain and loss,
And earthly good count dross,
In toils to save.
- 4 May their dear memory be
True guide, O Lord, to thee,
With saints of yore ;
And may the work they wrought,
The truth of God they taught,
The good for man they sought,
Spread evermore !

W. Newell.

1 **H**ARK ! the song of jublee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore :
 " Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign."
 " Hallelujah ! " let the word
 Echo round the earth again.

2 " Hallelujah." Hark ! the sound
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies ;
 See ! the battle flags are furled,
 Pain and evil cease to move ;
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his love.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway,
 Reign and love when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away !
 Hallelujah ! 'neath his rod
 Death and sin and hell shall fall,
 And redeemed man in God
 God in man be all in all.

James Montgomery.

- 1 **H**ARK ! through the waking earth,
Hark ! through the echoing sky,
Herald of heavenly birth,
There comes a glorious cry.
- 2 The triple chains that bind,
Fall from the weary limb,
And from the down-crushed mind,
As soundeth that high hymn.
- 3 Unto each waiting heart
It saith " Arise, be strong !
Bear thou an earnest part
Against all forms of wrong.
- 4 " Wouldst live on earth as lives
The glorious One above ?
He for thy model gives
Himself, and He is Love.
- 5 " Love in each brother man
The God who loveth him ;
Revere the stamp of Heaven
However marred and dim.
- 6 " God's kingdom cometh on !
Be thine to speed its way
Till he shall reign in peace,
And all men own his sway."

THE KINGDOM OF GOD ON EARTH.

- 7 Sound, sound through all the earth !
Sound through the echoing sky !
Proclaim the world's new birth :
Proclaim, the Lord is nigh !

American Collection.

326

8 M.

- 1 **T**HE past is dark with sin and shame,
The future dim with doubt and fear ;
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.
- 2 For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps to come to thee,
And in each purpose high and strong
The influence of thy grace could see.
- 3 He could not breathe an earnest prayer
But thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.
- 4 But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now ;
Shall not the weary find a rest ?
Father, Preserver, answer thou !
- 5 'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun ;
We cannot doubt thy certain love,
And man's true aim shall yet be won !

Thomas W. Higginson.

- 1 **T**HE light pours down from heaven,
And enters where it may ;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day.
- 2 So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er life as free ;
And fill all human spirits,
As waters fill the sea.
- 3 Our souls can shed a glory
On every work well done ;
For even things most lowly,
Are radiant in the sun.
- 4 Then let each waiting spirit
Enjoy the vision bright ;
And spread the truth of heaven
Wide as the heaven's own light.
- 5 Till earth becomes a temple :
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.
- 6 And God shall be our Master,
And all his service own,
And men shall be as brothers,
And heaven on earth be won !

- 1 THE God that to the Fathers
Revealed his holy will,
Has not the world forsaken ;
He 's with the children still.
Then envy not the twilight
That glimmered on their way ;
Look up and see the dawning
That broadens into day.
- 2 'Twas but far off in vision
The father's eyes could see
The glory of the kingdom,—
The better time to be.
To-day we see fulfilling
The dreams they dreamt of old ;
While nearer, ever nearer,
Rolls on the age of gold.
- 3 Where once were walled divisions
Built up of form and creed,
Now blossom fragrant flowers
Of loving thought and deed ;
With trust in God's free spirit,—
The ever-broadening ray
Of truth that shines to guide us
Along our forward way.

Minot J. Savage.

- 1 **G**OD eternal, changing never,
Of our hearts the strength and stay ;
We would be thine own for ever,
Climb, though weak, the heavenly way ;
Ever nearer,
To thy pure and perfect day.
- 2 May we not draw forth new treasure,
From thy wisdom's boundless store ?
Tak'st thou not, blest Spirit, pleasure,
On each age thy breath to pour ?
Strong and holy,
Com'st thou not, as heretofore ?
- 3 By each gift of our receiving
From thy witnesses divine ;
By the radiance of achieving
Which on us from Christ doth shine,
Hear us, hear us !
God Almighty, help us on.
- 4 Make our own a nobler story,
Than was ever writ before ;
Stay not then, show forth thy glory
In our aftercomers more.
Love eternal !
Fuller grace incessant pour.

Thomas H. Gill.

330

11, 10 M.

- 1 **T**HOU art my God ; my soul desires no other ;
For whom have I in heaven or earth but thee ;
Thou art my God, and every man a brother,
Whom I must love, because thou lovest me.
- 2 Thou art my God ; my path is smooth and even,
If in thy perfect love I hope and trust ;
Thou art my God, and I may enter heaven
On earth, by seeking to be true and just.
- 3 Thou art my God ; when storms above me gather,
Thou art my shield, lest on my head they fall ;
Thou art my God, the universal Father,
Whom all must love because thou lovest all.
- 4 Thou art our God ; thy love must surely win us
From sins alluring and destructive ways ;
Thou art our God ; thy kingdom is within us ;
Thine be the glory, endless love, and praise.

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- 1 **N**OW to Heaven our prayer ascending,
God speed the right !
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right !
Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
All their loving toil rewarded,
And success on earth accorded ;
God speed the right !

THE KINGDOM OF GOD ON EARTH.

2 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right !
No event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right !
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
Never from the truth receding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right

3 Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right !
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right !
Truth shall win whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
Proudly let us then obey it :
God speed the right !

Hymns of Life.

332

C.M.

1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The heaven of God is there.
- 3 His presence there is spread abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

William Drennan.

333

8-6 M.

- 1 O FOR the coming of the end,
The last long Sabbath-day of time,
When peace from heaven shall descend,
Like light, on every clime ;—
- 2 And men in ships far off at sea
Shall hear the happy nations raise
The song of peace and liberty,
And overflowing praise.
- 3 Mankind shall be one brotherhood,
One human soul shall fill the earth,
And God shall say ' The world is good
As when I gave it birth.'

E. H. Strype.

- 1 THE Lord will come, and not be slow ;
His footsteps cannot err ;
Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.
- 2 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then ;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.
- 3 Rise, Lord ! judge Thou the earth in might ;
This longing earth redress ;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.
- 4 The nations all whom Thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
- 5 For great Thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done ;
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

John Milton

COMMUNION WITH GOD IN PRAYER.

335

7, 6 M.

- 1 **G**O when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright ;
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way ;
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above
May reach his throne of glory
Who is mercy, truth, and love.
- 3 O not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that he hath given us
To pour our hearts in prayer !
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
And remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

Jane Cross Simpson.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword in the hour of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, ' Behold he prays ! '
- 6 True bond of hearts below, above !
The spirits here, and there,
Live in communion of love
Through links of secret prayer.

James Montgomery.

- 1 **L**ORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear ;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 We perish if we cease from prayer ;
O grant us power to pray ;
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.
- 3 Sad with the shame of conscious sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go ?
- 4 God of all grace ! we come to thee
With broken, contrite hearts :
Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts :—
- 5 Give deep humility,—the sense
Of godly sorrow give,—
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live :—
- 6 Patience, to watch, to wait, and weep,
Until thine own good day ;—
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

4, 8, 8, 4 m.

- 1 **T**EACH us to pray !
 O Father, we look up to thee,
 And this our one request shall be ;
 Teach us to pray.
- 2 Teach us to pray !
 A form of words will not suffice,
 The heart must bring its sacrifice :
 Teach us to pray.
- 3 Teach us to pray !
 To whom should we thy children turn ?
 Teach thou the lesson we would learn ;
 Teach us to pray.
- 4 Teach us to pray !
 That we may calm our souls in thee,
 And all thy tender mercies see.
 Teach us to pray.
- 5 Teach us to pray !
 So shall we find the inner peace,
 And from our sins gain sweet release :
 Teach us to pray.
- 6 Teach us to pray !
 No longer may we doubt and fear,
 But find thy loving kindness near.
 Teach us to pray.

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5, 8, 8, 5 M.

- 1 **L**ORD God Almighty,
 Who hearest all who cry to thee,
 To thee I cry,—O hear thou me,
 Lord God Almighty.

- 2 Lord God Almighty,
 Who lovest all who trust in thee,
 Both small and great,—O love thou me,
 Lord God Almighty.

- 3 Lord God Almighty,
 Who healest all who come to thee ;
 In faith I come,—O heal thou me,
 Lord God Almighty.

- 4 Lord God Almighty,
 Who savest all who saved would be ;
 I fear, I faint,—O save thou me,
 Lord God Almighty.

- 5 Lord God Almighty,
 Which was, and is, and is to be,
 All praise and glory be to thee,
 Lord God Almighty.

G. Thring.

- 1 O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all ?
- 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, thy love declare ;
When harvests ripen thou art there,
Who givest all.
- 3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.
- 4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to thee be given,
Who givest all.
- 5 We lose what on ourselves we spend ;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all.
- 6 Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be ;
Then gladly will we give to thee,
Who givest all.

COMMUNION WITH GOD IN PRAYER.

- 7 To thee, from whom we all receive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give :
O may we ever with thee live,
Who givest all.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.

341

8, 8, 8, 4 M.

- 1 ○ THOU to whom our voices rise,
King of the earth, and air, and skies,
For all the blessings that we prize,
We thank thee, Lord !
- 2 For work and rest, for home and friends,
For health and strength thy mercy sends,
That we may serve the noblest ends,
We thank thee, Lord !
- 3 For idle word and trifling thought,
For selfish pleasure we have sought,
When all for thee we should have wrought,
Forgive us, Lord !
- 4 From anger, pride, and selfish care,
From want of faith in work or prayer,
From sin that we would rashly dare,
O save us, Lord !
- 5 We trust thy wisdom, love, and power :
When all is bright—when sorrows lower—
Through all our life—in death's last hour,
Be with us, Lord !

Dendy Agate.

342

7, 7, 7, 5 M.

- 1 LOVE of love ! as deep and free
 As the all-absolving sea,
 Hear us, while we lift to thee
 Holy chant and psalm.
- 2 Light of lights ! with morning shine ;
 Lift on us thy Light Divine :
 And let charity benign
 Breathe on us her balm.
- 3 Light of lights ! when falls the even,
 Let it close on sin forgiven ;
 Fold us in the peace of heaven ;
 Shed a holy calm.
- 4 Life of life ! our Father be :
 May we live and die to thee ;
 Till with saints hereafter we
 Bear the glorious palm.

Gilbert Rorison.

343

6-4 M.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee ;
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,—
 Nearer, my God, to thee.
 Nearer to thee.

COMMUNION WITH GOD IN PRAYER.

- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.
- 3 There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven,
All that thou sendest me
 In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise.
Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.
- 5 Or, if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
 Upwards I fly ;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee.
 Nearer to thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

6-5 M.

- 1 **P**URER yet, and purer,
I would be in mind,
Dearer, yet, and dearer
Every duty find ;
Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.
- 2 Calmer yet, and calmer
In the hours of pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain ;
Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.
- 3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

4 Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on ;
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

J. Wolfgang von Goethe, tr.

345

C.M.

- 1 ○ HELP us, Lord, each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live !
- 2 O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more !
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Father, from on high ;
We know no help but thee !
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be !

Dean Milman.

346

S.M.

- 1 O EVERLASTING Light,
 Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
 In which creation lay !
- 2 O Everlasting Health,
 From which all healing springs,—
My bliss, my treasure, and my wealth,
 To thee my spirit clings !
- 3 O Everlasting Truth,
 Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide for erring age and youth,
 Lead me and teach me too !
- 4 O Everlasting Strength,
 Uphold me in the way ;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
 To joy, and light, and day !
- 5 O Everlasting Love,
 Well-spring of grace and peace ;
Pour down thy fulness from above,
 Bid doubt and trouble cease !

Horatio Bonar.

347

C.M.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee ;
 From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where sin is waging still
 His most successful war.

COMMUNION WITH GOD IN PRAYER.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy and love,
She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life ;
Sweet source of light divine !
And,—all harmonious names in one—
My Father—thou art mine !

William Cowper.

348

C.M.

- 1 O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear ;
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I may appear.
- 2 If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun ;
As something, loudly, in my breast
Remonstrates I have done :

3 Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
 With passions wild and strong ;
And listening to their witching voice
 Has often led me wrong.

4 Where human weakness has come short,
 Or frailty stepped aside,
Do thou, All-good ! for such thou art,
 In shades of darkness hide.

5 Where with intention I have erred,
 No other plea I have,
But, thou art good ; and goodness still
 Delighteth to forgive.

Robert Burns.

349

7, 5, 8, 8 M.

1 **W**HEN the weary, seeking rest,
 To thy goodness flee ;
When the heavy-laden cast
 All their load on thee ;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
 On thy Name shall call :
When the sinner, seeking life,
 At thy feet shall fall ;
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven thy dwelling-place on high.

COMMUNION WITH GOD IN PRAYER.

- 2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
 Lifts his soul above ;
When the prodigal looks back
 To his Father's love ;
When the proud man, in his pride,
 Stoops to seek thy face ;
When the burdened brings his guilt
 To thy throne of grace :
 Hear, then, &c.
- 3 When the man of toil and care
 In the city crowd ;
When the shepherd on the moor
 Names the name of God ;
When the learnèd and the high,
 Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
 Name the blessèd Name :
 Hear then, &c.
- 4 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
 Youth or maiden fair ;
When the agèd, weak, and grey,
 Seek thy face in prayer ;
When the widow weeps to thee,
 Sad and lone and low ;
When the orphan brings to thee
 All his orphan-woe :
 Hear then, &c.

Horatio Bonar.

- 1 CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
 While the red light fades away ;
 Mother, with thine earnest eye,
 Ever following silently ;
 Father, by the breeze of eve
 Called thy harvest work to leave ;—
 Pray : ere yet the dark hours be,
 Lift the heart and bend the knee !

- 2 Traveller, in the stranger's land,
 Far from thine own household band ;
 Mourner, haunted by the tone
 Of a voice from this world gone ;
 Captive, in whose narrow cell
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
 Sailor, on the darkening sea ;—
 Lift the heart and bend the knee !

- 3 Warrior, that from battle won
 Breathest now at set of sun ;
 Woman, o'er the lowly slain
 Weeping on his burial-plain ;
 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
 Kindred by one holy tie,
 Heaven's first star alike ye see ;—
 Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Felicia Hemans.

1 **L**ORD ! have mercy when we pray
 Strength to seek a better way ;
 When our wakening thoughts begin
 First to hate their cherished sin ;
 When our weary spirits fail,
 And our aching brows are pale ;
 When our tears bedew thy Word ;
 Then, be pitiful, good Lord !

2 Lord ! have mercy when we know
 First how vain this world below ;
 When its darker thoughts oppress,
 Doubts perplex, and fears distress ;
 When the earliest gleam is given
 Of thy bright but distant heaven ;
 Then thy fostering grace afford,
 Then, be pitiful, good Lord !

3 Lord ! have mercy when we lie
 All the restless night and sigh ;
 Sigh for death, yet fear it still
 From the thought of former ill ;
 When the dim advancing gloom
 Tells us that our hour is come ;
 When is loosed the silver cord ;
 Then, be pitiful, good Lord !

Dean Milman

- 1 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
 My humble prayer ascends ; O Father !
 hear it ;
 Upsoaring on the wings of fear and meekness :
 Forgive its weakness !
- 2 I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
 The trembling sacrifice I pour before thee ;—
 What can I offer in thy presence holy,
 But sin and folly ?
- 3 For in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
 Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest ;
 Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our lips repeat
 them—
 Our hearts forget them.
- 4 We see thy hand—it leads us, it supports us ;—
 We hear thy voice—it counsels and it courts us ;
 And then we turn away ! and still thy kindness
 Pardons our blindness.
- 5 O how long-suffering, Lord, but thou delightest
 To win with love the wandering : Thou invitest,
 By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
 Man from his errors.
- 6 Who can resist thy gentle call—appealing
 To every generous thought and grateful feeling ?
 Thy voice paternal—whispering, watching ever ?
 O let me never.

- 7 Father and Saviour, plant within my bosom
The seeds of holiness,—and bid them blossom
In fragrance, and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Sir John Bowring.

353

6-10 M.

- 1 WILT thou not visit me ?
 The plant beside me feels thy
 gentle dew ;
 Each blade of grass I see .
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.
- 2 Wilt thou not visit me ?
The morning calls on me with cheering tone,
 And every hill and tree
Lends but one voice, the voice of thee alone.
- 3 Come ! for I need thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain :
 Come, like thy holy dove,
And, swift-descending, bid me live again.
- 4 Yes ! thou wilt visit me ;
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
 As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

Jones Very.

354

10 M.

- 1 **O** SEND me not away ! for I would drink,
 E'en I, the weakest, at the fount of life ;
 Chide not my steps, that venture near the brink,
 Weary and fainting from the deadly strife.
- 2 Went I not forth undaunted and alone,
 Strong in the majesty of human might ?
 Lo ! I return, all wounded and forlorn,
 My dream of glory lost in shades of night.
- 3 Was I not girded for the battle-field ?
 Bore I not helm of pride and glittering sword ?
 Behold the fragments of my broken shield,
 And give to me thy heavenly armour, Lord !

Book of Hymns, Boston, 1848.

355

7 M.

- 1 **W**HAT is this that stirs within,
 Loving goodness, hating sin,
 Always craving to be blest,
 Finding here below no rest ?
- 2 What is it ? and whither, whence,
 This unsleeping, secret sense,
 Longing for its rest and food
 In some hidden, untried good ?
- 3 'Tis the soul,—mysterious name ;
 Him it seeks from whom it came :
 While I muse, I feel the fire
 Burning on, and mounting higher.

COMMUNION WITH GOD IN PRAYER.

- 4 Onward, upward, to thy throne,
O thou Infinite, Unknown !
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in thee.

William Henry Furness.

356

C.M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God ! in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift,
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow ;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honours, which an hour
May bring and take away ;
We ask not pleasure, pomp and power,
Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom :—Lord impart
The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.
- 5 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days !
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways !

James Montgomery.

357

7 M.

- 1 **T**HEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place ;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present every where.
- 2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every where.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;
God is present every where.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father, come, and wait ;
He will answer every prayer ;
God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden.

358

S.M.D.

- 1 **T**HE praying spirit breathe !
The watching power impart !
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my anxious heart ;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed :
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

COMMUNION WITH GOD IN PRAYER.

- 2 Swift to my rescue come !
 Thine own this moment seize !
Gather my wandering spirit home,
 And keep in perfect peace ;
 Suffered no more to rove
 O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
 And shut me up in God.

Charles Wesley.

359

L.M.

- 1 ○ THOU, who deignest from above
 The pure celestial fire to impart !
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for thy glory burn,
 With inextinguishable blaze ;
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.
- 3 O Lord ! confirm my heart's desire,
 To work, and speak, and think for thee ;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
 My acts of faith and love repeat ;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley.

360

C.M.

- 1 **W**HAT shall we ask of God in prayer?
Whatever good we want ;
Whatever man may seek to share
Or God in wisdom grant.
- 2 Father of all our mercies,—Thou
In whom we move and live !
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling now,
And answer, and forgive.
- 3 When harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel ;
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.
- 5 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love ;
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.
- 6 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of our heart,
In thee may we have peace ;

James Montgomery

THE GOD OF PATIENCE AND CONSOLATION.

361

L.M.

- 1 O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;—
My Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent !
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love ;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
- 3 To them remains nor place nor time ;
Their country is in every clime ;
They can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Mme. de la Mothe Guion,

tr. W. Cowper.

362

6, 6, 8, 4 m.

- 1 O THOU who did'st prepare
 The ocean's caverned cell,
 And teach the gathering waters there
 To meet and dwell :
 Tossed in our fragile bark
 Upon the treacherous sea,
 Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
 And sing to thee.
- 2 How terrible art thou,
 In all thy wonders shown ;
 Though veil'd is thine eternal brow,
 Thy steps unknown !
 Invisible to sight—
 But oh ! to faith how near—
 Beneath the gloomiest cloud of night
 Thou shinest here.
- 3 Snatched from a darker deep
 And waves of wilder foam,
 Thou, Lord, our trusting souls wilt keep,
 And waft them home :
 Home where no storm can sound,
 Nor angry waters roar,
 Nor troublous billows heave around
 That peaceful shore.

Charlotte E. Tonna.

363

8 M.

- 1 **T**O weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes :
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again ;
And yet, in kindest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.
- 2 There 's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There 's rest in his still countenance !
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;
What ills and woes he may not cure,
He kindly trains us to endure.
- 3 Angel of Patience ! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will !
- 4 O thou who mournest on the way,
With longings for the close of day ;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, " Be resigned !
Bear up, bear on, thy end shall tell,
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

From the German, tr. J. G. Whittier.

- 1 **O** DEEM not that earth's crowning bliss
Is found in joy alone ;
For sorrow, bitter though it be,
Hath blessings all its own :
From lips divine, like healing balm,
To hearts oppressed and torn,
This heavenly consolation fell—
' Blessèd are they that mourn ! '
- 2 As blossoms smitten by the rain,
Their sweetest odours yield,
As where the ploughshare deepest strikes
Rich harvests crown the field ;
So to the hopes by sorrow crushed,
A nobler faith succeeds ;
And life, by trial furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.
- 3 Who never mourned, hath never known
What treasures grief reveals,
The sympathies that humanise,
The tenderness that heals,
The power to look within the veil,
And learn the heavenly lore,
The key-word to life's mysteries,
So dark to us before.

- 4 How rich, and sweet, and full of strength,
Our human spirits are,
Baptised into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer ;
Supernal wisdom, love divine,
Breathed through the lips which said
' Oh, blessed are the souls that mourn,
They shall be comforted.'

William H. Burleigh.

365

8, 8, 8, 6 M.

- 1 SHALL we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time,
And his appointed way ?
- 2 When harassed sore with passion's cry,
Or overcome with sorrow's sleep,
We find it hard within our hearts
The watch of life to keep.
- 3 O thou, who in the garden's shade
Did'st wake thy weary ones again
When, slumbering at that fearful hour,
They all forgot thy pain,—
- 4 Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
That we be faithful through the watch
Our souls shall keep with thee !

John G. Whittier.

366

8-7 M.

- 1 ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall :
Some are coming, some are going ;
Do not strive to grasp them all.
- 2 One by one thy duties wait thee ;
Let thy whole strength go to each :
Let no future dreams elate thee ;
Learn thou first what these can teach.
- 3 One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are lent thee here below :
Take them readily when given ;
Ready, too, to let them go.
- 4 One by one thy griefs shall meet thee :
Do not fear an armed band :
One will fade as others greet thee ;
Shadows passing through the land.
- 5 Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
See how small each moment's pain :
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.
- 6 Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

THE GOD OF PATIENCE AND CONSOLATION.

7 Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

8 Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven ; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Adelaide A. Procter.

367

L.M.

1 **I** BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human power ;
For now my shallow cistern 's spent,
I find thy founts, and thirst no more.

2 I take thy hand, and fears grow still ;
Behold thy face, and doubts remove ;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect Truth and boundless Love ?

3 That Love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thine eternal calm ;
And tune its sad and broken speech
To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

4 O be it patient in thy hands,
And drawn, through each mysterious hour,
To service of thy pure commands,
The narrow way to Love and Power !

Samuel Johnson.

368

8, 8-6 M.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear !
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell ;
He only sojourns here.
- 2 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man.
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.
- 3 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home.
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.
- 4 So now, my Father, give release,
In thy deep will may I have peace,
And after sorrow rest :
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Open thine arms, Eternal Friend,
And take me to thy breast.

C. Wesley and S. A. Brooke.

369

P.M.

- 1 HALLELUJAH ! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above !
Hallelujah ! thou repeatest,
Angel-host, these notes of love :
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.
- 2 Hallelujah ! church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky !
Hallelujah ! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high !
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.
- 3 Hallelujah ! strains of gladness
Comfort not the faint and worn :
Hallelujah ! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn :
Our offences
We with better tears must mourn.
- 4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God ! we raise to thee.
Visit us with thy salvation,
Make us all thy peace to see !
Hallelujah ;
Ours at length this strain shall be.

From the Latin, tr. J. Chandler.

370

11-10 M.

- 1 FATHER, to thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing
flows ;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the
morrow ;
Safely they rest who on thy love repose.
- 2 When fond hopes fail, and skies are dark before
us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,—
Comes with its calm the thought that thou art
o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.
- 3 Naught shall affright us on thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song ;
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.
- 4 Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows !
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain ;
Yet shalt thou praise him when these darkened
furrows,
Where now he ploweth, wave with golden
grain.

Fredk. L. Hosmer.

371

11-10 M.

1 **WE** will not weep ; for God is standing by
us,

And tears will blind us to the blessed sight ;
We will not doubt,—if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

2 We will not faint,—if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear,
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
We shall be braver for the past despair.

3 Oh, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending,
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last,
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us when the Death is past.

4 Help us, O Father, when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their
friend ;
Help us, O Father ! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness, till the joyful end.

Wm. Hy. Hurlbut.

372

10 M.

- 1 **D**ARK is thè sky that overhangs my soul,
The mists are thick that through the valley
roll,
But as I tread, I cheer my heart and say,
When the day breaks, the shadows flee away.
- 2 I bear the lamp my Master gave to me,
Burning and shining must it ever be,
And I must tend it till the night decay,—
Till the day break, and shadows flee away.
- 3 God maketh all things good unto his own,
For them in every darkness light is sown ;
He will make good the gloom of this my day,—
Till that day break, and shadows flee away.
- 4 He will be near me in the awful hour
When the last foe shall come in blackest power ;
And he will hear me when at last I pray—
' Let the day break, the shadows flee away ! '
- 5 In him, my God, my Glory, I will trust :
Awake and sing, O dweller in the dust !
Who shall come, will come, and will not delay,—
His day will break, those shadows flee away !

Samuel J. Stone.

373

L.M.

- 1 ○ DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.
- 3 There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give him to thy arms again.
- 5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.
- 6 For God has marked each sorrowing hour
And numbered every secret tear ;
And heaven's long age of love and power
Grows out of all we suffer here.

William C. Bryant.

374

9-8 M.

- 1 **W**HAT comforts, Lord, to those are given,
Who seek in thee their home and rest !
They find on earth an opening heaven,
And in thy peace are amply blest.
- 2 Their tranquil joy no troubles banish,
Their hiding-place is safe above !
The dismal clouds of night must vanish
At dawning of thy light of love !
- 3 In thee, O Lord, I seek protection ;
To thee I take my eager flight :
I yield my feet to thy direction ;
Behold ! my ways are in thy sight !
- 4 If thou through thorny paths wilt lead me,
I'll simply trust in thee, O Lord !
The clouds at thy command must feed me,
And rocks refreshing drink afford.

Wolfgang C. Dessler.

375

7 M.

- 1 **G**OD ! be merciful to me !
For my spirit trusts in thee,
And to thee, her refuge, springs :
Be the shadow of thy wings
Round my trembling spirit cast,
Till this storm be overpast.

THE GOD OF PATIENCE AND CONSOLATION.

- 2 From the waterfloods that roll
Deep and deeper round my soul
Take me, O my Father, take,
For thy loving-kindness' sake :
If thy truth from me depart,
That rebuke will break my heart.
- 3 Foes increase ; they close me round ;
Friend nor comforter is found ;
Sore temptations now assail ;
Hope and strength and courage fail ;
Turn not from thy servant's grief ;
Hasten, Lord, to my relief.
- 4 Poor and sorrowful am I ;
Set me, O my God, on high :
Worn and spent with anxious thought ;
Nigh to death my soul is brought ;
Save me, Lord, in mercy save ;
Lest I sink below the grave.
- 5 Hark ! He hears me from on high,
' Child of sorrow—it is I !
Thou shalt strive and weep no more,
Come and see my happy shore,
Rest and live and love with me,
I am thine eternity.'

James Montgomery.

376

7, 5, 7, 5, 5, 5 M.

1 **H**AVE mercy, O Father !
To thee do we cry ;
Faint, weary and wayworn,
To thy wings we fly !
Speak peace to our souls !
Without thee we die.

2 We wander in darkness,
O grant us thy light !
We stray from the pathway,
Lost, lost in the night ;
O be thou our guide
And lead us aright !

Wm. Hy. Furness.

377

8-6 M.

1 **S**WEET is the solace of thy love,
My Heavenly Friend, to me,
While through the hidden way of faith
I journey home with thee,
Learning by quiet thankfulness
As a dear child to be.

2 Though from the shadow of thy peace
My feet would often stray,
Thy mercy follows all my steps,
And will not turn away ;
Yea, thou wilt comfort me at last,
As none beneath thee may.

- 3 Oft, in a dark and lonely place,
I hush my hastened breath,
To hear the comfortable words
Thy loving Spirit saith ;
And feel my safety in thy hand
From every kind of death.
- 4 O, there is nothing in the world
To weigh against thy will !
E'en the dark times I dread the most
Thy covenant fulfil ;
And when the pleasant morning dawns,
I find thee with me still.
- 5 Then in the secret of my soul,
Though hosts my peace invade,
Though through a waste and weary land
My lonely way be made,
Thou, even thou wilt comfort me—
I need not be afraid.

Anna L. Waring.

378

10 M.

- 1 'TIS a beautiful world which God has made,
Where the sunlight blends with the evening
shade,
Where, 'midst the rough tumult of earthly things,
Is heard the soft moving of Angels' wings.
[And the Lord shall watch between me and thee,
And his pardoning Love shall our refuge be.]

THE GOD OF PATIENCE AND CONSOLATION.

- 2 But our sins have made sad this world so fair ;
They have brought us sorrow and pain and care ;
Where always some weary head bends to die,
And ever the world seems to say ' Good-bye.'
- 3 Through the shades of night we feel God's hand
To be leading us to a better land,
Where weary souls rest in a peace untold,
And walk in the light through the gates of gold.
- 4 And to-day is the old, old story told,
How our souls may reach those bright streets of
gold,
Where love is the sun that shall ever shine,
And all that is his shall be called mine.
- 5 And beside the still waters God shall lead,
To the pastures green his own flock to feed,
Where tears and where sorrow are never known,
Where death finds no place by the sunlit Throne.

Edward Husband.

379

6-5 M.

- 1 O LET him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

THE GOD OF PATIENCE AND CONSOLATION.

Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God his watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

2 God will never leave thee,
All thy wants he knows
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.
Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

3 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who his children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.
All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

4* Heavenly Father, hear us !
While on earth below,
Be thou ever near us,
All thy goodness show.
Then on thee relying
In the mortal strife,
Lord, receive us dying,
To eternal life.

Heinrich S. Oswald, tr. Frances E. Cox.

380

C.M.

- 1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me !
- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart
Good Lord, remember me !
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day ;
Good Lord, remember me !
- 4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
ant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
Good Lord, remember me !
- 5 And oh ! when in the hour of death
I bow to thy decree,
To thee I give my parting breath ;
Good Lord, remember me !

Thomas Haweis.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

381

11-4 M.

- 1 **W**ITH silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.
- 2 Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,—
“ Our Father's will,
Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth,
Is mercy still.”
- 3 Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought ;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel ;
The good die not !
- 4 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly,
What he has given ;
They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly
As in his heaven.

John G. Whittier.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the western evening light !
It melts in deepening gloom :
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low ; the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree :
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.
- 3 How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly, on the wandering cloud,
The sunset beam is cast !
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.
- 5 And lo ! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears :
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.
- 6 Night falls ; but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore :
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake to close no more.

Willim B. O. Peabody.

383

8, 8, 8, 4 m.

- 1 **T**HERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.
- 2 The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.
- 3 Ah ! mourner, long of storms the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam ;
Hope ! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.
- 4 Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosoms deepest wound
With heavenly balm.
- 5 A bruised reed God will not break ;
Afflictions all his children feel ;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal !

O traveller in the vale of tears !
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

James Montgomery.

- 1 FAREWELL, brother ! deep and lowly
Rest thee on thy bed of clay.
Kindred saints and angels holy
Bore thy heavenward soul away.
Sad, we give thee to that number
Laid in yonder icy halls,
Where, above thy peaceful slumber,
Many a shower of sorrow falls.
- 2 Hear our prayer, O God of Glory,
Lowly breathed in sorrow's song :
Bleeding hearts lie bare before thee,
Come in holy trust made strong,
Hark ! a voice moves nearer, stronger,
From the shadowy land we dread
' Mortals, upward ! seek no longer
Those that live among the dead ! '
- 3 Farewell, brother ! soon we meet thee
Where no cloud of sorrow rolls :
For glad tidings float, how sweetly !
From the glorious land of souls.
Death's cold gloom—it parts asunder ;
Lo ! the folding shades are gone.
Mourner, upward ! yonder, yonder,
God's broad day comes pouring on !

Edward H. Sears.

385

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7 m.

- 1 **W**HEN for me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known,
Shall I vainly seek mine own
- 2 Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must for ever live and grow.
- 3 He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.
- 4 Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river :
Death, thy hastening oar I know ;
Bear me, thou life-giver,
Through the waters to the shore
Where mine own have gone before.

Lucy Larcom.

386

6, 6, 4 M.

1 **L**OWLY and solemn be
 Thy children's cry to thee,
 Father divine !
 A hymn of suppliant breath,
 Owning that life and death
 Alike are thine.

2 O Father ! in that hour
 When earth all succouring power
 Shall disavow ;
 When spear and shield and crown
 In faintness are cast down ;
 Sustain us, thou !

3 By him who bowed to take
 The death-cup for our sake,
 The thorn, the rod !
 From whom the last dismay
 Was not to pass away ;
 Aid us, O God !

4 Tremblers beside the grave,
 We call on thee to save,
 Father divine !
 Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
 Keep us in life and death,
 Thine, only thine !

Felicia D. Hemans.

- 1 FATHER ! our brother's course is run,
And we bring home thy weary son ;
No more he toils, no more he weeps,
And shall we mourn because he sleeps ?
- 2 O welcome in the morn, the road
That climbs to virtue's high abode ;
But when descends the evening dew,
The inn of rest is welcome, too.
- 3 Thou say'st to man, ' Arise ; and run
Thy glorious race with yonder sun ! '
But, when thy children need repose,
Their Father's hand the curtains close.
- 4 What though, with eyes that yet can weep,
The sinner trembles into sleep !
Thou know'st he yet shall wake, and rise
To gaze on mercy's brightest skies.
- 5 The fearful child, though still caressed,
Will tremble on his mother's breast ;
But he, she knows, is safe from ill,
Though, watched by love, he tremble still.
- 6 Lord ! when our brother wakes, may they
Who watch beneath thy footstool say,
' Another wanderer is forgiven !
Another child is born in heaven.'

Ebenezer Elliott.

1 "BROTHER," the angels say,
 "Peace to thy heart ;
 We, too, O brother, have
 Been as thou art,—
 Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed,
 Seeing in part,
 Tried, troubled, tempted,
 Sustained, as thou art."

2 "Brother," they softly say,
 "Be our thoughts one ;
 Bend thou with us and pray,
 'Thy will be done.'
 Our God is thy God ;
 He wills the best ;
 Trust as we trusted,
 Rest as we rest."

3 "Ye, too," they gently say,
 "Shall angels be ;
 Ye, too, O brothers,
 From earth be free ;
 Yet in earth's loved ones
 Ye shall have part,
 Bearing God's strength and love
 To the torn heart."

- 4 Thus when the spirit, tried,
Tempted and worn,
Finding no earthly aid,
Heavenward doth turn,
Come these sweet angel-tones
Falling like balm,
And on the troubled heart
Steals a deep calm.

389

L.M.

- 1 **A**H ! why should bitter tears be shed
In sorrow o'er the mounded sod,
While verily there are no dead
Of all the children of our God ?
- 2 They who are lost to outward sense
Have but flung off their robes of clay,
And, clothed in heavenly radiance,
Attend us on our lowly way.
- 3 And oft their spirits breathe in ours
The hope and strength and love of theirs,
Which bloom as bloom the early flowers
In breath of summer's viewless airs.
- 4 Let living Faith serenely pour
Her sunlight on our pathway dim,
And death can have no terrors more ;
But holy joy shall walk with him.

G. S. Burleigh.

390

L.M.

- 1 **G**OD giveth quietness at last !
The common way once more is passed
From pleading tears and lingerings fond
To fuller life and love beyond.
- 2 Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
Dear ones familiar with the place !
While to the gentle greetings there
We answer here with murmured prayer.
- 3 What to shut eyes hath God revealed ?
What hear the ears that death has sealed ?
What undreamed beauty passing show
Requites the loss of all we know ?
- 4 O Silent Land to which we move !
Enough, if there alone be love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow !
- 5 O white soul ! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o'er ;
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the dear voice we loved so well !

John G. Whittier.

391

L.M.

- 1 **E**ARTH'S transitory things decay,
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away ;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

- 2 As, 'midst the ever-rolling sea,
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain :—
- 3 As, in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light for ever shine ;
Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age :—
- 4 So through the ocean-tide of years,
The memory of the just appears ;
So through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.
- 5 Happy the virtuous ! come what may,
Though heaven dissolve, and earth decay ;
Happy the righteous man ! for he
Belongs to immortality.

Sir John Bowring.

392

6-7 M.

- 1 ○ IT is sweet to think
Of those that are departed,
While whispered yearnings sink
To silence tender-hearted,
While tears that have no pain
Are tranquilly distilling,
And the dead live again
In hearts that love is filling.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

- 2 Dear dead ! they have become
Like guardian angels to us ;
And distant heaven, like home,
Through them begins to woo us :
Love, that was earthly, wings
Its flight to holier places :
The dead are sacred things
That multiply our graces.
- 3 They whom we loved on earth
Attract us now to heaven ;
Who shared our grief and mirth
Back to us now are given.
They move with noiseless foot
Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.
- 4 O dearest dead ! to heaven
With grudging sighs we gave you,
To Him,—be doubts forgiven !—
Who took you there to save you !
O for his grace to love
Your memories yet more kindly,
Pine for our homes above,
And trust to God more blindly !

Frederick W. Faber.

- 1 **T**HE kings of old have shrine and tomb
 In many a minster's haughty gloom ;
 And green, along the ocean-side,
 The mounds arise where heroes died ;
 But show me on thy flowery breast,
 Earth ! where thy nameless martyrs rest !

- 2 The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
 Have made one offering of their days ;
 For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,
 Resigned the bitter cup to take ;
 And silently, in fearless faith,
 Have bowed their noble souls to death.

- 3 Where sleep they, earth ? by no proud stone
 Their narrow cell of rest is known ;
 The still, sad glory of their name
 Hallows no fountain unto fame ;
 No, not a tree the record bears
 Of their deep thoughts and lowly prayers.

- 4 Yet what if no light footstep there,
 In pilgrim-love and awe repair,
 And the old woods and sounding waves
 Are silent of those hidden graves ?
 They sleep in secret :—but their sod,
 Unknown to man, is marked of God.

Felicia D Hemans.

- 1 GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies !
All souls are thine : we must not say
That those are dead who pass away ;
From this our world of sense set free,
Our dead are living unto thee.
- 2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With thee is hidden still their life :
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their
powers,
All thine, and yet most truly ours ;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto thee.
- 3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair,
Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care ;
In life, in joy, in peace they be ;
Not dead, but living unto thee.
- 4 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin ;
That body, soul, and spirit be,
For ever living unto thee !

John Ellerton.

- 1 **I** T singeth low in every heart,
 We hear it each and all,—
 A song of those who answer not,
 However we may call.
 They throng the silence of the breast ;
 We see them as of yore,—
 The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
 Who walk with us no more.

- 2 'Tis hard to take the burden up,
 When these have laid it down :
 They brightened all the joy of life,
 They softened every frown.
 But, oh ! 'tis good to think of them
 When we are troubled sore :
 Thanks be to God that such have been,
 Although they are no more !

- 3 More homelike seems the vast unknown,
 Since they have entered there ;
 To follow them were not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare.
 They cannot be where God is not,
 On any sea or shore ;
 Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
 Our God for evermore !

John W. Chadwick.

- 1 I CANNOT think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more ;
Along the path of life I tread,
They have but gone before.
- 2 The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim ;
All souls are his, and here or there,
Are living unto him.
- 3 And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.
- 4 Their lives are made forever mine ;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.
- 5 Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free ;
For God hath given to love to keep
Its own eternally

. Fredk. L. Hosmer.

397

8, 8, 7 M.

- 1 O UR beloved have departed,
 While we tarry heavy-hearted,
 In the dreary, empty house :
 They have ended life's brief story,
 They have reached the home of glory,
 Over death victorious.
- 2 Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly ;
 On we travel, daily, nightly,
 To the rest that they have found.
 Are we not upon the river,
 Sailing fast to meet for ever,
 On more holy, happy ground ?
- 3 On in haste, to home invited,
 There with friends to be united
 In a surer bond than here ;
 Meeting soon, and met for ever !
 Glorious Hope, forsake us never,
 For thy glimmering light is dear.
- 4 Ah, the way is shining clearer,
 As we journey ever nearer
 To the everlasting home ;
 Comrades, who await our landing,
 Friends, who round the throne are standing,
 We salute you, and we come.

German, tr. Anon.

- 1 **W**E mourn for those who toil,
 The slave who ploughs the main,
 Or him who hopeless tills the soil
 Beneath the stripe and chain :
 For those who, in the race,
 O'erwearied and unblest,
 A host of restless phantoms chase :—
 Why mourn for those who rest ?
- 2 We mourn for those who sin,
 Bound in the tempter's snare,
 Whom syren pleasure beckons in
 To prisons of despair ;
 Whose hearts, by passions torn,
 Are wrecked on folly's shore :—
 But why in sorrow should we mourn
 For those who sin no more ?
- 3 We mourn for those who weep ;
 Whom stern afflictions bend
 With anguish o'er the lowly sleep
 Of lover or of friend :
 But they to whom the sway
 Of pain and grief is o'er,
 Whose tears our God hath wiped away,
 O mourn for them no more !

Lydia Sigourney.

7-6 M.

1* **F**AREWELL, thou once a mortal !
 Our comrade and our friend !
 Go ! pass the heavenly portal,
 To God, thy glorious end !

2 The Author of thy being
 Hath summoned thee away ;
 And faith is lost in seeing,
 And night in endless day.

3 With those that went before thee,
 The saints of ancient days,
 Who shine in sacred story,
 Thy soul hath found its place :

4 Acquainted with their sadness,
 While in the weeping vale,
 Thou sharest now their gladness
 And joys that never fail.

5 No loss of friends shall grieve thee,
 That we alone must bear,
 They cannot, cannot leave thee,
 Thy kind companions there.

6 From all thy care and sorrow
 Thou art escaped to-day,—
 And we shall mount to-morrow,
 And soar to thee away.

Charles Wesley.

400

P.M.

1 **F**RRIEND after friend departs ;
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end :
 Were this frail world our only rest,
 Living or dying none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections transient fire
 Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

3* There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A whole eternity of love,
 The Father's one wide home ;
 And faith beholds the dying here,
 Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day ;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,—
 They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

James Montgomery.

THE BETTER LIFE BEYOND.

401

10 M.

1 WE wake each morn as if the Maker's grace
Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
That we might sing, ' How happy is our case,
How beautiful it is to be alive ! '

2 Lo ! all around us his bright servants stand :
And if with frowning brows for their disguise,
Yet with such wells of love in their deep eyes,
And so strong rescue hidden in their hands !

3 And our lives may in glory move along :
First holy white, and then all good, and fair
For our dear Lord to see,—the very air
We breathe, self-shaped into a natural song.

4 And ever towards new heights we still may
strive,—
Till, just as any other friend's, we press
Death's hand ; and, having died, feel none the
less
How beautiful it is to be alive !

Henry S. Sutton.

- 1 **L**ORD, to live life again
Is not our cry,
One tear to memory given,
Onward we hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er
All but at rest on shore,
Say, should we plunge once more,
With home so nigh ?
- 2 Why should we, if we might,
Retrace our way ?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray ?
Night's gloomy watch is fled,
Morning's all burning red,
Hope's smiles are round us shed !
Heavenward, away !
- 3 Where then are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight ?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight ;
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me,
Fly, time, fly speedily !
Come, Life and Light

Lady Nairn.

- 1 **W**HEN the toil of day is done,
 When the race of life is run,
 Father, grant thy wearied one
 Rest for evermore !
- 2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
 When the foe within is killed,
 Be thy gracious word fulfilled—
 Peace for evermore !
- 3 When the darkness melts away
 At the breaking of thy day,
 Bid us hail the cheering ray,
 Light for evermore !
- 4 When the heart, by sorrow tried,
 Feels at length its throbs subside,
 Grant us, where all tears are dried,
 Joy for evermore !
- 5 When for vanished days we yearn,
 Days that never can return,
 Teach us in thy love to learn
 Love for evermore !
- 6 When the breath of life is flown,
 When the grave must claim its own,
 Lord of life ! be ours thy crown—
 Life for evermore !

John Ellerton.

7, 6, 7, 5 M.

1 **H**OPE, for the day is dawning,
 Dawning to fade no more :
 Bright shines the peaceful haven,
 Where earth's shades are o'er.
 Hope when the way is lonely :
 Hope when the heart is sad :
 Hope for the light that maketh
 Earth's night watchers glad.

2 Hope, for a mighty army,
 Conquering, have gone before :
 Hope, for they wait to greet us
 On the victor's shore.
 Hope, with a brave endeavour
 All things to do or bear :
 Hope for the heavenly country :—
 No more crosses there.

3 Hope, for the Father leads us
 Onward through good or ill :
 Hope with a trustful spirit,
 Waiting for his will.
 Hope till the morning shineth
 Hope till the night is o'er,
 When, with the perfect seeing,
 Hope shall be no more.

John Page Hopps.

- 1 **T**HE saints on earth and those above,
But one communion make ;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow :
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Lo ! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.
- 5 By faith we join our friendly hands
With those that went before ;
And greet the pure, triumphant bands
On the eternal shore.
- 6 O God ! be thou our constant guide :
Then, when thy word is given,
Shall death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

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C.M.

- 1 **T**HE world may change from old to new,
From new to old again ;
Yet hope and heaven, for ever true,
Within man's heart remain.
- 2 The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps towards some happy goal,
The story of hope's song.
- 3 Hope leads the child to plant the flower
The man to sow the seed ;
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,
But prompts again to deed :
- 4 And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears—to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.
- 5 Oh, no ! it is no flattering lure,
No fancy weak or fond,
When hope would bid us rest secure
Of better life beyond.
- 6 Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
Her promise may gainsay ;
The voice divine hath spoke within,
And God did ne'er betray.

Tr. from Schiller.

- 1 **N**OW slowly, slowly darkening,
The evening hours roll on ;
And soon beyond the cloud-land
Will sink my setting sun.
- 2 Around my path life's mysteries
Their deepening shadows throw ;
And as I gaze and ponder,
They dark and darker grow.
- 3 Yet still amid the darkness
I feel the light is near ;
And in the awful silence
God's voice I seem to hear :—
- 4 But hear it as the thunder,
Or murmuring of the sea ;
The secret it is telling,—
It tells it not to me.
- 5 Yet hark ! a voice above me,
Which says, ' Wait, trust, and pray :
The night will soon be over ;
And light will come with day.'
- 6 Amen ! the light and darkness
Are both alike to thee :
Then to thy waiting servant
Alike they both shall be.

- 7 That great unending future !
I cannot pierce its shroud ;
But nothing doubt, nor tremble :—
God's bow is in the cloud.
- 8 To him I yield my spirit ;
On him I lay my load :
Fear ends with death : beyond it
I nothing see but God.
- 9 Thus moving towards the darkness,
I calmly wait his call ;
Seeing and fearing nothing ;
Hoping and trusting all !

Samuel Greg.

408

C.M.

- 1 **M**Y God, I rather look to thee
Than to my fancy fond,
And wait, till thou reveal to me
That fair and far Beyond.
- 2 I seek not of thy Eden-land
The forms and hues to know,
What trees in mystic order stand,
What strange, sweet waters flow ;
- 3 What duties fill the heavenly day,
Or converse glad and kind ;
Or how along each shining way
The bright processions wind.

THE BETTER LIFE BEYOND.

- 4 O, sweeter far to trust in thee
While all is yet unknown,
And through the death-dark cheerily
To walk with thee alone !
- 5 In thee, my powers, my treasures live ;
To thee my life must tend ;
Giving thyself thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend.

Eliza Scudder.

409

S.M.

- 1 ' **F**OR ever with the Lord ! '
Amen ; so let it be !
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality !
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 2 My Father's house on high !
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear !
Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

THE BETTER LIFE BEYOND.

3 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.
And then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

4 'For ever with the Lord !'
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the Lord !'

James Montgomery.

- 1 **B**RIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
- 2 O happy retribution ;
Short toil, eternal rest !
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.
- 3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
- 4 There grief is turned to pleasure,
And martyrdom hath peace,
And from our vain desire,
God giveth us release.
- 5 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
- 6 And God, our King and portion,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

THE BETTER LIFE BEYOND.

- 7 O sweet and blessed country
The home of God's elect ;
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect !
- 8 Where they who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the strife,
For ever and for ever
Are clad with robes of life.

Bernard of Olunty, tr. J. M. Neale.

411

C.M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home !
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my labours have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 O happy harbour of the saints !
O sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No death, no care, nor toil.
- 3 We that are here in banishment
Our vigil still must keep ;
Must stand and wait, and often long
These tears no more to weep.
- 4 But blessed are the pure in heart
That find their home in thee,
Where weary spirits are at rest
In God eternally.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
In holy converse stand :
And soon the sons of God below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still longs for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

*Latin of the 9th Century, altered in the 16th ;
tr. Anon. 1616.*

412

S.M.

1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb :
Then, O my God, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
O come and dwell within my heart,
And take my sins away.

THE BETTER LIFE BEYOND.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not—
A far serener clime :
Then, O my God, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
O come and dwell within my heart,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :
Then, O my God, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
O come and dwell within my heart,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more ;
Then, O my God, prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
O come and dwell within my heart,
And take my sins away.

Horatio Bonar.

413

11-10 M.

- 1 ○ FOR the peace that floweth as a river,
 Making life's desert places bloom and
 smile ;
 O for that faith to grasp the glad Forever,
 Amid the shadows of earth's little while !
- 2 A little while for patient vigil keeping,
 To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong ;
 A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
 Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest-
 song ;
- 3 A little while to wear the veil of sadness,
 To toil with weary step through miry ways,
 Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
 And clasp the girdle round the robe of Praise ;
- 4 A little while, 'mid shadow and illusion,
 To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell,
 Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
 Then hail sight's verdict,—He doth all things
 well.
- 5 And He who is himself the gift and giver,
 The future glory and the present smile,
 With the bright promise of the glad Forever
 Will light the shadows of earth's little while.

Jane F. Crewdson.

6-5 M.

1 **H**AND in hand with angels
Through the world we go ;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.

2 Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own ;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

3 Hand in hand with angels ;
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.

4 Some soft hands are carried
From our mortal grasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer clasp.

5 Hand in hand with angels,
Walking every day ;
How the chain may brighten,
None of us can say.

6 Yet it doubtless reaches
From earth's lowest one
To the loftiest seraph,
Standing near the throne.

Lucy Larcom.

- 1 I LONG for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long ;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.
- 2 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
- 3 And if my heart and flesh are weak,
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.
- 4 And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.
- 5 I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.
- 6 O Thou, my God, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me, if too close I lean
My human heart on thee.

John G. Whittier.

416

11, 10, 11, 6 m.

- 1 **W**HEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces
blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown ;
- 2 Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay ;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay !
- 3 Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and
shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.
- 4 I have but thee, my Father ! let thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold ;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor streets of shining gold.
- 5 Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding
grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place ;

6 Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease,
And flows for ever through heaven's green expan-
sions
The river of thy peace.

7 There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

John G. Whittier.

417

S.M.

1 **T**HERE is no night in heaven :—
In that blest world above ;
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven :—
There all is perfect day ;
There tears are 'mid those former things,
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven :—
Amid that blessed throng,
All-holy is their spotless robe,
All-holy is their song.

4 There is no death in heaven :—

For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

5 O Father, be our Guide,

And lead us safely on,
Till night, and grief, and sin, and death
Are past, and heaven is won !

Francis M. Knollis.

418

C.M.

1 I N thee my powers, my treasures, live ;
To thee my life must tend ;

Giving thyself, thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend !

2 And wherefore should I seek above

The City in the sky,
Since firm in faith, and deep in love,
Its broad foundations lie ?

3 Since in a life of peace and prayer,

Nor known on earth nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised.

4 Where pain the soul hath purified,

And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There—only there—is heaven !

Eliza Scudder.

- 1 **H**OW glorious are those orbs of light,
 In all their bright array,
 That gem the ebon brow of night,
 Or pour the blaze of day !
- 2 See lovely Nature raise her head,
 In various graces dressed ;
 Her lucid robe by ocean spread,
 Her verdant, flowery vest.
- 3 Unnumbered tribes obey her will ;
 Her bounty each displays :
 She smiles, and every grove and hill
 Is vocal in her praise.
- 4 One gem, of purest ray, divine,
 Alone disclaims her power ;
 Still brighter shall its glories shine,
 When her's are seen no more.
- 5 Her pageants pass, nor leave a trace ;
 The soul no change shall fear ;
 The God of nature and of grace
 Has stamped his image there.
- 6 Nor life, nor death, its trust shall move,
 Nor powers, nor worlds unknown ;
 Responsive to its Maker's love,
 And prostrate at his throne.

- 1 **F**ATHER, when my life is over, and I stand
upon the shore,
With the dear world all behind me, and eternity
before,
In that ocean, O my Father, must I plunge for
evermore ?
- 2 **F**ather, life is sweet, and sweeter is the sense
that I am thine :
Can the love I bear thee perish, or can space that
love confine ?
If my soul can die and lose thee, how, Eternal,
art thou mine ?
- 3 **C**ould a finite thing created in the bounds of time
and space,
Could it live and grow and love thee, catch the
glory of thy face,
Fade and die, be gone for ever, have no being,
know no place ?
- 4 **N**o ! my soul will not believe it, thou art in me,
and I in thee ;
I will listen to the message that my own soul
brings to me,
Shamed that Faith should ask a token, doubt her
own eternity.

5 When that ocean closes round me, let what will,
O Lord, betide,
Though the dear world fade behind me, thou wilt
guide me, thou wilt guide,
Thou wilt still be with me, Father,—with me on
the Other Side.

E. B.

421

L.M.

- 1 I PRAISED the earth in beauty seen
With garlands gay, of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And Earth and Ocean seemed to say,
' Our beauties are but for a day ! '
- 2 I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky :
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
' Our days of light are numbered ! '
- 3 O God ! O good beyond compare !
If thus thy meaner works are fair ;
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of sinful earth and mortal man ;
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee.

Bishop Heber.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Perpetual day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green :
'T was thus to Israel Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeckoned eyes ;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

DEDICATION OF THE CHILDREN.

423

6, 10, 10, 10 M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, our children keep !
We know not what is coming on the earth ;
Beneath the shadow of thy heavenly wing,
O keep them, keep them, thou who gav'st them
birth.
- 2 Father, draw nearer us !
Draw firmer round us thy protecting arm :
O clasp our children closer to thy side,
Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.
- 3 Them in thy chambers hide ;
O hide them and preserve them calm and safe,
When sin abounds, and errors flow abroad,
And evil tempts, and human passions chafe.
- 4 O keep them undefiled !
Unspotted from a tempting world of sin ;
That, clothed in white, through the bright city-
gates,
They may with us in triumph enter in.

Horatio Bonar.

424

8-7 M.

- 1 FATHER, who thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share,—
- 2 Thou, our little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm ;
There, we know,—thy word believing,—
Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be to sin a prey ;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them in life's doubtful way :
- 4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place—
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

William A. Muhlenberg.

425

C.M.

- 1 ALL hidden lie the future ways
Their little feet shall fare ;
But holy thoughts within us stir
And rise on lips of prayer.
- 2 To us beneath the noonday heat,
Dust-stained and travel-worn,
How beautiful their robes of white,
The freshness of their morn !

DEDICATION OF THE CHILDREN.

3 Within us wake the childlike heart,
Back rolls the tide of years ;
The silent wells of memory start
And flow in happy tears.

4 O little ones, ye cannot know
The power with which ye plead,
Nor why, as on through life we go,
The little child doth lead.

Fredk. L. Hosmer.

426

7, 6, 8, 6 M.

1 GOD bless the little children,
The faces sweet and fair,
The bright young eyes, so strangely wise,
The bonny silken hair.

2 God love the little children,—
The angels at the door ;
The music sweet of little feet
That patter on the floor.

3 God help the little children,
Who cheer our saddest hours,
And shame our fears for future years,
And give us winter flowers.

4 God keep the little children
Whom we no more can see ;
Fled from their nest and gone to rest,
Where we desire to be.

John Page Hopps.

427

S.M.

1 **T**O him who children blessed,
 And suffered them to come,—
 To him who took them to his breast
 We bring these children home.

2 To thee, O God, whose face
 Their angels still behold,
 We bring them, praying that thy grace
 May keep, thine arms enfold.

3 And as this water falls
 On each unconscious brow,
 The holy spirit grant, O Lord,
 To keep them pure as now !

James F. Clarke.

428

S.M.

1 **T**O thee, O God in heaven,
 This little one we bring :
 Giving to thee what thou hast given,—
 Our dearest offering.

2 Into a world of toil
 These little feet will roam,
 Where sin its purity may soil,
 Where care and grief may come.

3 Oh, then, let thy pure love,
 With influence serene,
 Come down, like water, from above,
 To comfort and make clean !

James F. Clarke.

429

7-4 M.

1 **S**TANDING forth on life's rough way,
 Father guide them ;
 Oh ! we know not what of harm
 May betide them ;
 'Neath the shadow of thy wing,
 Father, hide them ;
 Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
 Go beside them.

2 When in prayer they cry to thee,
 Thou wilt hear them :
 From the stains of sin and shame
 Thou wilt clear them ;
 'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
 Thou wilt steer them ;
 In temptation, trial, grief,
 Be thou near them.

3 Unto thee we give them up,
 Lord, receive them ;
 In the world we know must be
 Much to grieve them—
 Many striving oft and strong
 To deceive them :
 Trustful, in thy hands of love
 We must leave them.

William C. Bryant.

430

7 M.

- 1 **N**OW, Eternal Father, bless
This thy child, we claim for thee ;
May his future life confess
Thine he is, and loves to be ;
All his journey hold him fast,
Bring him safely home at last.
- 2 Keep, O Father good and kind,
This thy lamb we mark to-day ;
May he follow, all resigned,
Where thy wisdom guides his way ;
Hear, O Father, when he calls,
Raise and heal him if he falls.
- 3 Holy Spirit, Light of Love,
Fill thy living temple now ;
Let his hope be firm above,
Pure and calm his course below :
Faithful through the coming strife,
May he win the crown of life.

Lawrence Tuttielt.

CONFIRMATION OF THE YOUNG.

431

8-7 M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, look upon thy children,
Who before thy footstool bow,
Coming as thy sons and daughters
To renew their solemn vow.
- 2 Thou who knowest all our weakness,
Strengthen us with heavenly might,
Temples of thy holy spirit,
Fill us with its life and light.
- 3 Fill us with all understanding,
Give us wisdom from above,
All the powers of ill to vanquish,
Strong in faith and hope, and love.
- 4 Give to us all heavenly knowledge,
Fill us with thy holy fear ;
With hushed spirits, yet as children,
For thy blessing we draw near.
- 5* Set thy holy seal upon us,
Consecrate us thine, O Lord ;
Thine youth's promise, thine all life's gain,
Ours at last thy great Reward.

Esther A. Wigglesworth

432

8, 8, 8, 6 M.

- 1 **J**UST as I am, thine own to be,
My Father, God who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to thee,
Now in my youth I come.
- 2 In this glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.
- 3 I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve thee with all my might,
Therefore to thee I come.
- 4 Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and thee,
Lord of my life, I come.
- 5 Whate'er the dreams of fame or gold,
Pleasure or praise to make me bold ;
Above them all my faith to hold
For my whole life, I come.
- 6 And if 'twere mine to win renown,
Then would I take my victor's crown,
And at thy feet would cast it down ;
To thee, O Lord, I come.

Anon.

433

C.M.

- 1 LORD, in the fulness of my might
I would for thee be strong ;
While runneth o'er each new delight,
To thee should soar my song.
- 2 I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess thy love ;
I would not feel my strength depart,
And then thy service prove.
- 3 I would not with swift-wingèd zeal
On the world's errands go ;
And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.
- 4 O not for thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part !
O not for thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart !
- 5 O choose me in my golden time !
In my best joys have part !
For thee the glory of my prime—
The fulness of my heart.
- 6 I cannot, Lord, too early take
The covenant divine :
O, ne'er the happy heart may break
Whose earliest love was thine.

Thomas H. Gill.

434

7, 7, 7, 4 M.

- 1 **G**IRD your loins about with truth ;
Life will not go always smooth,
Singing lightsome songs of youth :
Play the man !
- 2 Learn with justice to keep pace,
Spurning what is vile and base,
Bravely ever set your face
To play the man.
- 3 Fear not what the world may say,
Hold the straight and narrow way,
In the open light of day,
And play the man.
- 4 If they call you poor and weak,
Being merciful and meek :
Heed them not ; so you must seek
To play the man.
- 5 It needeth courage to be true,
And steadfastly the right to do,
Loving him that wrongeth you—
But play the man.
- 6 Trust in God and let them mock ;
They will break as they have broke
Like the waves upon the rock—
Play the man !

Walter S. Smith.

435

6, 5, 6, 5 D.

- 1 **I**N life's earnest morning
When our hope is high,
Comes thy voice in summons,
Not to be put by ;
So in toil or sorrow,
Weakness or dismay
We need never falter—
Art not thou our stay ?
- 2 Teach us, Lord, thy wisdom,
While we seek men's lore ;
May the mind be humbled
Learning more and more ;
Let the larger vision
Bring the child-like heart,
And our deeper knowledge
Holier zeal impart.
- 3 Should our faith be palsied
By the touch of doubt,
Should our hearts grow empty,
Worldly, undevout,
Lord, in mercy, lead us,
To our springs in thee,
Where are healing waters
Plentiful and free.

CONFIRMATION OF THE YOUNG.

4 Should thy face be clouded
To our spirit's sight,
Speak through human kindness
Shine through Nature's light,
In the face of loved ones
Or the ties of home—
God of every good gift
To thy children come.

Sherman Oakley

436

11-10 M.

- 1 **T**HOU knowest, Lord ! Thou knowest my life's
deep story,
And all the mingled good and ill I do !
Thou see'st my shame ; my few stray gleams of
glory ;
Where I am false, and where my soul rings true.
- 2 Lord ! I am glad thou know'st my inmost being :
Glad thou dost search the secrets of my heart :
I would not hide one folly from thy seeing,
Nor shun thy healing touch to save the smart !
- 3 Like warp and woof the good and ill are blended,
Nor do I see the pattern that I weave ;
Yet in thy love the whole is comprehended,
And in thy hand my future lot I leave.
- 4 Only, dear Lord ! make plain the path of duty ;
Let not my shame and sorrow weigh me down,
Lest in despair I fail to see its beauty,
And, weeping vainly, miss the victor's crown.

Henry W. Hawkes.

MARRIAGE.

437

8, 6, 8, 4 M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Love, whose law doth sway
The worlds in ordered course,
And works in human hearts its way
With sacred force.
- 2 To thee our waiting hearts we lift,
This solemn, joyful hour,
And ask thy spirit's perfect gift,
For marriage dower.
- 3 Thy hand the sacred links hath wrought
That bind two souls in one ;
Thy highest mysteries thus are taught,
Thy heaven begun.
- 4 O hallow with thy presence now
This sacrament of Love,
Breathe in the trembling human vow
Strength from above.
- 5 Then through what scenes the unknown road
Of outward life may roam,
A flame that on thine altar glowed
Shall light the home.

Ella Sophia Armitage.

- 1 O LOVE divine and golden,
 Mysterious depth and height,
 To thee the world beholden,
 Looks up for life and light ;
 O Love divine and gentle,
 The blesser and the blest !
 Beneath whose care parental
 The world lies down in rest.

- 2 The fields of earth adore thee,
 The forests sing thy praise,
 All living things before thee
 Their holiest anthems raise.
 Thou art the joy of gladness ;
 The Life of life thou art ;
 The dew of gentle sadness,
 That droppeth on the heart.

- 3 O Love divine and tender,
 That through our homes doth move,
 Veiled in the softened splendour
 Of holy household love,
 A throne without thy blessing,
 Were labour without rest,
 And cottages possessing
 Thy blessedness, are blest,

MARRIAGE.

- 4 God bless these hands united,
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they, through life, go on:
Here, in earth's home, preparing
For the bright home above;
And there, for ever sharing
Its joy, where 'God is love.'

John S. B. Monsell.

439

11, 10, 11, 10 M.

- 1 ○ PERFECT Love, all human thought
transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no
ending,
Whom thou for evermore dost join in one.
- 2 O Perfect Life, be thou their full assurance,
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope and quiet, brave endurance,
With child-like trust that fears not pain nor death.
- 3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly
sorrow,
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
Add to life's day the glorious unknown morrow,
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy F. Blomfield.

- 1 **L**ORD, living here are we,
 As fast united yet,
 As when our hearts and hands by thee
 Together first were knit!
 And in a thankful song,
 Now sing we will thy praise,
 For that thou dost as well prolong
 Our loving as our days.

- 2 And now we thee implore,
 That live and love we may
 Still so, as if but one day more
 Together we should stay.
 Such conscience may we make,
 Each other not to grieve,
 As if we daily were to take
 Our everlasting leave.

- 3 Let e'en our frailties prove
 Affection's exercise,
 And that discretion teach our love,
 Which wins eternal prize.
 So time, which wears away,
 And ruins all things else,
 Shall fix our love on thee for aye,
 In whom perfection dwells.

THE SEASONS AND HARVEST.

441

7-6 M.

1 **L**ORD of the silent winter,
 Beneath whose skies of gray
The frost-bound fields lie cheerless,
 But wait a brighter day :
If human hearts are dreary,
 By mists of sorrow chilled,
Give patience to the weary,
 Till they with peace be filled !

2 Lord of the joyous spring-time,—
 When leaves and buds appear,
And lengthening days of beauty
 Renew the softened year :
Breathe on our hearts in blessing ;
 Away our sadness roll ;
And send, all pain redressing,
 A spring-time to the soul !

THE SEASONS AND HARVEST.

- 3 Lord of the glowing summer,—
When waves the corn on high,
And fruits in valleys ripen
Beneath a cloudless sky :
Shine on our hearts' endeavour
To give our strength to thee,
That in our spirits ever
A richer life may be !
- 4 Lord of the bounteous autumn,—
When vineyards yield their store,
And golden sheaves, new-gathered,
Pass to the garner door :
Grant now a full fruition
To every seed of truth,
Which fell, with blessed mission,
Upon our souls in youth !
- 5 Lord of the changing seasons !
Lord of our passing days !
Wake thou in us abundance
Of duty, love, and praise :
That hearts of wintry sadness
May feel the breath of spring,
And summer's time of gladness
The autumn glories bring !

Dendy Agate

442

11 M.

1 **S**UMMER suns are glowing over land and sea,
 Happy light is flowing, bountiful and free ;
 Everything rejoices in the mellow rays,
 All earth's thousand voices swell the psalm of
 praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth over all the world,
 And his banner gleameth everywhere unfurled ;
 Broad and deep and glorious as the heaven
 above,
 Shines in might victorious his eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness, thy pure radiance
 pour ,
 For thy loving-kindness make us love thee more,
 And when clouds are drifting dark across the
 sky,
 Then, the mist uplifting, Father, be thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt thee, though thou veil thy
 light,
 Life is dark without thee, death with thee is
 bright,
 Light of life shine o'er us on our pilgrim way,
 Go thou still before us to the endless day.

Bishop How.

- 1 **W**E own thy hand, O God, in all
The wide-spread harvest-yield,
The loving kindness that has crowned
Our garden and our field.
We bless thee for our sheltered homes,
With their affections true,
With all their wealth of social joy,
And scope thy work to do ;
- 2 For all that tends to spirit-growth
And larger liberty,
Anoints our eyes to clearer sight,
And holds us nearer thee ;
For all that makes thy comfort dear,
That brings us strength and grace,
And aids us, e'en through clouds, to see
The shining of thy face.
- 3 We bless thee for the tiny feet
That walk beside us here ;
For childhood's merry music sweet,
Its trust that knows no fear ;
And for the little ones who stayed
Within our homes awhile,
And left with us the angel-grace
Of parting word and smile.

- 4 That they have lived, we thank thee, Lord,
 That they are still our own;
 And thin the veil that hides from us
 The glory round them thrown,—
 That not afar doth lie their home,
 Nor ever change their love!
 Our Father's mansions hold us all,
 Though seeming to remove.
- 5 Thanks for our sweet home-gatherings, Lord,
 Our cup that runneth o'er;
 For the communion of thy saints
 We bless thee even more.
 We bless thee for our faith and hope,
 The promise thou hast given,
 And for the glorious Harvest Home
 That waits for us in heaven.

Mary Johnson.

444

C M.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy! God of love!
 How rich thy bounties are!
 The rolling seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim thy constant care.
2. When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.

THE SEASONS AND HARVEST.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was
thine ;

The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
The mild, refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails :
Seedtime nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

John Needham.

445

7-6 M.

1 **W**E plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's Almighty hand ;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord,
For all his love.

THE SEASONS AND HARVEST.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far ;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star ;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed ;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord,
For all his love.

3 We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food ;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord,
For all his love.

Matthias Claudius, tr. Jane M. Campbell.

9, 8, 9, 8 M.

- 1 **N**OW sing we a song for the harvest :
 Thanksgiving and honour and praise,
 For all that the bountiful Giver
 Hath given to gladden our days ;
- 2 For grasses of upland and lowland,
 For fruits of the garden and field,
 For gold which the mine and the furrow,
 To delver and husbandman yield.
- 3 And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
 For that which the hands cannot hold ;
 The harvest, eyes only can gather,
 And only our hearts can enfold.
- 4 We reap it on mountain and moorland ;
 We glean it from meadow and lea ;
 We garner it in from the cloudland ;
 We bind it in sheaves from the sea.
- 5 But now we sing deeper and higher,
 Of harvests that eye cannot see ;
 They ripen on mountains of duty,
 Are reaped by the brave and the free.
- 6 And they have been gathered and garnered,
 Some golden with honour and gain,
 And some, as with heart's blood, are ruddy,
 The harvests of sorrow and pain.
- 7 O thou who art Lord of the harvest,
 The Giver who gladdens our days,
 Our hearts are for ever repeating
 Thanksgiving and honour and praise.

J. W. Chadwick and W. C. Gannett.

- 1 **T**HE year is swiftly waning ;
The summer days are past ;
And life, brief life, is speeding,
And the end is nearing fast.
- 2 The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go ;
But thou, Eternal Father,
No time nor change can'st know.
- 3 O pour thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with thee.
- 4 Behold the bending orchards,
With bounteous fruits are crowned ;
Lord in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.
- 5 O by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain ;
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,—
- 6 Our barren hearts make fruitful,
With every goodly grace,
On earth thy Name to hallow,
And see at last thy face.

Bishop How.

1. PRAISE to God and thanksgiving !
 Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing !
 Praises to the Glorious one,
 All his year of wonder done !
- 2 Praise him for his budding green,
 April's resurrection scene :
 Praise him for his shining hours,
 Starring all the land with flowers :
- 3 Praise him for his summer rain,
 Feeding, day and night, the grain :
 Praise him for his tiny seed,
 Holding all his world shall need :
- 4 Praise him for his garden root,
 Meadow grass and orchard fruit :
 Praise for hills and valleys broad,
 Each the table of the Lord :
- 5 Praise him now for snowy rest,
 Falling soft on nature's breast :
 Praise for happy dreams of birth
 Brooding in the quiet earth :
- 6 For his year of wonder done,
 Praise to the All-Glorious One :
 Hearts, bow down and voices, sing !
 Alleluia to our king.

William C. Gannett.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

449

7 M.

- 1 **F**OR thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear !
- 2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength ! be thou our stay ;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.
- 3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread ?
With thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort thou his dying head !
- 4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us ever more thine own !
Help, O help us to endure ;
Fit us for the promised crown !
- 5 So within thy palace gate
We shall praise on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of Lords, and King of kings !

Henry Downton.

1 **T**HE old year's long campaign is o'er,
 Behold a new begun ;
 Not yet is closed the holy war,
 Nor yet the triumph won.
 Not yet the end, not yet repose !
 We hear our Captain say,
 ' Go forth again to meet your foes,
 Ye children of the day.'

2 ' Go forth, firm faith on every heart,
 Bright hope on every helm ;
 Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
 And this no fear o'erwhelm.
 Go in the Spirit and the might
 Of him who led the way ;
 Close with the legions of the night ;
 Ye children of the day.'

3 So forth we go to meet the strife
 We will not fear nor fly ;
 We love the holy warrior's life,
 His death we hope to die.
 We slumber not, that charge in view,
 ' Toil on while toil ye may,
 Then night shall be no night to you,
 Ye children of the day.'

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

- 4 Lord God the High and Holy One,
Thine own sustain, defend ;
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
Thy true light to the end.
Till morning tread the darkness down,
And night be swept away,
And infinite, sweet triumph crown
The children of the day.

Samuel J. Stone.

451

7 M.

- 1 **B**ACKWARD looking o'er the past,
Forward, too, with eager gaze,
Stand we here, O God, to-day,
At the parting of the ways.
- 2 Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill ;
Memories all bright and fair
Seem to float on spirit wings,
Downward through the silent air.
- 3 Hark ! through all their music sweet,
Hear you not a voice of cheer ?
'Tis the voice of Hope which sings,
'Happy be the coming year.'
- 4 Father, comes that voice from thee !
Swells it with thy meaning vast,
Good in all thy future stored,
Fairer than in all the past !

John W. Chadwick.

- 1 **A** NOTHER year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds
By Winter's snow concealed.
- 2 Another year of Summer's glow,
Of Autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.
- 3 Another year of happy work,
That better is than play ;
Of simple cares, and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.
- 4 Another year of baby mirth,
And childhood's blessed ways ;
Of thinker's thought, and prophet's dream,
And poet's tender lays.
- 5 Another year at beauty's feast,
At every moment spread ;
Of silent hours when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.
- 6 Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod ;
Another year of life's delight ;
Another year of God !

John W. Chadwick.

7-5 M.

- 1 FATHER, here we dedicate
All this year to thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have us be :
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare we claim ;
This alone shall be our prayer,
' Glorify thy Name.'
- 2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live ?
Can a father's love refuse
All the best to give ?
More thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify thy Name.
- 3 If in mercy thou wilt spare
Joys we yet partake ;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may break ;
Thee our hearts, while glad they sing,
Shall in all proclaim,
And whate'er the future brings,
Glorify thy Name.

- 4 If thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadows come,
Turning all our gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home ;
Let me think how thy dear son
To his glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
'Glorify thy Name.'

Lawrence Tutiott.

454

6 M.

- 1 JOY ! joy joy ! a year is born ;
A year to man is given,
For hope and peace and love,
For faith and truth and heaven.
Though earth be dark with care,
With death and sorrow rife,
Yet love and pain and prayer
Lead to our higher life.
- 2 Behold ! the fields are white ;
No longer idly stand :
Go forth in love and might ;
Man needs thy helping hand.
Then may each day and year
To prayer and work be given,
Till man to God draw near,
And earth become like heaven.

Book of Hymns, 1848

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

455

C.M.

- 1 'REMEMBER me,' the Master said,
On that forsaken night,
When from his side the nearest fled,
And death was close in sight.
- 2 Through all the following ages' track,
The world remembers yet ;
With love and worship gazes back,
And never can forget.
- 3 But none of us has seen his face,
Or heard the words he said ;
And none can now his looks retrace
In breaking of the bread.
- 4 Oh, blest are they who have not seen,
And yet believe him still !
Who call him Lord, and vow and mean
To do his Father's will.
- 5 We hear his word along our way ;
We see his light above ;
' Remember ' when we strive and pray,
' Remember ' when we love.

Nathaniel L. Frothingham.

456

C.M.

- 1 **W**E gather to the sacred board,
Perchance a scanty band ;
But with us in sublime accord
What mighty armies stand !
- 2 In creed and rite howe'er apart,
One master still we own,
And pour the worship of the heart
Before our Father's throne.
- 3 A thousand spires o'er hill and vale
Point to the same blue heaven ;
A thousand voices tell the tale
Of grace through Jesus given,
- 4 Are we not brethren ? Master dear !
Then may we walk in love,
Joint subjects of thy kingdom here,
Joint heirs of bliss above !

Stephen G. Bulfinch.

457

7 M.

- 1 **F**ATHER! at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee !
Each to each unite, and bless ;
Keep us in thy perfect peace.
- 2 Plant in us the humble mind,
Patient, pitiful and kind ;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee,

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Lord of our supreme desire !
Fill us now with heavenly fire :
Nobly may we bear the strife,—
Keep the holiness, of life ;—

4 Still forget the things behind,—
Follow Christ in heart and mind ;
To the mark unwearied press,—
Seize the crown of righteousness.

5 Father ! fill us with thy love ;
Never from our souls remove ;
Dwell with us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

458

C.M.

1 BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,—
His blessed word of love.

2 O bond of union, strong and deep !
O bond of perfect peace !
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

3 Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

Samuel Longfellow.

459

C.M.

- 1 **A**CCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?
- 4 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me :
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

James Montgomery.

460

7 M.

- 1 **I**N the midst do thou appear,—
Lord ! reveal thy presence here :
Sanctify us now, and bless ;
Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace.
- 2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite ;—
Sweetly each with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

3 Father ! still our faith increase ;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness ;
Thee the unholy cannot see ;
Make, O make us meet for thee !

4 Mutual love, the token be,
Lord ! that we belong to thee :
Only love to us be given ;
Lord ! we ask no other heaven.

Charles Wesley.

461

P.M.

1 **L**IFE nor death shall us dis sever
From his love who reigns for ever ;
Will he fail us ? never ! never !
When to him we cry !

2 Wily sin may seek to snare us ;
Fury-passion strive to tear us ;
Toil and sorrow waste and wear us :—
Is no helper nigh ?

3 Yes ! his might shall still defend us ;
And his blessed Son befriend us ;
And his holy spirit send us
Comfort ere we die.

Bishop Heber.

462

L.M.

- 1 **H**ERE, Lord, when at thy table met,
Our good and evil we survey,
O leave us not to vain regret
For precious moments passed away.
- 2 From selfish aims, from narrow views,
O set our willing spirits free ;
And every purer thought infuse
Befitting those who come to thee.
- 3 And here, O Lord, the blessed balm
Of comfort let thy mourners share :
And, mortal griefs subdued and calm,
Learn, meekly learn, the cross to bear,
- 4 Thus may the cup of blessing, given
From hand to hand, new life impart ;
And Jesus, the best gift of heaven,
Reign sovereign Lord in every heart.

Emily Taylor.

463

C.M.

- 1 **A** HOLY air is breathing round,—
A fragrance from above ;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.
- 2 O God ! unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine ;
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not thee or thine.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 3 But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord.
- 4 So may thy kingdom come, with grace
In every heart of man ;
Thy peace and joy and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign !

Abiel A. Livermore.

464

7 M.

- 1 **W**HEN the Paschal evening fell,
Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,
When around the festal board
Sate the apostles with their Lord,
Then his parting word he said,
Blessed the cup and broke the bread—
“ This whene'er ye do or see,
Ever more remember me.”
- 2 Years have past : in every clime,
Changing with the changing time,
Varying through a thousand forms,
Torn by factions, rock'd by storms,
Still the sacred table spread,
Flowing cup and broken bread,
With that parting word agree,
“ Drink and eat—remember me.”

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

3 When by treason, doubt, unrest,
Sinks the soul, dismay'd opprest ;
When the shadows of the tomb
Close us round with deep'ning gloom ;
Then bethink us at that board
Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,
Who, when tried and grieved as we,
Dying, said, " remember me."

4 When diverging creeds shall learn
Towards their central source to turn ;
When contending churches tire
Of the earthquake, wind, and fire ;
Here let strife and clamour cease
At that still, small voice of peace—
" May they all united be
In the Father and in me."

5 When in this thanksgiving feast
We would give to God our best,
From the treasures of his might
Seeking life and love and light ;
Then, O friend of humankind,
Make us true and firm of mind,
Pure of heart, in spirit free—
Thus may we remember thee.

465

S.M.

- 1 **F**OR all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed and loved,
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And yearned for thee to die.
- 3 They all, in life and death,
With him, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy holy spirit's breath,
To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

Bishop Mant.

466

L.M.

- 1 **W**HEREVER through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
- 2 We see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head ;
And in all lands beneath the sun
The heart affirmeth, ' Love is one.'

3 Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to the cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.

4 And the great marvel of their death
To the one order witnesseth,—
Each, in his measure, but a part
Of thy unmeasured Over-Heart.

John G. Whittier.

467

7 M.

1 **T**HANKS to God for those who came
In the gospel's glorious name ;
Who upon the green earth trod
But to teach the truth of God.

2 For the great Apostles, first,
Who from life's endearments burst
Going from the cross, and then
Leading to the cross again.

3 For the host, who meekly pour'd
Willing blood to serve their Lord ;
Fearless bore the racks of pain,
Felon's death or captive's chain ;

4 And for all, from shore to shore,
Who the blessed tidings bore ;
All who wrought for liberty
When 'twas treason to be free.

- 5 Ye who now, in better days,
Live to spread your Maker's praise,
Speed your embassy where'er
Life has grief, or death has fear !

John Johns.

468

8-6 M.

- 1 ○ SING with loud and joyful song,
The seers of every name ;
O, sing the prophets high and true,
And saints of sacred fame.
From age to age their voice is heard,
One solemn cry, one living word.
- 2 They come, the Lord's annointed ones,
In every age and shore,
And ever-blesséd tidings brought,
And holy witness bore—
Witness of Love's celestial light,
Of duty and eternal light.
- 3 O, thanks that all the ages down
The same love is outpoured ;
O, thanks that every prophet voice
Proclaims one truth, one Lord ;
O holy throng ! ye show the store
Of endless life from more to more.

J. Vila Blake.

469

C.M.

1 **W**E'LL sing our loving trust in God,
 However dark the day ;
 For sure 'tis he who leadeth us
 Along our changeful way.
 There cometh sun, there cometh cloud ;
 But, whate'er may befall,
 We still will follow after him
 Who leads us through them all.

2 We'll cheer our hearts, as on we go,
 With thoughts of those of old,
 Who through their furnace-trials came
 Refined like precious gold.
 Like Jesus, they, too, stood for truth,
 Though heretic with men ;
 Like him, they triumphed, though they died,
 And still they live again.

3 Not only in the far-off lands
 And far-off times they wrought ;
 The modern world has heroes too
 To lift its heart and thought,
 These are the ones who dare to think ;
 And, spite of hostile wrath,
 They, for the progress of mankind,
 Hew out a grander path.

Minot J. Savage.

470

11, 11, 10, 10 M.

1 SING with our might and uplift our glad
voices ;

Sing while the heart with thanksgiving rejoices ;
Sing of all saints spreading goodness abroad,
Prophets and holy ones, sons of the Lord.

2 Thanks to the Lord for his prophets and sages,
Thanks for the saints he hath raised in all ages,
Hark to their voices ;—they utter one Name ;
One Lord, one brotherhood, one hope proclaim.

3 Often forsaken and outcast and friendless,
Wounded and dying in sufferings endless,
Bear they their witness or raise their high song,
Fervent in faithfulness, patient and strong.

4 From age to age the glad tidings are spoken,
Shore calls to shore that the line is unbroken ;
One holy army, one glorious cry,—
On earth be peacefulness, praises on high.

J. Vila Blake.

471

6-4 M.

- 1* **S**ING of the martyr host,
All who have died,
Counting for God well lost
Earth's bliss and pride.
- 2 Their names are names of kings
Of heavenly line ;
The pride of earthly things
They dared resign.
- 3 They bore the spirit's sword
And faith's strong shield ;
They fought for God the Lord
On many a field.
- 4 Though hard their earthly lot,
'Mid hate and scorn,
In life regarded not,
In death forlorn ;
- 5 Yet blest that end of woe,
And those sad days ;
Only man's blame below ;
Above, God's praise.
- 6 So did the life of pain
In glory cease ;
Lord God, may we attain
Their home of peace !

Samuel J. Stone.

472

5, 7, 6 M.

- 1 **C**ALL them from the dead,
For our eyes to see !
Prophet bards, whose awful word
Shook the earth—" Thus saith the Lord ; "
And made the idols flee :
A glorious company !
- 2 Call them from the dead,
For our eyes to see !
Sons of wisdom, song, and power,
Giving earth her richest dower,
And making nations free :
A glorious company !
- 3 Call them from the dead,
For our eyes to see !
Forms of beauty, love, and grace,
" Sunshine in the shady place."
O that our eyes could see
That glorious company !
- 4 Call them from the dead !
Vain the call will be ;
But the hand of death shall lay,
Like that of Christ, its healing clay
On eyes which then shall see
That glorious company.

William J. Fox.

- 1 COMRADES for a little space
Where the opening life-paths be,
Here before the Father's face,
Make us one, dear Lord, in thee.
- 2 From the holy land unseen,
Now the heavenly voices call ;
Speaking, where no sound hath been,
Sweetest promise-word to all.
- 3 In the silence of the soul,
Where can come no outward word,
Where good thoughts can make us whole,
There the wondrous voice is heard.
- 4 If we lose the light of day,
God can give the spirit light.
In the dreariest, darkest way,
Love can guide the soul aright.
- 5 In the dark, dear Lord, are we ;
Be our guide, our friend, our stay :
Hold us with the thought of thee,
Keep us to the perfect day.
- 6 Comrades for a little space,
Parting days are coming fast :
But once more, from every place,
God will call us home at last.

John Page Hopps.

474

6, 6, 8, 4 M.

- 1 WITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go ;
Peace, as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.
- 2 With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend !
- 3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell :
Our love below, and thine above,
With them shall dwell.
- 4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on thee—
That thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their help shalt be.
- 5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.
- 6 Farewell ! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer ;
Till he whose home is ours above
Unite us there !

George Watson.

475

7 M.

1 **L**ORD, from whom all blessings flow,
 Perfecting the church below !
 Steadfast may we cleave to thee ;
 Love the mystic union be.
 Join our faithful spirits, join
 Each to each, and all to thine :
 Lead us through the paths of peace,
 On to perfect holiness.

2 Move, and actuate and guide ;
 Divers gifts to each divide :
 Placed according to thy will,
 Let us all our work fulfil :—
 Never from our office move ;—
 Needful to each other prove ;—
 Use the grace on each bestowed,
 Tempered by the art of God !

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
 Touched with softest sympathy :
 There is neither bond nor free,
 Great nor servile, Lord, in thee :
 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
 Rendered all distinctions void !
 Names and sects and parties fall :
 Thou, O God, art all in all !

Charles Wesley.

476

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7 M.

1 **W**E come unto our fathers' God ;
 Their rock is our salvation ;
 The Eternal Arms, their dear abode,
 We make our habitation ;
 We bring thee, Lord, the praise they brought,
 We seek thee as thy saints have sought
 In every generation.

2 Their joy unto their God we bring ;
 Their song to us descendeth ;
 The Spirit who in them did sing,
 To us his music lendeth :
 His song in them, in us, is one ;
 We raise it high, we send it on,
 The song that never endeth.

3 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
 The same-sweet theme endeavour !
 Unbroken be the golden chain !
 Keep on the song for ever !
 Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
 Rich with the same eternal grace,
 Bless the same boundless Giver !

Thomas H. Gill.

477

7, 6, 7, 6 D.

1 **T**O us have distant ages
 Bequeathed their noblest thought ;
 For us have holy sages
 God's hidden wisdom sought ;
 The truth of ancient teachers
 Is precious to us still,
 The words of ancient preachers
 With sacred passion thrill.

2 Not dear their lives accounting,
 The martyrs' blood hath flowed ;
 Their spirits heavenward mounting,
 The path to light have showed ;
 Sublime their holy daring,
 Its fruits to us belong—
 Their faith and freedom sharing,
 Their triumph and their song.

3 Bright are their deeds in story !
 We hail, with homage due,
 The imperishable glory
 Of the brave, the good, the true ;
 In love their names enshrining,
 We take the blessing given ;
 Our lives, with theirs entwining,
 We give to truth and heaven.

Samuel Wolcott.

OUR NATIVE LAND.



478

C.M.

- 1 FAIR island home, renowned and free,
Our goodly heritage, .
More richly flow Heaven's gifts to thee,
As age succeedeth age.
- 2 For us thy soil a harvest yields
Our fathers sowed in tears,
We reap in peace the battlefields
Of dark and troubled years.
- 3 Afar thy daughter-realms extend,
'Neath stranger-stars' soft light,
Where newborn nations rise and lend
Fresh lustre to thy might.
- 4 For power and peace, on shore and sea,
O God, we praise thy hand,
And humbly consecrate to thee
The glory of our land.
- 5 May England's shield protect and bless,
Her sword defend and save,
Till by thine aid, the wilderness
Bloom where our banners wave.

Andrew Chalmers.

479

7-6 M.

- 1 O BEAUTIFUL, our country,
 Be thine a nobler care,
 Than all the wealth of commerce,
 Thy harvests waving fair ;
 Be it thy pride to foster
 The manhood of the poor ;
 Be thou to those in bondage
 Fair freedom's open door.
- 2 For thee our fathers suffered,
 For thee they toiled and prayed,
 Upon thy holy altar
 Their willing lives they laid.
 Thou hast no common birthright,
 Grand memories on thee shine,
 The blood of famous nations,
 Commingled, flows in thine.
- 3 O beautiful, our country,
 Round thee in love we draw,
 Thine be the grace of Freedom,
 The majesty of Law ;
 Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
 Justice thy diadem,
 And on thy shining forehead
 Be peace the crowning gem.

Fredk. L. Hosmer.

- 1 **L**ORD ! while for all mankind we pray,
 Of every clime and coast,
 O hear us for our native land,—
 The land we love the most.
- 2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
 And here our kindred dwell :
 Our children too ;—how should we love
 Another land so well ?
- 3 O guard our shores from every foe ;
 With peace our borders bless ;
 With prosperous times our cities crown,
 Our fields with plenteousness.
- 4 Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth, and thee ;
 And let our hills and valleys shout
 The songs of liberty.
- 5 Here may religion pure and mild
 Upon our sabbaths smile ;
 And piety and virtue reign,
 And bless our native isle.
- 6 Lord of the nations ! thus to thee
 Our country we commend ;
 Be thou her refuge and her trust,
 Her everlasting friend !

John R. Wreford.

1 **G**OD bless our native land,
 May heaven's protecting hand
 Still guard her shore ;
 May peace her power extend,
 Foe be transformed to friend,
 And Britain's rights depend
 On war no more.

2 May just and righteous laws
 Uphold the public cause,
 And bless our isle ;
 Home of the brave and free,
 The land of liberty,
 We pray that still on thee
 Kind Heaven may smile.

3 And not this land alone,
 But be thy mercies known
 From shore to shore :
 Lord, make the nations see
 That men should brothers be,
 And form one family
 The wide world o'er.

W. E. Hickson.

APPENDIX.

482

7 M.

- 1 **L**ET us with a wind-like song
Freshen all the air of life ;
Singing makes the weak heart strong,
Makes the prize seem worth the strife ;
Songs to Him who is our light
Will disperse each cloudy fear ;
Songs to Him who is our might
Will the wavering onward cheer.
- 2 Let us sing the solemn praise
Of that blessed Potentate,
Who with life's eternal blaze
Does the heavens irradiate :
He for ever, only He,
Has a throne all thrones above ;
Name his realm Immensity,
Name the mighty ruler Love.
- 3 Songs to thee, O mighty Love,
Have a sound like coming rain,
Whose abundance soon shall prove
Thou hast heard our souls complain.
O, forgive our murmurings, Lord ;
Think but of our thirsty hours ;
From the bright clouds of thy word
Let us now have balmy showers.

Thomas T. Lynch.

483

P.M.

- 1 **F**ATHER divine ! before thy view,
 All worlds, all creatures lie ;
 No distance can elude thy search,
 No act escape thine eye :
 Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear ;
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear !
- 2 From thee our vital breath we drew ;
 Our childhood was thy care ;
 And vigorous youth, and feeble age,
 Thy kind protection share :
 Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear ;
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear !
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
 Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;
 Oppressed with woe, when nature faints,
 Thy arm is our repose :
 Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear ;
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear !
- 4 To thee we look, thou power supreme,
 O still our wants supply !
 Safe in thy presence may we live,
 And in thy favour die :
 Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear ;
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear !

John Taylor.

1 **T**HOU'RT with me, O my Father,
 At early dawn of day :
 It is thy glory bright'neth
 The upward streaming ray ;
 It calls me by its beauty
 To rise and worship thee ;
 I feel thy glorious presence,
 Thy face I may not see.

2 Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
 In changing scenes of life,
 In loneliness of spirit,
 In weariness of strife ;
 My sufferings, my comforts,
 Alternate at thy will :
 I trust thee, O my Father ;
 I trust thee, and am still.

3 Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
 In evening's darkening gloom :
 When earth in night is shrouded,
 Thy presence fills my room ;
 The little stars bring tidings
 Of kindness from above ;
 I love thee, O my Father ;
 And feel that thou art love.

Euphemia Saxby.

- 1 **M**IGHTY God ! while angels bless thee,
 May a mortal lisp thy name !
 Lord of men, as well as angels,
 Thou art ev'ry creature's theme.
 Hallelujah ! Amen !
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days !
 Sounded thro' the wide creation
 Be thy just and awful praise.
 Hallelujah ! Amen !
- 3 For the grandeur of thy Nature,—
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;
 For created works of power,—
 Works with love and wisdom wrought,
 Hallelujah ! Amen !
- 4 For thy Providence that governs
 Through thine empire's wide domain ;
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ;
 Blessed be thy gentle reign.
 Hallelujah ! Amen !
- 5*For thy Light in darkness shining,
 For thy Love o'er evil strong,
 For thy Life in death abiding,
 Loud and joyful rise our song.
 Hallelujah ! Amen !

Robert Robinson.

486

P.M.

- 1 O LORD ! thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to thee :
To thee, my God ! to thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy,
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee :
On thee, my God, on thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thou 'rt present, Lord, in every place ;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee :
To thee, my God ! to thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee :
In thee, my God ! in thee.

Jean F. Oberlin.

487

C.M.

- 1 WHEN I survey life's varied scene,—
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

- 2 Are health and ease my happy share ?
O may I bless my God !
Thy kindness let my songs declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 3 While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord, to thee.
- 4 And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise ;—
- 5 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

Anne Steele.

488

L.M.

- 1 **A**LL-SEEING God ! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions
flow,
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another creed ?
Revering thy commands alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.

- 3 If wrong, forgive ; approve, if right :
While faithful we obey our light,
And censuring none, are zealous still
To follow as to learn thy will.
- 4 When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashioned in thy mould ;
And charity our lineage prove,
Derived from thee, O God of love ?

Thomas Scott.

489

L.M.

- 1 **T**HEE would I love, my strength my
tower !
Thee would I love, my Lord my God !
Thee would I serve with all my power,
And kiss thy sceptre, or thy rod :
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 2 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way :
My soul and mind, O Lord of might !
Replenish with thy heavenly light.
- 3 Give to mine eyes repentant tears ;
Give to my heart, chaste, hallowed fires ;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires :
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Johann Scheffler, tr. J. Wesleg.

490

L.M.

- 1 **T**HE uplifted eye, the bended knee,
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee ;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice and obtain thy smile ?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.
- 4 ' Be just and kind,' that great command,
Doth on eternal pillars stand :
This did thy ancient prophets teach,
And this thy well-beloved preach.

Thomas Scott.

491

7 M.

- 1 " **T**O the Father, through the Son."
Did the ancient ritual run :
So the Christian prayer was said,
So the Christian vow was paid.
Was the suppliant bending low,
Where the Nile's broad waters flow ?
Joined he in the choral praise,
Which the Seven Churches raise ?
Worshipped he in gloom and fear
Roman soldiers lingering near ?
Still the holy prayer was one
" To the Father, through the Son."

TO THE FATHER, THROUGH THE SON.

2 Years have come and years have gone,
And the Church no more is one :
Other prayers to heaven arise,
Swell the new-made Litanies,
Single homage no more given
To the Father-God of heaven.
Only hoping, watching still,
Lonely light on lonely hill,
Scattered Churches here and there
Echo the old Church's prayer,
Pray, as when the Church was one
"To the Father through the Son."

3 Years will come, when years have past,
When God's truth grows clear at last ;
When the broken links again
Clasp in one unbroken chain ;
When to all one grace is poured,
From the chalice of the Lord ;
When from vast cathedral-pile,
When from far-off coral isle,
Rises one united prayer,
Ringing through the ringing air,
And that prayer—the same—the one,
"To the Father through the Son."

Henry A. Bright.

492

7-6 M.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings :
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings :

THE SUNSHINE OF GOD'S PRESENCE.

When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new ;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
'E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may,'

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through :
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too :
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And he, who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig tree neither,
Its wonted fruit should bear ;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there :
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper.

- 1 SEE ! through the heavenly arch
 With silent, stately march
The starry ranks for ever sweep ;
 In graduate scale of might
 They all are sons of light.
And all their times and orders keep.
- 2 O glorious, countless host,
 Which shall I praise the most ?
Your lustrous groups, or course exact ?
 Ye on your way sublime
 Defy confusing time
Your light to dim, your path distract.
- 3 Earth's early fathers saw
 The gospel and the law
In the firm beauty of the skies ;
 O thou unswerving Will,
 The unveiled heavens still
Show thee as glorious, good, and wise.
- 4 Lord of the starry night,
 With awe and with delight
Under thy temple dome we pray :
 Still as we gaze above,
 Temper our fear with love,
That we may filial homage pay.

Thomas T. Lynch.

494

C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, we thank thee for the pleasure
That our happy lifetime gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives :—
- 2 Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above ;
Human tears and human laughter,
And the depth of human love ;
- 3 For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free ;
E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer thee.
- 4 Teach us so our days to number
That we may be lowly-wise ;
Dreary mist, or cloud of slumber
Never dull our heavenward eyes.
- 5 Hearty be our work and willing,
As to thee and not to men :
For we know our soul's fulfilling
Is in heaven,—not till then.

Thomas W. Jex-Blake.

495

7-6 M.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, though storms assail thee ;
Rejoice when skies are bright ;
Rejoice though round thy pathway
Is spread the gloom of night :

REJOICE EVERMORE.

If the good hope be in thee
That all at last is well,
Then let thy happy spirit
With joyful feeling swell.

2 Look back on early childhood,
And let thy soul rejoice !
Who then upheld thy goings,
And tuned thy feeble voice ?
Look back on youth's gay visions,
When life one glory seemed !
Who poured those rays of gladness,
Which on thy prospect beamed ?

3 E'en midst the notes of sorrow
A still small peaceful voice
Mingled its heavenly accents,
And bade thy soul " Rejoice ! "
Was not the bow of promise
Still seen amidst the gloom,
Shedding its hallowed lustre
E'en round the silent tomb ?

4 Rejoice, rejoice for ever,
Though earthly friends be gone !
For silently and swiftly
The wheels of time roll on ;
And still they bear thee forward
Nearer that happy shore,
Where the triumphant song is
" Rejoice for evermore ! "

Henry Fletcher.

496

7, 6, 7, 6 D.

1 **S**PEAK, for thy servant heareth !

Thus give us grace, O Lord !

To listen and to answer

Whene'er thy voice is heard :

Whether we wait expectant,

Its sound to guide us home,

Or all unsought, unwelcome,

Its sudden warning come.

2 Above the whirl of traffic,

Above the stir of life,

Amidst the songs of pleasure,

And o'er the din of strife,

May never cease within us

Thy whisper soft and clear.

Nor ready hearts replying

Speak Lord ! thy servants hear.

3 And in the latest conflict,

When strength and faith are low,

And all our schemes of comfort

Are baffled by the foe :

Amid life's feeble throbings,

Yet nearer and more near,

Make thy sweet tones of solace

Speak, and thy servants hear.

Dean Alford.

497

7 M.

- 1 ○ GIVE thanks to him who made
Morning light and evening shade ;
Source and giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food :
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.
- 2 O give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing :
His our warm and sentient frame,
His the mind's immortal flame.
O how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind !
- 3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are his workmanship,
And all creatures are his care :
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ;—but who can
Speak the Father's love to man ?
- 4*O give thanks for him who came,—
In a mortal, suffering frame,
Bringing word of higher life,
Way of peace mid toil and strife,
In the path himself hath trod,
Leading back his saints to God.

Josiah Conder.

498

P.M.

- 1 **W**HEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the
laughing soil,
When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's
toil ;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and
the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his
Maker good.
- 2 The birds that wake the morning, and those that
love the shade ;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the
drowsy glade ;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on
his way,
The moon and stars their Maker's name in silent
pomp display.
- 3 Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the
sky,—
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise
deny ?
No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons
cease to be,
Thee, Father, must we always love,—Creator,
honour thee.

- 4 The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of
summer fade,
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the
shade ;
The winds be lulled,—the sun and moon forget
their old decree ;
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling
to thee !

Bishop Heber.

499

P.M.

- 1 **A**NCIENT of ages ! humbly bent before thee,
Songs of glad homage, Lord ! to thee we
bring ;
Touch'd by thy spirit, O teach us to adore thee,
Sole God and Father ! everlasting King !
Let thy light attend us ;
Let thy grace befriend us !
Eternal, unrivalled, all-directing King !
- 2 Send forth thy mandate, gather in the nations,
Through the wide universe thy name be known ;
Millions of voices shall join in adorations—
Join to adore thee, Undivided One !
Every soul invited,
Every voice united—
United to praise thee, Undivided One !

Sir John Bowring.

500

P.M.

- 1 O LOVELY voices of the sky,
That hymned the Saviour's birth !
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang ' Peace on earth ! '
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye bless'd the Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky !

- 2 O clear and shining light, whose beams
A heavenly glory shed
Around the palms and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head !
Be near through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy, and faith,
O clear and shining light !

- 3 O star which led to him, whose love
Brought hope and mercy free !
Where art thou ? 'Mid the host above
May we still gaze on thee ?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim ;
Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to him !

Mrs. Hemans.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine ;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 3 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life ;
He laboured for their good.
- 4 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued ;
While humble prayer and holy faith,
His failing strength renewed.
- 5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed, and said,
' Thy will, not mine, be done ! '
- 6 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide !
His image may we bear !
O may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share !

William Enfield.

502

P.M.

- 1 **H**E knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
 When but his Father's eye
 Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
 On that dread agony :
 Messiah cried with suppliant breath,
 Bowed down with sorrow unto death.
- 2 He proved them all,—the doubt, the strife,
 The faint perplexing dread ;
 The mists that hang o'er parting life
 All gathered round his head ;
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
 Yet passed it not, that cup, away !
- 3 It passed not, though the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath his tread ;
 It passed not, though to him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead :
 But there was sent him from on high
 A gift of strength, for man to die !
- 4 And was the sinless thus beset
 With anguish and dismay ?
 How may *we* meet our conflict yet,
 In the dark narrow way ?
 Through him, through him that path who trod,
 The child of grief,—the son of God !

Mrs. Hemans.

503

- 1 ○ LORD, my God, do thou thy holy will—
I will lie still—
I will not stir, lest I forsake thine arm,
And break the charm
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest.
- 2 "O Father! not my will, but thine be done,"—
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder
noise
Of griefs and joys ;
That we may cling for ever to thy breast
In perfect rest !
- 3 For everywhere we find our suffering Lord,
And where he trod
May set our steps ; the Cross on Calvary
Uplifted high
Beams on the martyr-host a beacon light
In open fight.
- 4 To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
He doth impart
The virtue of his midnight agony.
When none was nigh,
Save God and his good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

John Keble.

- 1 **S**ERVANT of God, well done !
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
- 2 The voice at midnight came ;
He started up to hear :
A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;
He fell, but felt no fear :
- 3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
- 4 At midnight came the cry,
' To meet thy God prepare ! '
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye ;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
- 5 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay ;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.
- 6 The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease ;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

THE BREAK OF ETERNAL DAY.

7 Soldier of Christ, well done !

Praise be thy new employ :

And while eternal ages run,

Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery.

505

L.M.

- 1 **I**N sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night ;
At once I see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my gracious God, to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend ;
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still shall deign to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away ;
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes ;
Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love the rapture of the skies.

John Hawkesworth.

- 1 **A**S for some dear familiar strain
Untired, we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before :
- 2 Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have vowed, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.
- 3 O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise !
How would our hearts with Wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !
- 4 We need not bid for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky :
- 5 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 6 Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go :
The secret this of rest below.

- 7 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble.

507

L.M.

- 1 COME, let us sound her praise abroad,
Sweet Charity,—the child of God !
Hers, on whose kind maternal breast
The sheltered babes of misery rest :
- 2 Who,—when she sees the sufferer bleed,—
Reckless of name, or sect, or creed,
Comes with prompt hand and look benign
To bathe his wounds in oil and wine :
- 3 Who in her robe the sinner hides,
And soothes and pities while she chides ;
Who lends an ear to every cry,
And asks no plea but misery.
- 4 Her tender mercies freely fall,
Like heaven's refreshing dews, on all ;
Encircling in their wide embrace
Her friends, her foes,—the human race.
- 5 Nor bounded to the earth alone,
Her love expands to worlds unknown ;
Wherever faith's rapt thought has soared,
Or hope her upward flight explored.

William H. Drummond.

7, 7, 7, 6 M.

- 1 GOD of mercy, loving all,
Pitying thy creature's fall,
On thy name of Love we call :
Hear us, we beseech thee.
- 2 Give the love divinely strong,
Moved not though it suffers long,
Kind to those who do the wrong :
Hear us, we beseech thee.
- 3 Give the love that envies none
For the joy of work well done,
Or the good which they have won :
Hear us, we beseech thee.
- 4 Give the love in kindness shown,
Living not for self alone,
Making others' good her own :
Hear us, we beseech thee.
- 5 Give the love to anger slow,
Fearing seeds of strife to sow,
Never helping strife to grow :
Hear us, we beseech thee.
- 6 Give the love that thinks no ill,
And with power of gentle will
Can the voice of slander still :
Hear us, we beseech thee.
- 7 Give the love that will abide
True and firm, however tried,
And a brother's fault will hide :
Hear us, we beseech thee.

THE EXAMPLE OF OUR FATHERS.

8 Give the love that faith makes blest,
Hoping always for the best,
Even when with doubts distressed :
Hear us, we beseech thee.

9 Give the love that foe or friend
Slight or wrong cannot offend,
True, enduring to the end :
Hear us, we beseech thee.

10 Give the love for which we pray,
Love that never can decay,
Never fail or pass away :
Hear us, we beseech thee.

Matthew Woodward.

509

8-6 M.

1 **W**ITHIN this temple, reared of old
By faithful men and true,
We keep the faith our fathers kept,
Their vows to God renew.
They fought the fight, they sank from sight
Beneath the sacred sod ;
Though dead, they yet speak on,—they live :
Their souls do rest in God !

2 They nobly battled for the right,—
Come many or come few,—
The stainless banner of God's truth
Above them proudly flew.
Undauntedly they testified,
Again, and yet again.
They slumbered not on ward or watch :
They quitted them like men !

THE EXAMPLE OF OUR FATHERS.

- 3 And manfully they took their post
 When conscience gave the word ;
No earthly lure availed to tempt
 Those servants of the Lord.
They faced the persecutor's power,
 Nor feared the world's dark frown,
The wrath of man was turned aside :
 The Lord was with his own !
- 4 Within these hallow'd walls were found
 Pure witnesses for truth,
Of sweet and sainted womanhood,
 And bright and buoyant youth ;
Like angels fair, in mem'ry's realm,
 They float in holy light,
And softly waft their message down :
 " Be steadfast in the right ! "
- 5 Eternal One ! before whose face
 Men rise—and pass away,—
Whose holy will our fathers sought,
 As we would seek to-day.
Be with us thou, who wert with them,
 Lead on by staff or rod,
We ask thy blessing, Lord, this day :
 We trust our fathers' God.

Ambrose N. Blatchford.

- 1 COME to thy House, Great King !
To thee thy people kneel,
Accept the homage which they bring,
And all thy grace reveal.
- 2 Through many a year this place
Service and song hath known,
From hearts that sought thy gracious face
In worship all their own.
- 3 The ancient and the new,
The ordered and the free,
The lingering faith, the forward view,
Blend in our rites to thee.
- 4 For this our heritage,
We own thy fostering hand,
That safely led from age to age,
Our father's lonely band.
- 5 Lord, now their children bless,
Our waiting hearts inspire ;
If still we tread the wilderness
Vouchsafe the cloud and fire !
- 6 Through triumph and through ill
May we thy presence see ;
Make thou our service nobler still,
Our worship worthier thee.

1 **L**IFT the strain of high thanksgiving !
 Tread with songs the hallowed way !
 Praise our fathers' God for mercies
 New to us each sacred day :
 Here they built for him a dwelling,
 Sought him here in ages past,
 Fixed it for his sure possession,
 Holy ground while time shall last.

2* When the years had wrought their changes,
 He, our own unchanging God,
 Stirred their hearts to rear new temple
 On the site the fathers trod.
 Heard their prayers and helped their counsels,
 Blest their zeal and faith and gold,
 Till once more his house was standing
 Firm and statelier than of old.

3* Fill our house of prayer with glory
 Greater than the fathers knew ;
 Clothe with righteousness its people,
 Guide them into reverence true ;
 Let thy Spirit's mystic presence
 Here its sevenfold blessing shed ;
 Spread for us the heavenly banquet,
 Give us, Lord, the living bread.

John Ellerton.

512

10 M.

- 1 **F**ATHER! thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom
strayed ;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.
- 2 In finding thee are all things round us found,
In losing thee are all things lost beside :
Ears have we but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.
- 3 Open our eyes that we that world may see !
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear !
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near :
- 4 No more to wander 'mid the things of time,
No more to suffer death or earthly change ;
But with the Christian's joy and faith sublime,
Through all thy vast eternal scenes to range.

Jones Very.

513

L.M.

- 1 **O** MASTER, may I walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free ;
Tell me thy secret ; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care ;
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love ;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

- 2 Teach me thy patience ; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, may I live !

Washington Gladden.

514

L.M.

- 1 **T**HE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest :—
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.
- 2 When Mary chose the better part,
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet ;
And Lydia's gently-opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet :—
Fairest and best-adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.
- 3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends ;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends :—
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

James Montgomery.

515

C.M.

- 1 ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—
 When I am wholly thine :
 Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
 And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good !
 In thee I firmly trust ;
 Thy ways, unknown or understood,
 Are merciful and just.
- 3 Is life with many comforts crowned,
 Upheld in peace and health,
 With dear affections twined around ?—
 Lord ! in my time of wealth,
- 4 May I remember that to thee
 Whate'er I have I owe ;
 And back in gratitude from me
 May all thy bounties flow.
- 5 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
 When used as talents lent ;
 Those talents only well employed,
 When in thy service spent.
- 6 And though thy wisdom takes away,
 Shall I arraign thy will ?
 No ! let me bless thy name, and say,
 ‘ The Lord is gracious still.’

James Montgomery.

- 1 DAY by day the manna fell :
O to learn this lesson well !
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
- 2 ' Day by day,' the promise reads ;
Daily strength for daily needs :
Cast foreboding fears away ;
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord ! my times are in thy hand :
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.
- 4 Thou my daily task shalt give :
Day by day to thee I live :
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.
- 5 Fond ambition whisper not ;
Happy is my humble lot :
Anxious, busy cares, away ;
I'm provided for to-day.
- 6 O to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer :
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude !

Josiah Conder-

- 1 FATHER, I well may praise thy name
In sounds of flowing song ;
And in glad words aloud proclaim
That I to thee belong.
- 2 I see thy light, thy world's wide scope,
I hear thy wind abroad :
All things that give me life and hope
Are from my Father, God.
- 3 This living soul, which I call mine,
Doth feel and know and love ;
It is an utterance of thine,
A breathing from above.
- 4 So I would fill a higher part,
Self-acting, like to thee :
Therefore I'll stir my inmost heart
To live in action free.
- 5 This be my action, henceforth now,
Ever to will the good ;
And then when strength is failing, thou
Wilt give my spirit food.
- 6 And through the grace of him who willed
To do thy will on earth,
With truth my spirit shall be filled,
And reach its place of birth.

George Macdonald.

- 1 **E**NDURING Soul of all our life,
 In whom all beings blend ;
 Unchanging peace, midst storm and strife,
 Our parent, home, and end.
- 2 Through thee the worlds with all they bear,
 Their mighty courses run ;
 Through thee the heavens are passing fair,
 And splendour clothes the sun.
- 3 Where'er the living soul looks out
 From eye of beast or bird,
 Or tendril yearns in time of drought,
 Or forest leaf is stirred,—
- 4 Thy spirit breathes, thy way is seen,
 O fount of living force !
 Who art, and hast for ever been,
 The world's eternal source.
- 5 The thoughts that move the heart of man,
 And lift his soul on high,
 The skill that teaches him to plan.
 With wondrous subtlety ;
- 6 These are thy thoughts, Almighty Mind !
 This skill is thine, O Lord !
 Who dost by hidden influence bind
 All powers in sweet accord.

GOD'S STRENGTHENING GRACE.

- 7 No noble work was e'er begun,
Which came not first from heaven :
No loving deed was ever done
Without thy impulse given.
- 8 O fill me now, thou living Power,
With energy divine ;
Then shall my will from hour to hour
Become, not mine, but thine.

C. S. Oakley.

519

L.M.

- 1 MY soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee, its source, my spirit flies :
My wants I mourn, my chains I see ;
O let thy presence set me free !
- 2 In life's short day, let me yet more
Of thy enlivening power implore :
My mind must deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm, from wandering free.
- 3 Take full possession of my heart ;
The lowly mind of Christ impart :
I still will wait, O Lord, on thee,
Till, in thy light, the light I see.
- 4 One only care my soul should know,
Father, all thy commands to do :
Ah ! deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in thee alone am blest.

*Christian Friedrich Richter,
tr. John Wesley.*

520

L.M.

- 1 SUPREME and universal Light !
Fountain of reason, Judge of right !
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below :
- 2 Without whose kind directing ray
In everlasting night we stray,
From passion still to passion tossed,
And in a maze of error lost :
- 3 Assist me, Lord, to act, to be
What nature and thy laws decree ;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 4 May my expanded soul disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim,
But with a Christian view embrace
Whate'er is friendly to my race.
- 5 O Father ! grace and virtue grant ;
No more I wish, no more I want :
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

Henry Moore.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take !
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper.

- 1 **W**HAT ask we for the children,
O'er whom life's morning breaks,
Whose eyes in wonder open,
Whose heart to love awakes ?
- 2 We seek no gifts of Fortune
That rob the soul of peace,
Nor vain and empty honours,
Nor paths of listless ease.
- 3 For lives so rich in promise
We ask from God, Most High,
That loyal, patient service
Their days may beautify.
- 4 We pray for heavenly wisdom,
High thought and stainless deed,
The sweet and gentle spirit
That comforts those in need.
- 5 The strength in life's stern conflict
To front the power of ill,
A glimpse of God's great kingdom,
Their hearts with hope to thrill.
- 6 A restful age of honour,
With loving hands to cheer ;
A child-like trust to banish
The sombre shade of fear.
- 7 Thus pray we for the children
In life's sweet morning glow,
That peaceful, pure, abundant,
Their fount of joy may flow.

Andrew Chalmers.

523

C.M.

- 1 **S**PEAK with us, Lord ! thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care :
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face
'Tis all I wish to seek ;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

Charles Wesley.

524

8-4 M.

- 1 **I** KNOW not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot ;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.
- 2 My bark is wafted from the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

- 3 How can I fear the storm to sail,
 With Him on board ?
 Above the raging of the gale
 I hear my Lord.
- 4 He holds me when the billows smite ;
 I shall not fall.
 If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light,
 He tempers all.
- 5 Safe to the land ! Safe to the land,
 Unknown, but there !
 And then with Him go, hand in hand,
 On, anywhere !

Dean Alford.

525

J..M..D.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her father's God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.
- 2 Thus present still, though now unseen,
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
 To temper the deceitful ray !
 And O ! when gathers on our path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light.

Sir Walter Scott.

- 1 **H**ARK the evening call to prayer !
 Lay we down each earthly care ;
 Still we every anxious fear,
 Owning thus that God is here ;
 Father, from our hearts remove
 Every veil that hides thy love ;
 Here the spirit's eye unseal,
 Here thy glory now reveal.

- 2 Lord, in whom our spirits live,
 Thou dost heavenly guidance give ;
 As a Shepherd, leading still
 Hearts submissive to thy will,
 Quiet every passion wild ;
 Speak, as to thy prophet-child ;
 Grant us child-like hearts, that we
 May be willing, Lord, as he.

- 3 Send us holy calm within ;
 Cleanse us from the stains of sin ;
 Be each heart a sacred shrine,
 Still and pure, and wholly thine.
 Kindle, Lord, the altar fire,—
 May the holy flame aspire ;
 Thoughts of love and contrite sighs
 Be our vesper sacrifice !

Thomas Hincks.

527

7 M.

1 **H**EAVENLY Father, by whose care
Comes again this hour of prayer,
In the evening stillness we
Grateful raise our hearts to thee ;
To our spirits, as we bend,
Peace and holy comfort send.

2 Gladly we thy presence seek,
Father, to our spirits speak ;
Call us from the world away,
Still our passion's restless play ;
On our inner darkness shine,
Bend our wayward wills to thine.

3 In this quiet eventide
May our souls with thee abide ;
Own thy presence, feel thy power
Through this consecrated hour ;
And from peaceful Vesper prayer,
Purer, stronger spirits bear.

Thomas Hincks.

528

8 M.

1 **O** HOLY Father ! 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour,
We would lift up our solemn psalm,
To praise thy goodness and thy power :
For over us, and over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall thy children call
On thee, our Father and our Friend !

- 2 Kept by thy goodness through the day,
 Thanksgiving to thy name we pour ;
 Night o'er us with its stars,—we pray
 Thy love to guard us evermore !
 In grief, console ; in gladness, bless ;
 In darkness, guide ; in sickness, cheer :
 Till, perfected in righteousness,
 Before thy throne our souls appear !

William H. Burleigh.

529

P.M.

- 1 **H**EAR us, Heavenly Father, hear us !
 Give to us thy perfect peace,
 Thou whose love unsleeping
 Watch is ever keeping.
 Shades of evening gather ;
 Thou, our heavenly Father,
 Holy and merciful !
 Hear our evening prayer !
- 2 When life's glooms o'ertake us,
 Thou wilt not forsake us :
 When life's shadows darken,
 Thou our cry wilt hearken ;
 Holy and merciful !
 Thou wilt hear our prayer.
 Give us thy peace, O Lord !
 Keep us in thy perfect peace.

Longfellow's Vespers.

4, 4, 6, 7, 5 M.

1 THE day expires ;
My soul desires
And pants to see that day,
When whate'er hath vexed her here
Shall be done away.

2 The night is here ;
Oh ! be thou near,
Lord, make it light within ;
Drive away from out my heart
All the night of sin.

3 The sunbeams pale,
And flee and fail ;
O uncreated Sun !
Let thy light now shine on us,
Then our joy were won.

4* All things that move
Below, above,
With gentle sleep are blest ;
Work thou still in me while I
Calmly in thee rest.

5* How long shall sway
Of night and day,
Persist to rule man thus ?
When the light of God's own day
Dawn at last on us ?

6* O Father dear
Be thy grace near
To help us that we come,
When our life's last sun has set,
To thy glorious home.

Lyra Germanica, trans. Cath. Winkworth.

6-4 M.

- 1 **S**OFTLY the silent night
Falleth from God,
On weary wanderers
Over life's road ;
And as the stars on high
Light up the darkening sky,
Lord unto thee we cry,—
Father above !
- 2 Slowly on failing wing
Daylight has passed ;
Sleep like an angel kind,
Folds us at last.
Peace be our lot this night,
Safe be our slumber light,
Watched by thine angels bright,
Father above !
- 3 And when the gleam of morn
Touches our eyes,
And the returning day
Bids us arise,—
Happy beneath thy will,
Steadfast in joy or ill,
Lord, may we serve thee still,
Father above !

Ambrose N. Blatchford.

532

9, 8, 9, 8 M.

- 1 **L**ORD, in this holy hour of even,
By thine unfailing mercy blest,
Our souls we meekly turn to heaven,
And calmly on thy bosom rest.
- 2 Through unknown ways thy hand has led us,
And smoothed the path beneath our feet ;
Through frequent gloom thy love has sped us,
And made e'en toil and danger sweet.
- 3 And if some cross thy will has sent us,
In which the good we see not now,
O God, may all thy mercies lent us,
Constrain our souls in faith to bow.
- 4 O Lord, in thee we seek our gladness,—
The fountain of our light thou art ;
In thee, O God, we hide our sadness,—
Thou comfort of the wounded heart !
- 5 From morn to eve thy hand shall guide us,
Thy love shall gild the shades of night ;
And midst the gloom, with thee beside us,
We'll rest in peace and wait the light.

Thomas Hincks.

533

6, 10, 10, 6 M.

- 1 **I**F we this day have striven
With thy blest spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth in weak idolatry,
We pray to be forgiven.

- 2 If we have turned away
From grief or suffering which we might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive us, Lord, we pray.
- 3 And now, O Father ! take
The hearts we cast with humble faith on thee,
And cleanse their depths from all impurity,
For thine own mercy's sake.

Hymns of the Ages.

534

8 M.

- 1 ○ BLEST Creator of the light !
Who didst the dawn from darkness
bring,
And in the heaven's glorious height
Didst bid the stars together sing :
Who gently blending eve with morn
And morn with eve, didst call them day ;
Thick flows the flood of darkness down,
Oh, hear us as we come to pray !
- 2 Keep thou our souls from thought of crime ;
Keep them from guilt's remorseful strife ;
Not living for the things of time,
But living the eternal life.
Teach us to knock at heaven's high door ;
Teach us the prize of life to win ;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.

Longfellow's Vespers.

535

8, 7, 6 M.

- 1 **S**OFT as fades the sunset splendour
And the light of day grows dim,
We to thee our praises render,
Sing we thus our Vesper hymn ;
Jubilate, Amen !
Father, gracious, loving, tender,
O accept the grateful strain !
- 2 Day by day comes rich in blessing ;
Night by night brings holy calm :
Lord, to thee our praise addressing,
Rises thus our joyful psalm :
Jubilate, Amen !
But unworthiness confessing,
Into silence fades again.

Longfellow's Vespers.

536

8-7 M.

- 1 **L**ORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound :
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

Wesley's Collection.

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ADDITIONAL HYMNS

SELECTED FOR USE

AT THE

OCTAGON CHAPEL,

NORWICH.

1900.

W. H. STEVENS, PRINTER, MADDERMARKE STREET,
NORWICH.

537

S.M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Prince of peace,
The chosen of the Lord !
God's well-beloved Son fulfils
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of righteousness :
Lo ! meekness, patience, truth, and love,
Compose His princely dress.
- 3 The spirit of the Lord
In rich abundance shed,
On this great Prophet gently lights,
And rests upon His head.
- 4 Jesus, Thou Light of men !
Thy doctrine life imparts ;
O may we feel its quickening power,
To warm and glad our hearts !
- 5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way :
The path which Christ hath marked and trod
Will lead to endless day.

Heber.

538

8, 7, 8, 7 M.

- 1 **L**IFE is not a fleeting shadow,
Or a wave upon the beach ;
Though our days be swift, yet lasting
Is the stamp we give to each.

2 Life is ours for faithful labour
Of the hand or of the thought ;
Every hour and every moment
Is with living meaning fraught.

3 Waking every morn to duty,
Ere its hours shall pass away,
Let some act of love or service
Mark it as a holy day.

539

L.M.

1 **I**N vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the heart of Christ we share.
Through faith and charity alone
Is Christ received, and felt, and known.

2 In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the faith of Christ we share.
Not words alone, but deeds shall prove
The living faith that works by love.

3 In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the cross of Christ we share.
The path that leads us to the skies
Demands love's perfect sacrifice.

4 In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the love of Christ we share ;
That love that bids the dying live,
And whispers on the cross, "Forgive."

Thomas L. Harris.

- 1 SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power ;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.
- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life ;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.
- 3 No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.
- 4 Work on, despair not ; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be ;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

T. Hincks.

- 1 LIVE for something ; be not idle ;
Look about thee for employ ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming,
Labour is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay ;
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

- 2 Scatter blessings in your pathway—
Gentle words and cheering smiles ;
Better far than gold or silver
Are their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.
- 3 Hearts that are oppressed and weary ;
Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning,
From this perfect fountain-head ;
Freely as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

542

P.M.

- 1 ○ FAIREST BORN of Love and Light,
Yet bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear,
- 2 Beneath Thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth ;
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth ;

- 3 Still to a stricken brother true,
 Whatever clime hath nurtured him ;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
 The worshipper of Gerizim.
- 4 In holy words which cannot die,
 In thoughts which angels long to know,
Christ gave Thy message from on high,
 Thy mission to a world of woe.
- 5 That voice's echo hath not died ;
 From the blue lake of Galilee,
From Tabor's lonely mountain side,
 It calls a struggling world to Thee.

J. G. Whittier.

543

8, 6, 8, 6 D.M.

- 1 **R**OUSE up to work that waits for us,
 O spendthrifts of to-day ;
Let's make our daily record
 A grand one while we may.

Chorus.—There's work to do, there's work to do,
 For God and fellow man ;
In earth's great field of labour
 Let's do the best we can.

- 2 Shake off the sloth that fetters us,
 Put on the will that wins ;
The battle for the earnest
 In their own heart begins.

3 No nobler hero in the fight,
Since battlefields began,
Than he who bravely serves the right,
And does the best he can.

4 So work while day is passing,
And at life's setting sun,
When all our sheaves are gathered
The Lord will say "Well done."

E. E. Rexford.

544 4, 6, 4, 6 D., or 10, 10, 10, 10.

1 SHEW pity, Lord,
For we are frail and faint ;
We fade away,
Oh list to our complaint !
We fade away,
Like flowers in the sun ;
We just begin
And then our work is done.

2 Shew pity, Lord,
Our souls are sore distressed ;
As troubled seas
Our natures have no rest.
As troubled seas
That surging beat the shore,
We throb and heave,
Ever and evermore.

3 Shew pity, Lord,
Our grief is in our sin ;
We would be cleansed, •
Oh make us pure within !
We would be cleansed,
For this we cry to Thee,
Thy word of love
Can make the conscience free.

4 Shew pity, Lord,
Inspire our hearts with love ;
That holy love •
Which draws the soul above ;
That holy love
Which makes us one with Thee,
And with Thy saints,
Through all eternity.

Dr. D. Thomas.

545

L.M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep Thy counsels ! how divine !

- 3 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts.

546

7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8 M.

- 1 THE day of prayer is ending,
Our feet must homeward go ;
The shades of night descending
Creep o'er the world below ;
But still the mountain summits fair
Glow with the light of praise and prayer.
- 2 Here in green pastures guiding,
Thou, Lord, did'st lead Thy flock ;
Here from life's noon-day hiding,
We found the cooling rock ;
But now we leave the hills of praise
To tread again earth's common ways.
- 3 To life's dull path returning,
And duty's narrow sphere,
Still in our hearts keep burning
The vision witnessed here ;
Still may Thy spell of peace and power
Breathe strength for every toilsome hour.

E. S. Armitage.

547

C.M.

- 1 **O** HERE, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease !
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.
- 2 Not here, where, met to think on Him,
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been ;
The peace Thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though Thou no more art seen.
- 4 Thy kingdom come ! we watch, we wait
To hear Thy cheering call ;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

Emily Taylor.

548

C.M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.,

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

(5) Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

P. Doddridge.

549

P. M.

1 I N the field with their flocks abiding,
They lay on the dewy ground ;
And glimm'ring under the starlight
The sheep lay white around.
When the light of the Lord streamed o'er them,
And lo ! from the heaven above
An angel leaned from his glory,
And sang his song of love.
He sang that first sweet Christmas
The song that shall never cease—
"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth, good-will and peace."

- 2 "To you in the city of David,
 A Saviour is born to-day!"
- And sudden a host of the heavenly ones
 Flashed forth to join the lay!
 Oh, never hath sweeter message
 Thrilled home to the souls of men,
 And the heavens themselves had never heard
 A gladder choir till then.
- For they sang that Christmas carol
 That never on earth shall cease—
 "Glory to God in the highest,
 On earth, good-will and peace."
- 3 And the shepherds came to the manger,
 And gazed on the Holy Child,
 And calmly o'er that rude cradle
 The Mother Mary smiled;
 And the sky in the starlight silence
 Seemed full of the angel lay:
 "To you in the city of David
 A Saviour is born to-day."
- Oh they sang—and I ween that never
 The carol on earth shall cease—
 "Glory to God in the highest,
 On earth, good-will and peace."
- F. W. Farrar.*

550

C.M.

- 1 ○ FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame :
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- W. Cowper.*

551

C. M.

- 1 O PAINTER of the fruits and flowers,
We own Thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
May share the works of Thine !

- 2 Apart from Thee, we plant in vain
The root, and sow the seed ;
Thy early and Thy latter rain,
Thy sun and dew we need.
- 3 Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,
Our burden is our boon ;
The curse of earth's grey morning is
The blessing of its noon.
- 4 Why search the wide world everywhere
For Eden's unknown ground ?—
That garden of the primal pair
May never more be found.
- 5 But, blest by Thee, our patient toil
May right the ancient wrong,
And give to every clime and soil
The beauty lost so long.
- 6 Its earliest shrines the young world sought,
In hill-groves and in bowers ;
The fittest offerings thither brought
Were Thy own fruits and flowers.
- 7 And still with reverent hands we cull
Thy gifts, each year renewed ;
The good is always beautiful,
The beautiful is good.

J. G. Whittier.

552

10, 10, 10, 10 M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
 With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the day ;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton.

553

C.M.

- 1 POUR forth the oil,—pour boldly forth :
 It will not fail, until
 Thou failest vessels to provide
 Which it may largely fill.
- 2 Make channels for the streams of love
 Where they may broadly run ;
 And love has overflowing streams,
 To fill them every one.

- 3 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.
- 4 For we must share if we would keep,
That blessing from above :
Ceasing to give we cease to have—
Such is the law of love.

R. C. Trench.

554

P.M.

- 1 **H** EAD of the church triumphant !
We joyfully adore Thee.
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those before Thee.
We lift our hands and voices
In blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
Or passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, that knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher ;
We lift our hands, exulting
In Thine almighty favour :
The love divine which made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation ;
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes ;
By Thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us ;
The cross despise for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us :
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

C. Wesley.

555

8, 8, 8, 8 M.

1 **S**TRONG Son of God, immortal love
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

2 Thou wilt not leave us in the dust,
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And Thou hast made him : Thou art just.

3 'Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest holiest manhood, Thou ;
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

4 Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be,
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

5 We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness ; let it grow.

6 Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

Alfred Tennyson.

556

6, 6, 6, 6 M.

1 THE present, future, past,
What are they, Lord, but Thee ?
Thou art, and ever wast,
What hath been, and will be.

2 Thou only see'st the sun,
To which slow ages tend,
And art the unbegun,
Which is, and cannot end.

3 The generations gone,
What are they but a word ?
All, all that they have done
Is but Thy whisper, Lord.

4 The deeds which in old song
Like stars of morning shine,
Are accents from Thy tongue,
Unwritten words of Thine.

Ebenezer Elliott.

557

8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 4 M.

1 OUR God ! we thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right !

2 We thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot on earth
Some love is found.

3 We thank Thee, too, that all our joy
Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours ;
That thorns remain ;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

- 4 For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
Yet all with wings ;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.
- 5 We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more,
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.
- 6 We thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest ;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
Upon Thy breast.

A. A. Procter.

558

7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8, 8, 5 M.

- 1 **W**HEN wilt Thou save the people ?
O God of mercy, when ?
Not kings or lords, but nations !
Not thrones and crowns, but men !
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they :
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
Their heritage a sunless day.
God save the people !

2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong ?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man should toil for wrong ?
“No,” say Thy mountains ; “No,” Thy skies ;
Man’s clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs.
God save the people !

3 When wilt Thou save the people ?
O God of mercy, when ?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men !
God save the people : Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair :
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people !

Ebenezer Elliott.

559

8, 8, 8, 4 M.

1 **T**HROUGH good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by Thy faithful word—
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword—
We follow Thee.

2 In silence of the lonely night,
In the full glow of day’s clear light,
Through life’s strange wanderings, dark or bright,
We follow Thee.

3 Strengthened by Thee we forward go,
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe,
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,
We follow Thee.

4 O Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray ;
Then in that path that leads to day,
We follow Thee.

5 Thou hast passed on before our face ;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace :
O keep us, aid us by Thy grace :
We follow Thee.

H. Bonar.

560

C. M.

1 **T**O Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

2 For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God our Father dear ;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is man, His child and care.

3 For Mercy has a human heart ;
Pity, a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

- 4 Then every man of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine :
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.
- 5 And all must love the human form,
In every race and zone,
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God hath built His throne.

William Blake.

561

8, 8, 8, 8 M.

- 1 **O**H yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;
- 2 That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete ;
- 3 That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.
- 4 Behold, we know not anything ;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all—
And every Winter change to Spring.

5 So runs my dream : but what am I ?
An infant crying in the night—
An infant crying for the light—
And with no language but a cry !

Alfred Tennyson.

562

C. M.

- 1 O GOD ! Whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love runs always clear,
To Whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear !
- 2 Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.
- 3 Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn ;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.
- 4 When we ourselves least kindly are,
We deem the world unkind ;
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,
Only the poison find.
- 5 But they have caught the way of God,
To whom self lies displayed
In such clear vision as to cast
O'er other faults a shade.

6 All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from Thee ;
Dear God ! for evermore be Thou
Fountain and fire in me !

F. W. Faber.

563

C.M.

1 **O** FRIENDS ! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

2 Who fathoms the Eternal Thought ?
Who talks of scheme and plan ?
The Lord is God ! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

3 Ye praise His justice : even such
His pitying love I deem :
Ye seek a King : I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

4 I bow my forehead in the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self distrust
A prayer without a claim.

5 I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within ;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

- 6 Not mine to look where cherubim
 And seraphs may not see,
 But nothing can be good in Him
 Which evil is in me.
- 7 O brothers ! if my faith is vain,
 If hopes like these betray,
 Pray for me that my feet may gain
 The sure and safer way.
- 8 And Thou, O Lord ! by Whom are seen
 Thy creatures as they be,
 Forgive me if too close I lean
 My human heart on Thee !

J. G. Whittier.

564

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 M.

- 1 **O**FT when of God we ask
 For fuller, happier life,
 He sets us some new task
 Involving care and strife :
 Is this the boon for which we sought ?
 Has prayer new trouble on us brought ?
- 2 This is indeed the boon,
 Though strange to us it seems ;
 We pierce the rock, and soon
 The blessing on us streams :
 For when we are the most athirst,
 Then the clear waters on us burst.

3 We toil as in a field
Wherein to us unknown,
A treasure lies concealed
Which may be all our own ;
And shall we of the toil complain
That speedily will bring such gain ?

4 We dig the wells of life,
And God the water gives
We win our way by strife,
Then He within us lives ;
And only war could make us meet
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

T. T. Lynch.

565

C.M.

1 O LIGHT of Heav'n on shining course,
A gift to darkened man,
Thou art a messenger of truth
Revealing God's great plan.

2 When first in gloom the world was born
Thou, Light, wast born as well,
And ne'er can we our Maker know
Save Thou His nature tell.

3 Still shalt Thou shoot thy sacred rays
On all that's darkened here,
Till mystery and gloom be gone,
And God in Light appear.

*Trans. from August von Platen
by H. Herbert Snell.*

566

8, 8, 8, 8 M.

- 1 'OLD things need not be therefore true'
 O brother men, nor yet the new ;
 Ah ! still awhile th' old thought retain,
 And yet, consider it again !
- 2 The souls of now two thousand years,
 Have laid up here their toils and fears,
 And all the earnings of their pain,—
 Ah, yet consider it again !
- 3 We ! what do we see ? each a space
 Of some few yards before his face ;
 Does that the whole wide world explain ?
 Ah, yet consider it again !
- 4 Alas, the great world goes its way,
 And takes its truth from each new day ;
 They do not quit, nor can retain,
 Far less consider it again.

A. H. Clough

567

D.C.M.

- 1 O LORD of life, and love, and power,
 How joyful life might be,
 If in Thy service every hour
 We lived and moved with Thee !
 If youth in all its bloom and might
 By Thee were sanctified,
 And manhood found its chief delight
 In working at Thy side.

- 2 'Tis ne'er too late, while life shall last,
 A new life to begin ;
 'Tis ne'er too late to leave the past,
 And break with self and sin.
 And we this day, both old and young,
 Would earnestly aspire
 For hearts to nobler purpose strung,
 And purified desire.
- 3 Nor for ourselves alone we plead,
 But for all faithful souls
 Who serve Thy cause by word or deed,
 Whose names Thy book enrols.
 O speed Thy work, victorious King !
 And give Thy workers might,
 That through the world Thy truth may ring,
 And all men see Thy light !
- W. S. Armitage.*

568

8, 6, 8, 6 M.

- 1 **O** SON of Man ! Thy name by choice,
 Our hope, our joy, our life,
 Make us like Thee, whose gentle voice
 Was never heard in strife.
- 2 Holy and harmless, undefiled,
 On earth Thou wert alone ;
 Come from the depths of heaven, a child,
 To make the lost Thine own ;

3 To be a glory in our night,
And bring us from above,
The way heaven's children live, all bright
With self-forgetting love.

4 In all things like Thy brethren made,
O teach us how to be
With meekness, gentleness, arrayed,
In all things like to Thee.

George Macdonald

569

L.M.

- 1 **O** LIGHT ! Whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray ;
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.
- 2 O Way ! through Whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home and peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease ;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.
- 3 O Truth ! before Whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the poor and weak ;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life ! the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless, what seraph knows ?
Thy joy supreme, what words can paint ?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

E. H. Plumtre

570

P.M.

1 PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng ;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

2 But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

3 Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
When hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

John Henry Newman.

571

C.M.

1 TIME was, I shrank from what was right,
From fear of what was wrong ;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

2 But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside ;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at heaven was pride.

3 So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
And calmly do my best ;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

4 I step, I mount where He has led ;
Men count my haltings o'er ;—
I know them ; yet, though self I dread,
I love His precepts more.

John Henry Newman.

572

C.M.

1 **T**HOU, Who our faithless hearts canst read,
And know'st each weakness there,
Poor, trembling, faint, with Thee we plead,
O turn not from our prayer !

2 We cannot grasp from hour to hour
The truths Thy gospel saith ;
Then aid us by Thy heavenly power,
And so increase our faith,

3 That we may trust Thy guardian care,
When no kind hand we see ;
That we may lift our souls in prayer
Undoubtingly to Thee.

- 4 Help us to gaze on things unseen
By eyes of mortal sight ;
To pierce through earth's dark veil, and glean
Some beams of heavenly light.
- 5 Thy glorious presence may we see,
When earth's last tie is riven ;
In faith then trust our souls to Thee,
Till we awake in heaven.

J. Baldwin Brown.

573

7, 6, 7, 6 D.

- 1 **T**HOU gentlest of all teachers
We gladly sing of Thee,
And ask the gracious blessing
Of sunny Galilee.
The Father clothes the lilies
As fair as long ago ;
And may the truth of heaven
In us as lilies grow.
- 2 O may Thy heavenly teaching
Be with us every day ;
Thy words are life's best angels
To guard us on our way ;
O may we rest in quiet
Beneath their shining wings ;
And learn to trust and labour,
And love all holy things.

3 O whiter than the lilies
 By Nazareth's glorious road,
 We fain would have Thy likeness
 All beautiful to God.
 We seek Thy gentle spirit,
 Of all good things the best ;
 Thy yoke which still is easy,
 Thy burden and Thy rest.

574 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5 M.

1 **W**E are marching onward, in our calling high,
 This shall be our watchword,—“ Labour till
 we die ! ”

For the night is coming ; soon will set the sun ;
 When the Master calleth, let our work be done.
 Onward, onward, onward, singing as we go ;
 Soon we all shall triumph over every foe.

2 Ye who in His vineyard idly stand and wait,
 Come and join the workers, ere it be too late ;
 For He needs your service, hear His loving voice,
 “ Come and join My army, make My cause your
 choice ! ”

Onward, onward, &c.

3 O when He shall sift us at His judgment-seat,
 What shall be the welcome that our ears shall greet ?
 If we are but faithful, happy we will be :
 Then we'll hear the summons,—“ Hither come to
 Me ! ”

Onward, onward, &c.

575

8, 7, 8, 7 D.

1 **W**E have met, and gladness round us
 Hath a band of beauty twined ;
 Love with genial smile hath bound us
 Heart to heart, and mind to mind.
 Words of friendship have been spoken,
 Hands been clasped, ne'er clasped before ;
 Be the friendship long unbroken,
 Though the hands be clasped no more.

2 We are parting—softly breathe it—
 Every low and farewell tone—
 That each heart may catch and wreathe it
 With the gems it calls its own ;
 True hands, in each other pressing—
 Moistened eye and lingering heart—
 Lips invoking God's rich blessing—
 Thus, O friends ! thus let us part.

C. M. Sawyer.

576

7, 6, 7, 5, 7, 6, 7, 5 M.

1 **W**ORK, for the night is coming ;
 Work through the morning hours ;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling ;
 Work, 'mid springing flowers ;
 Work, when the day grows brighter ;
 Work in the glowing sun ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon ;
 Fill brightest hours with labour,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies ;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth, to shine no more ;
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

Rev. S. W'yer.

577

8, 7, 8, 7 M.

- 1 **T**HE King of love my Shepherd is,
 Whose goodness faileth never ;
 I nothing lack if I am His,
 And He is mine, for ever.
- 2 Where streams of living waters flow
 My ransomed soul He leadeth,
 And, where the verdant pastures grow,
 With food celestial feedeth.

- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever !

H. W. Baker.

578

10, 10, 10, 10 M.

- 1 **S**OME future day, when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference passed like dreams
away,
We'll meet again, upon some future day. .
- 2 When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
As tall rank weeds will climb the blade above,
When all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.
- 3 When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world, and learnt what's now unknown,
Have made life clear, and worked out each a way,
We'll meet again ;—we shall have much to say.

- 4 With happier mood, and feelings born anew,
Our boyhood's bygone fancies we'll review,
Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,
And meet again on many a future day.
- 5 Some day which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet it be,
Shall we indeed,—ye winds and waters say !—
Meet yet again, upon some future day ?

Arthur H. Clough.

579

7, 6, 7, 6 D.M.

- 1 **S**TAND up, stand up for Jesus !
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss ;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus !
The trumpet-call obey ;
Forth to the conflict hasten
In this His glorious day !
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes ;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus !
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own :
Put on the Gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song :
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

G. Duffield.

580

C.M.

- 1 O GOD, Whose daylight leadeth down
Into the sunless way ;
Who, with Thy sweet repose doth crown
The labours of the day,—
- 2 Take it, O Lord, and make it clean
With Thy forgiveness clear ;
That so the thing that might have been,
To-morrow may appear.

3 And when my thought is all astray,
Yet think Thou on in me ;
That with the new unsullied day
My soul wake fresh and free.

4 And when Thou givest dreams to men,
Give dreams, O Lord, to me ;
That even in visions of the brain
I wander towards Thee.

George Macdonald.

581

C.M.

1 **T**HE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain :
His blood-red banner streams afar !
Who follows in His train ?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train !

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save ;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong !
Who follows in his train ?

- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came ;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bowed their necks the death to feel !
Who follows in their train ?
- 4 A noble army,—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain !
O God ! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train !

R. Heber.

582

8, 6, 8, 6 M.

- 1 **B**E true to every inmost thought ;
Be as thy thought, thy speech ;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.
- 2 Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

3 Show forth thy light ! If conscience gleam,
Cherish the rising glow :
The smallest spark may shed its beam
O'er thousand hearts below.

4 Guard thou the fact ! Though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop ;
Though thou should'st see thine heart's delight,
Borne from thee by their swoop.

5 Face thou the wind ! Though safer seem
In shelter to abide ;
We were not made to sit and dream ;
The true must first be tried.

Henry Alford.

583

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 7 M.

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;
To His feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing ?
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Praise the everlasting King !

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless ;
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Glorious in His faithfulness !

- 3 Father-like He tends and spares us ;
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes :
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Widely as His mercy flows !
- 4 Angels, help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face :
Sun and Moon, bow down before Him ;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Praise with us the God of grace !

A. F. Lyte.

584

4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4 M.

- 1 **P**RAY, children ! pray,
While night comes on !
Pray God to bless,
In tenderness,
Each weary one !
Pray, children ! pray.

- 2 Rest ! calmly rest,
In silence all !
For bird and flower,
At twilight hour,
To slumber fall !
Rest, calmly rest !

3 Dream ! softly dream
Of happy days—
Of blessings sent—
Of life well spent,
To God's high praise !
Dream, softly dream !

4 Sleep ! Safely sleep
Without one fear !
For, night and day,
In love alway,
The Lord is near !
Sleep, safely sleep !

A. N. Blatchford.

585

8, 6, 8, 4 M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL LOVE, increase within
The love that saves the soul ;
Subdue each rising pulse of sin,
And make us whole.
- 2 These human hearts in weakness turn
To Thee, O Love most strong ;
For help when passions fiercely burn,
And work our wrong.
- 3 Let then Thine inward aid appear,
Thy strength within our breast ;
And we from ills, and pain, and fear,
Shall triumph wrest.

- 4 May visions of Thine unseen good
 Lead where we blindly grope ;
 Reveal the world's beatitude,
 And boundless hope.
- 5 And may we always keep the sight
 Of this earth's heavenlier side ;
 See Love Divine maintain the right,
 Howe'er defied.
- 6 That God is love, and love is God,
 Only love's heart can know ;
 The roughest path man ever trod,
 This truth may show.

James Bell.

586

7, 7, 7, 5 M.

- 1 COME to our poor nature's night,
 With Thy blessed inward light,
 Holy Spirit, Infinite ;
 Comforter Divine.
- 2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord ;
 Sick and faint—Thy strength afford ;
 Lost,—until by Thee restored,
 Comforter Divine.
- 3 Orphans are our souls, and poor ;
 Give us from Thy heavenly store
 Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
 Comforter Divine.

4 Like the dew Thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast—
There Thy presence be confessed ;
Comforter Divine.

G. Rawson.

587

8, 8, 8, 6 M.

1 IF thou shalt be in heart a child,
Forgiving, tender, meek, and mild,
Though with light stains of earth defiled,
Oh soul, it shall be well.

2 It shall be well with thee indeed,
Whate'er thy race, thy tongue, thy creed ;
Thou shalt not lose thy fitting meed,
It shall be surely well.

3 Not where, nor how, nor when we know,
Nor by what stages thou shalt grow,
We may but whisper faint and low,
It shall be surely well.

4 It shall be well with thee, oh soul,
Tho' the heavens wither like a scroll ;
Tho' sun and moon forget to roll,
Oh soul, it shall be well.

Leuis Morris.

- 1 IF schools of learning thee entice,
To fit thyself for life above,
By knowledge, or by Art's device,
This know, that souls are built by Love.
- 2 By day and night thou mayest strive,
With science rare to fill thy mind,
Yet wisdom never in thee thrive,
Till thou thy self hast left behind.
- 3 When thou this loving truth hast gained
The life of God thou bring'st below ;
To life above thou hast attained,
When God's pure love thou here canst show.
Tr. from Goethe by H. Herbert Snell.

- 1 IF we only sought to brighten
Every pathway dark with care :
If we only tried to lighten
All the burdens others bear :
- 2 If we only strove to cherish
Every pure and holy thought,
Till within our heart would perish
All that is with evil fraught :
- 3 We should hear the angels singing
All around us night and day ;
We should feel that they were bringing
Songs of love to cheer our way.

- 1 **O** LORD of life, Thy quickening voice
Awakes my morning song ;
In gladsome words I would rejoice
That I to Thee belong.
- 2 I see Thy light, I feel Thy wind !
Earth is Thy uttered word ;
Whatever wakes my heart and mind,
Thy presence is, my Lord.
- 3 Therefore I choose my highest part,
And turn my face to Thee ;
Therefore I stir my inmost heart
To worship fervently.
- 4 Lord, let me live and act this day,
Still rising from the dead ;
Lord, make my spirit good and gay—
Give me my daily bread.
- 5 Within my heart, speak, Lord, speak on,
My heart alive to keep
Until the night—and, labour done,
In Thee I fall asleep.

George Macdonald.

- 1 **A**RM, soldiers of the Lord !
The fight is set with wrong ;
Take shield and breast-plate, helm and sword,
And sing your battle song.

- 2 Stand fast for Love, your Lord !
Faith be your mighty shield,
And let the Spirit's burning sword,
Flash foremost in the field.
- 3 Truth be your girdle strong ;
And Hope your helmet shine
When'er the battle seems too long,
And wearied hearts repine.
- 4 With news of Gospel Peace
Let your swift feet be shod ;
Your breast-plate be the Righteousness
That keeps the soul for God.
- 5 And for the weary day,
And for the slothful arm,
For wounds, defeat, distress, dismay,
Take Prayer, the heavenly charm.
- 6 " From strength to strength," your cry ;
Your battle-field, the world !
Strike home, and press where Christ your Lord
His banner has unfurled.

Stopford A. Brooke.

592

8, 8, 8, 8 M.

- 1 **G**O forth to life, O child of earth !
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth ;
Thou art not here for ease or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

2 Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control ;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

3 Go on, from innocence of youth,
To manly pureness, manly truth ;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God Himself doth help the brave.

4 Then, forth to life, O child of earth !
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !
For noble service thou art here ;
Thy neighbour help, thy God revere.

S. Longfellow.

593

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7 M.

1. **F**OR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies ;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the beauty of each home,
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light :
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above ;
For all gentle thoughts and mild :
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

4 For Thy church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love :
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

P. Pierpoint.

594

L.M.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat ;
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Have we no words ? Ah, think again ;
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creatures ears
With the sad tale of all our cares.

4 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be
“Hear what the Lord hath done for me.”

5 O Lord, increase our faith and love,
That we may all Thy goodness prove,
And gain from Thy exhaustless store
The fruits of prayer for evermore.

William Cowper.

595

C. M.

1 IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never ebbing sea !

2 Our outward lips confess the name,
All other names above !
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 The letter fails and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes ;
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love remains.

4 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down ;
In vain we search the lower deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

C06

5 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He ;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

6 O Lord and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name we sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

7 For to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in Thee the Fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

8 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray ;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

J. G. Whittier.

596

8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8 M.

1 **B**EHOLD ! how glorious is yon sky !
Lo ! there the righteous never die,
But dwell in peace for ever ;
Then who would wear this earthly clay,
When bid to cast life's chains away,
And win Thy gracious favour ?
Holy, Holy, oh ! forgive us ;
And receive us, Heavenly Father,
When around thy Throne we gather.

2 Confiding in Thy sacred word,
 Our Saviour is our hope, O Lord,
 The guiding star before us ;
 Our Shepherd, leading us the way,
 If from Thy paths our footsteps stray,
 To Thee He will restore us ;
 Holy, Holy, ever hear us,
 And receive us, while we gather
 Round Thy throne, Almighty Father !
From the German.

597

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 6, 8 M.

- 1 **L**IFT up your heads, ye mighty gates,
 Behold the King of Glory waits,
 The King of Kings is drawing near,
 The Saviour of the world is here ;
 Life and salvation doth He bring,
 Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing
 Praise, O my God, to Thee !
 Creator, wise is Thy decree !
- 2 The Lord is just, a helper tried,
 Mercy is ever at His side,
 His kingly crown is holiness,
 His sceptre, pity in distress,
 The end of all our woe He brings ;
 Wherefore the earth is glad and sings
 Praise, O my God, to Thee !
 O Saviour, great Thy deeds shall be !

3 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for Heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy ;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

Praise, O my God, be Thine,
For word, and deed, and grace divine.

4 Almighty, come ! I open wide
My heart to Thee ; here, Lord, abide !
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal,
Thy holy spirit guide us on,
Until our glorious goal is won !

Eternal praise and fame
Be offered, Father, to Thy name !

Weissel, tr. C. Winkworth.

598

6, 6, 8, 6 M.

1 **H**ELP me, my God, to speak
True words to Thee each day ;
True let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.

2 Thy words are true to me,
Let mine to Thee be true ;
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.

- 3 True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free ;—
Of groaning for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to Thee.
- 4 True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief ;—
Lord, I believe, oh hear my cry,
Help Thou my unbelief.

H. Bonar.

599

8, 7, 8, 7 M.

- 1 **H** EAVEN is here, where hymns of gladness
Cheer the toiler's rugged way,
In this world where clouds of sadness
Often change to night our day.
- 2 Heaven is here, where misery lightened
Of its heavy load is seen ;
Where the face of sorrow brightened
By the deed of love hath been ;
- 3 Where the bound, the poor, despairing,
Are set free, supplied and blest ;
Where in others' labours sharing,
We can find our surest rest ;
- 4 Where we heed the voice of duty
Rather than man's wreath or rod ;
This is heaven—its peace, its beauty,
Radiant with the smile of God.

J. Quincy Adams.

- 1 **G**O labour on ; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do thy Father's will ;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still ?
- 2 Go labour on ; 'tis not for nought,
All earthly loss is heavenly gain,
Men heed thee not, men praise thee not,
The Master praises ; what are men ?
- 3 Go labour on, while it is day ;
The long dark night is hastening on ;
Speed, speed thy work—up from thy sloth,
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 4 Toil on, toil on ; rebuke, exhort,
Be wise the souls of men to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Entreat, compel them to come in.
- 5 Toil on, toil on ; thou soon shalt find
For labour rest, for exile home ;
Soon thou shalt hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, " Behold, I come !"

H. Bonar.

- 1 **M**ARCH on, march on, ye soldiers true,
In the cross of Christ confiding,
For the field is set, and the hosts are met
And the Lord His own is guiding.

2 We march to fight with the powers of might,
That hold the world in sorrow ;
And the broken heart shall be healed of its smart
And arise to a joyful morrow.

March on &c.

3 We fight against wrong, with the weapon strong,
Of the Love that all hate shall banish ;
And the chains shall fall from the down-trodden
thrall,
As the thrones of the tyrant vanish.

March on &c.

4 Long, long is the fight, but the God of right
Is ever watching near us ;
And prayers that rise to the listening skies
Like a song of hope shall cheer us.

March on &c.

Till the sunrise broad, of the day of God,
Shall shine on the victor's glory,
And earth at rest, in her Lord confessed
Shall rejoice in the finished story.

March on &c.

E. S. Armitage.

602

8, 5, 8, 3 M.

1 PRAISE, O praise the Lord of Harvest,—
Providence and Love !
Praise Him in His Earthly temples,
And above !

- 2 Praise Him, every living creature,
By His goodness fed,
Whose rich mercy daily giveth
Daily bread.
- 3 Sing Him thanks for all the bounties
Of His gracious hand ;—
Smiling peace and welcome plenty
O'er our land.
- 4 Praise His name that war's loud thunder
Breaks not on our shore !
Fields of harvest, not of plunder
Yield their store.
- 5 May we all be safely gathered
At the Master's word,
In the everlasting garner
With the Lord.
- 6 With the saints of far back ages,
Crowns upon their brow ;
With the army of the martyrs—
Conquerors now.
- 7 Speed, O speed that glorious harvest
Of the souls of men ;
When God's children, here long scattered,
Meet again.
- 8 Glory to the Lord of Harvest
Here on earth begun !
Till on high in fuller measure
Praise be done !

J. Hamilton.

1 COME Thou, O come ;
Sweetest and kindest,
Giver of tranquil rest
Unto the weary soul ;
In all anxiety,
With power from heaven on high
Console.

2 Come Thou, O come ;
Help in the hour of need,
Strength of the broken reed,
Guide of each lonely one,
Orphan and widow's stay,
Who tread in life's hard way
Alone.

3 Come Thou, O come ;
Glorious and shadow-free,
Star of the stormy sea,
Light of the tempest-tost,
Harbour our souls to save,
When hope upon the wave
Is lost.

4 Come Thou, O come ;
Joy in life's narrow path,
Hope in the hour of death ;
Come, blessed Spirit come,
Lead Thou us tenderly,
Till we shall find in Thee
Our home.

Tr. from the Latin by J. Moultrie.

1 FROM foes that would the land devour,
 From guilty pride and lust of power,
 From wild sedition's lawless hour,
 From yoke of slavery,
 From blinded zeal by faction led,
 From giddy change by fancy bred,
 From poisonous error's serpent head,
 Good Lord, preserve us free.

2 Defend, O God, with guardian hand,
 The laws and ruler of our land,
 And grant Thy churches grace to stand
 In faith and unity !
 Thy spirit's help of Thee we crave,
 That Thy Messiah, sent to save,
 Returning to the world, might have
 A people serving Thee !

R. Heber.

1 JESUS, the children are calling—
 Oh, draw near !
 Fold the young lambs in Thy bosom,
 Shepherd dear.

2 Cold is our love, Lord, and narrow—
 Large is Thine ;
 Faithful and strong and tender—
 So be mine !

3 Gently, Lord, lead Thou our mothers—
Weary they ;
Bless all our sisters and brothers
Night and day.

4 Fathers themselves are God's children—
Teach them still :
Let the Good Spirit shew all men
God's wise will !

Annie Matheson.

606

5, 5, 8, 8, 5, 5 M.

1 JESUS, Brother, Friend,
Guide me to the end !

Where Thou art, the weakest sadness
Wins the strength of love and gladness.
Life is victory,
If 'tis lived in Thee.

2 If inglorious ease,
Or if wealth should please ;
If the world and all its fleeting
Should allure us, soft-entreating,
Let Thy holy cry
Bid us rather die !

3 When our life is gray,
Cold and dull our day ;
When o'er dusty ways we're faring,
Hoping half, and half-despairing,
Quicken us with good,
Joy and fortitude.

4 If our friends depart,
Or deceive our heart,
When our dreams have dreadful waking,
When our heart with grief is breaking,
Teach us Thine own prayer
For the Father's care.

5 When sweet earth and skies
Fade before our eyes ;
When through death we look to heaven,
And our sins are all forgiven,
From Thy bright abode
Call us home to God !

Stopford A. Brooke.

607

8, 5, 8, 5, 4, 3 M.

- 1 **A**NGEL voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light ;
Angel harps for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night ;
Thousands only live to bless Thee
And confess Thee
Lord of might.
- 2 Thou Who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man ?
Can we know that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us ?
Yea ! we can.

- 3 Yea ! we know that Thou rejoicest
 O'er each work of Thine ;
 Thou didst ears and hands and voices
 For Thy praise design ;
 Craftsman's art and music's measure
 For Thy pleasure
 All combine.
- 4 In Thy house, great God, we offer
 Of Thine own to Thee,
 And for Thine acceptance proffer
 All unworthily,
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
 In our choicest
 Psalmody.

F. Pott.

608

7, 5, 7, 5 M.

- 1 **T**HINE are all the gifts, O God !
 Thine the broken bread ;
 Let the naked feet be shod,
 And the starving fed.
- 2 Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
 Give as they abound,
 Till the poor have breathing space
 And the lost are found.
- 3 Wiser than the miser's hoards
 Is the giver's choice ;
 Sweeter than the song of birds
 Is the thankful voice.

- 4 Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers of spring ;
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.

J. G. Whittier.

609

6, 4, 6, 4, 7, 6, 7, 4 M.

- 1 I NEED Thee every hour, most gracious Lord ;
No tender voice like Thine can peace afford.
I need Thee, O I need Thee ; every hour I need
Thee ;
O, bless me now, my Father ! I come to Thee.
- 2 I need Thee every hour, stay Thou near by ;
Temptations lose their power when Thou art nigh ;
I need Thee, &c.
- 3 I need Thee every hour, in joy or pain ;
Come quickly and abide, or life is vain.
I need Thee, &c.
- 4 I need Thee every hour : teach me Thy will ;
And Thy rich promises in me fulfil ;
I need Thee, &c.
- 5 I need Thee every hour, most Holy One ;
O make me Thine indeed, and Thine alone.
I need Thee, &c.

Annie S. Hawks.

- 1 FATHER of all—we urge as our strong plea—
 Thou lovest all ; Thy erring child may be
 Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee.
- 2 All souls are Thine ; the wings of morning bear
 None from that Presence which is everywhere,
 Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.
- 3 Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
 Through doubt and pain, through guilt and shame
 and ill,
 Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.
- 4 Wilt Thou not make, Eternal Source and Goal,
 In Thy long years, life's broken circle whole,
 And change to praise the cry of a lost soul ?

J. G. Whittier.

- 1 GOD the All-terrible ! King, Who ordainest
 Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy
 sword.
 Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest :
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 2 God the Omnipotent ! Mighty Avenger,
 Watching invisible, judging unheard :
 Doom us not now in the hour of our danger ;
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

- 3 God the All-merciful ! earth has forsaken
 Thy way of blessedness, slighted thy word ;
 Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken ;
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 4 God the All-wise ! by the fire of Thy chastening
 Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored ;
 Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is
 hastening ;
 Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.
- 5 So shall Thy children in thankful devotion
 Laud Him Who saved them from peril abhorred,
 Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
 " Peace to the nations and praise to the Lord."
- Chorley and Ellerton.*

612

10, 6, 10, 6 M.

- 1 **T**HOU giv'st Thy rest, O Lord ; the din is stilled
 Of man's unquiet care ;
 A sacred calm, with Thy deep presence filled
 Breathes through the silent air.
- 2 O leave us not, through long and darkened hours
 In night of woe and sin,
 But pour Thy day with all its radiant powers
 Upon the world within.
- 3 Purge from our hearts the stains so deep and foul
 Of wrath and pride and care ;
 Send Thine own holy calm upon the soul,
 And bid it settle there.

- 4 Banish this craving self, that still has sought
 Lord of the soul to be ;
 Teach us to turn to fellowmen our thought !
 Teach us to turn to Thee.
- 5 Teach us to love Thy creatures great and small,
 To live as in Thine eye,
 Thou who hast freely given Thy love to all,
 Thou who to all art nigh.

Anon.

613

9, 9, 9, 9 M.

- 1 **R**EST of the weary, Joy of the sad,
 Hope of the dreary, Light of the glad ;
 Home of the stranger, Strength to the end,
 Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.
- 2 Pillow where lying, Love rests its head,
 Peace of the dying, Life of the dead ;
 Path of the lowly, Prize at the end,
 Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.
- 3 When my feet stumble, to Thee I cry,
 Crown of the humble, Cross of the high ;
 When my steps wander, over me bend,
 Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.
- 4 Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
 Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise ;
 All my endeavour, world without end,
 Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

J. S. B. Monsell.

614

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6 M.

1 **N**OW at the sabbath evening's close,
 O Father, ere we seek repose,
 Accept our heartfelt praise
 For rest, and peace, and holy joy,
 For all the means Thou dost employ,
 To bless this day of days.

2 Oh ! be its sacred influence shed,
 Like dew on tender herbage spread,
 O'er all the coming week ;
 Our daily labour, daily bread,
 Be sweetened thus and hallowèd,
 While Thy whole will we seek.

3 And when our earthly toils are o'er,
 And we can serve Thee here no more,
 Grant us Thy rest above !
 Then may our spirits rise to Thee,
 From sin and death for ever free,
 Drawn by Eternal Love.

J. W. Dowson.

615

10, 10 M.

1 **P**EACE ! perfect Peace ! the gift of God within ;
 It cometh not till grace hath conquered sin.
 2 Peace ! perfect Peace ! when all of self is slain,
 And, lost in God, no earthly cares remain.
 3 Peace ! perfect Peace ! when at His feet we fall,
 And filled with love proclaim Him All in All !

- 4 Peace ! perfect Peace ! the fruit of victory won ;
 Press on, brave heart, till life's brief day is done.
- 5 Peace ! perfect Peace ! a foretaste here is given :
 The trusting soul e'en now may find its heaven.
- 6 Peace ! perfect Peace ! O Saviour ! Love divine !
 Lead thou me on until Thy peace is mine !

H. W. Hawkes.

616

8, 7, 8, 7, 3 M.

1 **L**ORD, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering full and free,
 Showers, the thirsty land refreshing ;
 Let some blessing fall on me,
 Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God my Father !
 Weak and sinful though I be ;
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy light on me,
 Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
 Let me love and cling to Thee ;
 I am longing for Thy favour ;
 Speak the word of power to me,
 Even me.

4 Have I long in sin been sleeping ?
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee ?
 Has the world my heart been keeping ?
 O forgive and rescue me,
 Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Love of God, so rich and free,
Love of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify Thyself in me,

Even me.

Elizabeth Codner.

617

C. M.

1 **D**EAR Friend ! Whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine.

2 Come, visit us, and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and make us see
Life's water glow as wine.

3 Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes shall grow divine,
When Jesus visits us, to turn
Life's water into wine.

4 The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Shall glow with angel-visits when,
The Lord pours out the wine.

5 For when self-seeking turns to love,
Which knows not "mine" and "thine,"
The miracle again is wrought ;
And water changed to wine.

J. Freeman Clarke.

618

8, 6, 8, 6 M.

- 1 **B**LOW, winds of God, awake and blow
 The mists of earth away !
 Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
 How wide and far we stray !
- 2 Hush every lip, close every book,
 The strife of tongues forbear ;
 Why forward reach, or backward look
 For love that clasps like air ?
- 3 O Love ! O Life ! Our faith and sight
 Thy presence maketh one :
 As through transfigured clouds of white
 We trace the noon-day sun.
- 4 We bring no ghastly holocaust,
 We pile no graven stone ;
 He serves Thee best who loveth most
 His brothers and Thy own.

J. G. Whittier.

619

7, 6, 7, 6 D.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things
 Towards heaven, thy native place ;
 Sun and moon and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away,
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source.
Thus a soul, new-born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press upwards to the prize :
Soon your Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and ye know,
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

J. Cennick.

620

8, 6, 8, 6 M.

1 **A**N offering to the shrine of power
Our hands shall never bring ;
A garland on the car of pomp
Our hands shall never fling ;
Applauding in the conqueror's path
Our voices ne'er shall be ;
But we have hearts to honour those
• Who bade the world go free !

2 Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
Who made us what we are !
Who lit the flame which yet shall glow,
With radiance brighter far !
Glory to them in coming time,
And through eternity,
Who burst the captive's galling chain,
And bade the world go free !

Robert Nicoll.

621

7, 6, 7, 6 D.

1 **H**E hides within the lily
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air ;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

2 We linger at the vigil
With Him who bent the knee,
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee ;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As, brightening down the ages,
God's secret thrilleth through.

3 O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the Man !
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan :
The flower horizons opens,
The blossom vaster shows,
We hear Thy wide worlds echo,—
“ See how the lily grows ! ”

4 Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding, thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought ;—
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all !

W. C. Gannett.

622

7, 6, 7, 6 D.

1 **L**IGHT of the world, we hail Thee !
Flushing the eastern skies ;
Never shall darkness veil Thee
Again from human eyes :
Too long, alas, withholden,
Now spread from shore to shore,
Thy light, so glad and golden,
Shall set on earth no more.

2 Light of the world ! Thy beauty
 Steals into every heart,
 And glorifies with duty
 Life's poorest, humblest part :
 Thou robest in Thy splendour
 The simple ways of men,
 And helpest them to render
 Light back to Thee again.

3 Light of the world ! illumine
 Each darkened land of Thine,
 Till everything that's human
 Be touched with life divine ;
 Till every tongue and nation,
 From sin's dominion free,
 Rise in the new creation
 We long and pray to see.

J. B. Monsell.

623

8, 5, 8, 3 M.

1 **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distress ?
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
 Be at rest !"
 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my guide ?
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His side."

- 3 Hath He diadem as monarch,
That His brow adorns ?
“ Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.”
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here ?
“ Many a labour, many a sorrow,
Many a tear.”
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last ?
“ Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.”
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay ?
“ Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.”
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless ?
“ Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer,—Yes ! ”
Stephen the Sabach, tr. J. M. Neale.

624

C.M.

- 1 **W**ALK in the light ; so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light ; and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In Whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light ; and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light ; thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.

B. Barton.

625

7, 7, 7, 7 M.

1 **C**HRIST the Lord is risen to-day. Alleluia.
Sons of men and angels say : Alleluia.
Raise your joys and triumphs high. Alleluia.
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply. Alleluia.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! He sets in blood no more.

3 Lives again our Glorious King ;
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died, our souls to save :
Where thy victory, O grave ?

- 4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head ;
 Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 5 Hail the love of earth and heaven !
 Praise to Thee by both be given !
 Thee we greet triumphant now !
 Hail ! the Resurrection Thou !

C. Wesley.

626

C.M.

- 1 JOY to the world ! the Lord is come ;
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns ;
 Let men their songs employ ;
 While fields and flood, rocks, hills and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;
 He comes to make His blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His righteousness,
 The wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts.

- 1 **B**EHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.
- 2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.
- 3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou may'st be sought :
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.
- 4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea ;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.
- 5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth,
In all we do and know ;
And claim the Kingdom of the Earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.
- 6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou would'st have it done ;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

J. Ellerton.

- 1 **I**N the bright morn of life ;
O live to God !
When free from toil and strife ;
O live to God !
When light beams all around,
When gladsome songs abound,
And dew lies on the ground ;
O live to God !
- 2 When stirred with fires of youth ;
O live to God !
When mind unfolds to truth ;
O live to God !
To right and noble ways
Devote thy youthful days,
In hallowed work and praise ;
O live to God !
- 3 Serve Him in manhood's prime ;
O live to God !
With talent, and with time ;
O live to God !
Give Him thy manhood's crown,
Put rebel passions down,
Extol His just renown ;
O live to God !
- 4 When evening shadows spread ;
O live to God !
When droops thy weary head ;
O live to God !
When pleasures lose their zest,
When age knows little rest,
Still bow to His behest ;
O live to God !

1 SUPREME o'er all Jehovah reigns,
 All space His temple and His throne ;
 Yet where His people meet to pray,
 He calls that humble church His own.

2 O let us with each power we boast,
 Bend at His feet with awe profound ;
 Put off whate'er deforms or stains,
 And think we tread on holy ground.

John Taylor.

1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
 Bounteous source of all our joy ;
 He Whose hand upholds all nature,
 He Whose nod can all destroy :
 Saints with pious zeal attending,
 Now the grateful tribute raise ;
 Solemn songs to heaven ascending
 Join the universal praise.

2 Round His awful footstool kneeling,
 Lowly bend with contrite souls ;
 Here, His milder grace revealing,
 Here His wrath no thunder rolls :
 Lo ! the eternal page before us
 Bears the covenant of His love ;
 Full of mercy to restore us,
 Mercy beaming from above.

- 3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, O seize the proffered blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within :
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise ;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.
- John Taylor.*

631

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7 M.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
God Whose glory fills the sky,
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man the well-beloved of heaven :
Glory be to God on high,
God Whose glory fills the sky.
- 2 Favoured mortals ! raise the song ;
Endless thanks to God belong ;
Hearts o'erflowing with His praise,
Join the hymns, your voices raise :
Glory be to God on high,
God Whose glory fills the sky.
- 3 Call the tribes of beings round
From creation's utmost bound ;
Where the Godhead shines confest,
There be solemn praise addressed :
Glory be to God on high,
God Whose glory fills the sky.

4 Mark the wonders of His hand !
Power no empire can withstand ;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;
Goodness, one eternal stream :
Glory be to God on high,
God Whose glory fills the sky.

5 Awful Being ! from Thy throne
Send Thy promised blessings down :
Let Thy light, Thy truth, Thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease :
Glory be to God on high,
God Whose glory fills the sky.

John Taylor.

632

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6 M.

1 **T**HE mighty God who rolls the spheres,
And storm and fire and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine,
His powerful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all those joys and pains
That fill this chequered scene.

2 His piercing eye at once surveys
Where thousand suns and systems blaze,
And where the sparrow falls ;
While seraphs tune their harps on high,
His ear attends the softest cry
When human misery calls.

3 Eternal God ! who shall not fear
And trust and love with soul sincere,
Thine awful glorious name !
While man, thy creature, swift decays,
Time has no measure for Thy days,
Nor limit for Thy fame.

John Taylor.

633

8, 7, 8, 7. 8. 7, 8, 7 M.

1 **H**APPY hours ! all hours excelling !
When from worldly thoughts withdrawn
Joyful we approach the dwelling
Which the smiles of heaven adorn.
Peace and hope and zeal combining,
O'er the soul sweet influence shed,
And from earthly cares refining,
Bless the heavenly path we tread.

John Taylor.

634

L.M.

1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise !
O let His glorious name be sung
Through every land by every tongue !
2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts.

635

P.M.

- 1 **B**LESSED Sabbath of the Lord,
 Sweet return of public praise !
 Still we live to hear His word,
 Grateful for His solemn days.
 Let the world in darkness frown,
 And our mortal comforts fail ;
 From the glories of His throne
 Light shall cheer the gloomy vale.
 Great object of our faith ! to Thee we bow,
 And in Thy church record the solemn vow.

John Taylor.

636

L.M.

- 1 **O** HOW delightful is the road
 That leads us to Thy temple, Lord !
 With joy we visit Thine abode,
 And seek the treasures of Thy word.
- 2 O heavenly treasures ! glorious light !
 From ancient sages long concealed ;
 Till Christ restored the feeble sight
 And God's unchanging word revealed.

John Taylor.

637

C.M.

- 1 **W**ITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
 To those bright realms above,
 That glorious temple in the skies
 Where dwells eternal love.

- 2 Before the awful throne we bow
 Of heaven's almighty King ;
 Here we present the solemn vow
 And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
 And tune our lips to sing ;
 Nor from Thy presence cast away
 The sacrifice we bring.

Jervis.

638

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7 M.

HERE Lord within thy sacred dome,
 We bring no vain oblation ;
 The pious heart here finds its home,
 And glows with adoration ;
 Great is the Lord, His praise be great ;
 We bow, we worship at His feet,
 And bless His great salvation.

John Taylor.

639

7, 7, 7, 7, 10, 10 M.

- 1 SEEK we pure and lasting joys,
 Seek we pleasures most refined,
 Which nor time nor chance destroys,
 Suited to the heaven-born mind.
- With heart and tongue united worship raise ;
 Man's wisest, noblest work is prayer and praise.

2 While seraphic ranks on high
 Endless halleluias sing,
 Let our feebler voices try
 Grateful songs to God our King.
 With heart and tongue united worship raise ;
 Man's wisest, noblest work is prayer and praise.
John Taylor.

640

L.M.

- 1 **O** LORD, through all Thy works adored,
 Great power supreme, Almighty Lord !
 Author of life, Whose sovereign sway
 Creatures of every tribe obey !
- 2 To Thee, most high, to Thee belong
 The suppliant prayer, the joyful song ;
 To Thee will we attune our voice,
 And in Thy wondrous works rejoice.
- 3 From Thee proceed heaven's varied store—
 The changing wind, the fruitful shower,
 The flying cloud, the coloured bow,
 The moulded hail, the feathered snow.
- 4 Tempests obey Thy mighty will,
 Thy awful mandate to fulfil,
 The forked lightnings dart around,
 And rive the oak, and blast the ground.
- 5 Yet pleased to bless, kind to supply,
 Thy hand supports Thy family,
 And fosters with a parent's care
 The tribes of earth, and sea, and air.

- 6 Of nature's laws, and nature's King,
Our tongues shall never cease to sing :
The debt of humble praise we pay ;
Father ! accept the grateful lay.

Dr. Wm. Enfield.

641

8, 7, 8, 7 M.

- 1 **H**OLY, wise, Eternal Father !
O how blessed is Thy word,
Thus revealed to all Thy servants,
By Thy Son, our gracious Lord.
- 2 In Thy house are many mansions ;
So His hallowed lips declare,
O that we might there behold Thee,
O that we might enter there.
- 3 There the blessed of all nations,
Of all times and worlds shall meet ;
There the labourers in Thy vineyard
Peaceful rest at Jesus' feet.
- 4 There the wronged and broken-hearted,
Pure and sacred joy shall taste ;
There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
- 5 Then shall all of sin and evil,
On its hateful self recoil ;
None shall share it, none shall own it,
E'en its slaves no more shall toil.

6 Uncontrolled, Thy power and Godhead,
Shall Thy holy will maintain ;
And without a cloud Thy glory,
To eternity shall reign.

Sir J. E. Smith, M.D.

642

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6 M.

- 1 **A**S o'er the closing urn we bend
Of each beloved and honoured friend,
What tears of anguish roll !
In vain in death's unconscious face,
The living smile we seek to trace,
That spoke from soul to soul.
- 2 But shall not memory still supply
The kindly glance, the beaming eye,
That oft our converse blest ;
That brighten'd many a prospect drear,
Revived our virtue, soothed our care,
And lull'd each pain to rest !
- 3 And when these frail remains are gone,
Our hearts the impress still shall own,
Our mortal path to cheer.
O God ! to point the way to heaven,
These angel-guides by Thee were given :
How blest to meet them there !

Sir J. E. Smith, M.D.

- 1 GREAT God at whose creative call,
 Unnumbered worlds arose,
 Thy providence extends to all,
 To all Thy blessing flows.
 Hear gracious Lord, Thy creatures' praises hear !
 O be our lives, our souls, Thy constant care !

- 2 The breath Thy wondrous power convey'd,
 The strength Thy goodness gave,
 Still ask Thy kind paternal aid
 Our fleeting life to save.
 Hear gracious Lord, Thy creatures' praises hear !
 O be our lives, our souls, Thy constant care !

- 3 Bow down, our souls, before the Lord,
 His mighty arm revere,
 Our lives continued or restored,
 His mercy still may spare.
 Hear gracious Lord, Thy creatures' praises hear !
 O be our lives, our souls, Thy constant care !

- 4 Great God of life, our praise attend ;
 Accept our grateful song :
 Not death itself the praise shall end
 Which Heaven will still prolong.
 Hear gracious Lord, Thy creatures' praises hear !
 O be our lives, our souls, Thy constant care !

John Taylor.

- 1 **A** GAIN the Lord of Life and Light,
 Awakes the kindling ray,
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.
- 2 This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung ;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.
- 3 Ten thousand differing lips shall join,
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings,
 To nations yet unborn.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

- 1 **B** LEST be the hour when friends shall meet,
 Shall meet to part no more ;
 And with celestial welcome greet
 On an immortal shore.
- 2 Sweet hope, deep cherished, not in vain,
 Now art thou richly crowned !
 All that was dead revives again ;
 All that was lost is found !
- 3 The parent sees his long lost child,
 Brothers on brothers gaze ;
 The tear of resignation mild
 Is changed to joy and praise ;

4 And while remembrance, lingering still,
 Draws joy from sorrowing hours,
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill,
 The soul's capacious powers.

5 Congenial minds arrayed in light,
 High thoughts shall interchange ;
Nor cease, with ever new delight,
 On wings of love to range.

6 Their Father fans their generous flame,
 And looks complacent down ;
The smile that owns their filial claim
 Is their immortal crown.

Pendlebury Houghton.

646

L.M.

1 **G**OD of the universe ! Whose hand
 Hath sown with suns the fields of space,
Round which, obeying Thy command,
 Unnumbered worlds fulfil their race.

2 How vast the region, where Thy will
 Existence, form and order gives !
Pleased, the wide cup with joy to fill,
 For all that grows, and feels, and lives.

3 Lord ! while we thank Thee, let us learn
 Beneficence to all below ;
Those praise Thee best, whose bosoms burn
 Thy gifts on others to bestow.

Wm. Taylor.

- 1 **M**OONS, planets, suns, that swim the sky,
Shine to the praise of God most high ;
Their lasting lustre He has given
To all the moving host of heaven.
- 2 Yet even stars shall cease to burn,
And to primeval night return ;
Systems of worlds themselves decay—
To Him, the insects of a day.
- 3 But He remains ; and He shall give
The extinguished elements to live ;
Bid them in new creations roll,
And still extend the peopled whole.

Wm. Taylor.

- 1 **T**O Thee alone we live,
To Thee alone we die ;
Do Thou, O Lord, Thy spirit give,
Both life and death to sanctify.
- 2 The busy march of time,
And death's unbroken sleep,
Vouch for Thy purposes sublime,
And all Thy holy mandates keep.
- 3 Thine eye is never closed :
The present, future, past,
But act the parts Thou hast proposed,
All leading on to bliss at last.

4 The world in love began,
Through love its mazes tend,
And change but leads immortal man
To an unchanging, joyful end.

5 Lord let us live to Thee,
And dying, let us hear
The welcome of eternity,
And heaven's sweet anthems echoing near.

Sir John Bowring.

649

L.M.

1 GREAT God, Whose nature cannot sleep,
Upon my temples sentry keep !
Guard me against those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close ;

2 O let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance ;
Make me to sleep a holy trance,

3 So that I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought ;
And with as active vigour run
My course as doth the nimble sun.

649

4 Sleep is a death ; O, make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die :
And then as gently lay my head
Upon my grave, as now my bed.

5 Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee ;
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.

Sir Thomas Browne.

650

P.M.

1 O SING to the Lord a new song,
Let the universe join in its strain,
Each day the glad tribute prolong,
His wonders, His glory maintain.
Let gratitude bless the kind power
From whom our salvation descends ;
How great is the God we adore !
How rich are the blessings He sends !

2 In the beauty of holiness bow ;
O worship with fear and with love ;
How solemn His temples below !
How glorious His presence above !
Proclaim to the nations around,
That God the omnipotent reigns,
Whose righteousness space cannot bound,
Whose purpose unaltered remains.

3 O let the wide heavens rejoice,
 Let earth with her myriads be glad,
 While ocean shall join its loud voice,
 And the woods in rich verdure be clad.
 Rejoice ! for the Lord is at hand ;
 Prepare ! for His judgment is nigh :
 Before Him all nations shall stand ;
 No guilt from His justice can fly.

John Taylor.

651

7, 7, 7, 7 M.

1 **S**HOULD the rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the ripening ear ;
 Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
 Drop her green untimely fruit ;

2 Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store ;
 Though the sickening flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall ;

3 Should Thy altered hand restrain
 Th' early and the latter rain ;
 Blast each opening bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy :—

4 Yet to Thee my soul should raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
 And when every blessing's flown,
 Love Thee—for Thyself alone.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days ;
 Bounteous source of every joy !
 Let Thy praise our tongues employ :—
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the generous olive's use :
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :
- 4 All that spring with bounteous hand
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that liberal autumn pours
 From her rich o'erflowing stores :—
- 5 These to Thee, my God, we owe ;
 Source whence all our blessings flow !
 And for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
 Who from the cradle to the shroud,
 Lives but the insect of a day,
 O why should mortal man be proud ?

- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
 Then vanish and no more are found ;
 The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
 A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
 With trembling step he seeks his way ;
 How vain, of wisdom's gift the boast !
 Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
 Are crowded in life's little span ;
 How ill, alas ! does pride become
 That erring, guilty creature, man.
- 5 God of my life, Father divine ;
 Give me a meek and lowly mind ;
 In modest worth O let me shine,
 And peace in humble virtue find.

Dr. Enfield.

654 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7 D.

- 1 **L**ORD, what offering shall we bring
 At Thine altars when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed ;
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrows leave the wounded breast.

- 2 Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor,
 Love, embracing all our kind,
 Charity, with liberal store.
 Teach us, O Thou heavenly King !
 • Thus to shew our grateful mind,
 Thus the accepted offering bring—
 Love to Thee, and all mankind.

J. Taylor.

655

P.M.

- 1 **E**XULTING, rejoicing, hail the happy morning,
 The morn of the day when our Christ was
 born !
 Angels of mercy, who His birth attended,
 O bear our loud hosannahs through the sky !
- 2 Salvation proclaiming to the guilty nations,
 He comes in the glory and power of God :
 Angels of mercy, who His birth attended,
 O bear our loud hosannahs through the sky !
- 3 Devoted, submissive, on the cross expiring,
 He bows to the will of His Father, God :
 Angels of pity, who His death attended,
 O bear our loud hosannahs through the sky !
- 4 All-conquering, triumphant, from the tomb arising,
 He opens the gates of immortal bliss :
 Angels of glory, bear Him on your pinions,
 And shout your loud hosannahs through the sky !

John Taylor.

- 1 **F**RAIL man, thy frailty know !
 Lean upon God alone—
 Thou canst not tell how small a foe
 May break thy virtue down.
- 2 Is thine own strength thy stay ?
 A poor reed were as strong—
 Oh ! while thou standest, watch and pray,
 Or thou wilt fall ere long.
- 3 Watch ! watch ! for flesh is frail—
 Frailer than thou may'st know,
 And careless souls, though strong, will quail
 Before a sudden foe.
- 4 Pray ! pray ! by lowly prayer
 Christ's weak ones victories win,
 While self-reliance beats the air,
 And falls a prey to sin.
- 5 So fight the Christian fight,
 While still the day endure,
 Watching in prayer, till soft-winged night,
 Makes thy salvation sure.

J. H. Hutton.

- 1 **A**S the sun's enlivening eye
 Shines on every place the same ;
 So the Lord is always nigh
 To the souls that love His name.

- 2 When they move at duty's call,
 He is with them by the way ;
 He is ever with them all,
 Those who go and those who stay.
- 3 From His holy mercy seat
 Nothing can their souls confine ;
 Still in spirit they may meet,
 Still in sweet communion join.
- 4 For a season called to part,
 Let us then ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present Friend.
- 5 Father, hear our humble prayer !
 Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep !
 Let Thy mercy and Thy care,
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 6 In Thy strength may we be strong ;
 Sweeten every cross and pain ;
 Give us, if we live, ere long,
 Here to meet in peace again.

John Newton.

658 8, 4, 8, 4, 10, 10 M.

1 **A**S the good shepherd leads his sheep
 Through paths secure,
 And, whilst a-fold by night they sleep,
 Doth keep them sure ;
 So the true Shepherd, Christ, our souls doth guide,
 Safe in His eye, protected by His side.

2 Great Shepherd ! do we know Thy voice,
And follow Thee ?

Is Thy safe fold our rule and choice
From bondage free ?

Upheld by faith, the obedient sheep shall stand,
“ And none shall pluck them from the Father’s hand.”

3 But oh ! What mortal tongue shall sing
Thy wondrous love ?

Death could not, with his threatened sting,
Thy purpose move :

Conqueror of death, and pledge of life to rise,
Joy of the earth, and Heir of subject skies !

4 Shepherd ! with joy we hear Thy call
That leads to heaven ;

Let none from Thy salvation fall,
So freely given !

But, as Thy sacred records long foretold,
Be the wide-peopled earth one happy fold.

J. Taylor.

659

8, 7, 8, 7 M.

1 CHRIST is born ! the angels’ message
To our darkened world of strife,
Told of peace and, holy gladness,
Brighter hopes, diviner life.

2 Christ is born ; and is His cradle,
As of old, the stable bed ?
Must we seek if we would find Him
Where the lowing kine are fed ?

- 3 Not in earthly manger cradled
 Is the Christ who comes to-day,
 But as truly, in as real
 And a yet diviner way.
- 4 Christ is born ! each new emotion,
 New desire for truth and right,
 Is His coming ; and His spirit
 Speaking, says, " Let there be light ! "
- 5 Yes, He seeks the humble-hearted,
 Makes each day an Advent-morn ;
 Pure in thought, in action holy,
 Unto such the Christ is born.

G. A. King.

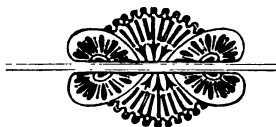
660

8, 6, 8, 6 M.

- 1 **A**LL men are equal in their birth,
 Heirs of the earth and skies :
 All men are equal when that earth
 Fades from their dying eyes.
- 2 All wait alike on Him whose power
 Upholds the life He gave ;
 The sage within his star-lit tower,
 The savage in his cave.
- 3 God meets the throngs who pay their vows,
 In courts their hands have made ;
 And hears the worshipper who bows
 Beneath the plantain shade.

- 4 'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low ;
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.
- 5 Oh ! let man hasten to restore,
To all their rights of love ;
In power and wealth exult no more,
In wisdom lowly move.
- 6 Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride !
Ye low, your shame and fear !
Live, as ye worship, side by side ;
Your brotherhood revere !

Harriet Martineau.



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